LIPPINCOTT'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE



FICTION

HUMOR

POETRY

MAY 1912

Office

A PICTURESQUE NOVEL OF PENNSYLVANIA-GERMAN LIFE BY

ELSIE SINGMASTER

"THEIR GREAT INHERITANCE"

APR 7 Pista

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THE BURNT FIELD

By Edith M. Thomas

FIRE in this field that wasted all;
Never a blossom, a blade of grass,
Survived the ruin—but let that pass:
Now the good earth heeds the new Spring's call.

A magic touch—and the black grows green
(How could the burnt clod guess this hour!)
Up starts the clover, the bee in its flower,
And never least trace of the old wrack seen!

Fire in this field . . . and my heart the field!

How could I know, in that fiery bath,

That the Spring would come despite all scath—

That the seeds of joy lay safe concealed!



"PETER!" IT CRIED, "PETER! DID SOMEBODY DO YOU SOMETHING?"

See page 627.

LIPPINCOTT'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

MAY, 1912



THEIR GREAT INHERITANCE

BY ELSIE SINGMASTER

I

SITTING behind the honeysuckle vines on his little porch, the young preacher of Raub's Station sighed happily It was June; the honeysuckle, trimmed in spring by Sally Raub, was covered with blossoms; the roses, packed with straw last fall by Millie Kemerer, bloomed as they had never bloomed before.

It was evening, and the air was still. Presently the village boys would return from an excursion to the mountain, their mothers would call to them, shutters would swing to, doors would be slammed, and night would settle down in good earnest. It was all quiet, all peaceful, all exactly as God meant a beautiful country village to be.

For at present, for the first time in months, the Raubs and Kemerers were holding a truce. It was an armed truce, to be sure; the two Raub boys would have been prepared to spring instantly to battle, and "Boozer," the cross Kemerer pug dog, would have found a snarl ready at any moment; but, nevertheless, it was a truce.

The young preacher smiled when he read in city papers of war between capital and labor or of the protests of a minority or the rage of an insurgent party. New York and Washington had no proud monopoly of those conditions. Raub's Station—the station was a mile away, and trains stopped there twice a day—boasted them all. The

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Kemerers were capital, the Raubs—at least, the one Raub that counted—were labor. The Kemerers were in the majority; the Raubs were far inferior in numbers, and insurgent by principle.

But it must not be supposed for an instant that the Raubs were to be pitied. For the Raubs—the preacher said it to himself smiling—the

Raubs had Sally.

The preacher continued to smile to himself. One could hardly think of Sally and continue serious. She was short and thin and brisk and eager and disappointed, and she talked all day long in her bright, mock-

ing way.

"Listen to me once," she would say. "I said to Millie Kemery"never by any chance did a Raub give a Kemerer his full name-" I said to Millie Kemery when we were not mad over each other, 'Oh,' I said, 'I wish I could see Niagara Falls!' 'I don't care nothing for it,' Millie Kemery said to me. 'I have my nice yard and my Mountain Falls.' Did you ever see the 'Mountain Falls' in the Kemerys' woodlot, Porra [Pastor]? Did you, Porra? It is about a quart of water dripping over a little stone. 'I have'"-Sally folded her hands in her lap in an imitation of Millie Kemerer, at which the young preacher could have shouted, had shouting been dignified or wise-"'I have my Mountain Falls.' If I had money like they have, Porra, my boys should go in the college, and Mary too, and I 'd see something bigger than 'my Mountain Falls'! I'd do something better than work all day and then dress up and sit and call, 'Come, Boozer, Boozer,' and talk about 'my Mountain Falls'! I am sick and tired of everything. Money! It is n't anything in the world like money. If I had money, I---"

Still smiling to himself, the preacher uncrossed his knees and put his left leg over his right, thus reversing his previous position. That, he said to himself, was as much variety as one could expect in Raub's

Station.

Then, suddenly, he sat upright. To his ears floated a dismal, a portentous wail. Nearby it would have been an ear-piercing shriek; as it was, distance softened it. It was answered by noises close at hand; a door opened, then slammed, there were footsteps on porches and boardwalks, and loud questions and answers, all, to the preacher's ears, sadly familiar warnings of coming storm. The preacher sat absolutely still.

Then, alas, loudly, unmistakably, the guns of Sumter sang out.

"Mom!" The cry issued from a throat now near at hand, it was accompanied by tears, sobs, shrill yells of pain. From the porch of a broad white house across the street, a large, white-clad figure darted into the dusk, as lioness at cry of whelp. Down the board walk it flew, and out the gate.

"Mom!" echoed the shrill voice again and again. "Mom!

Mom!"

The preacher recrossed his knees, the stout figure hastened, puffing and panting.

"Peter!" it cried. "Peter! Did somebody do you something?"
Another moment, and it was met by the owner of the shrill voice.
The cries were at once partially smothered in the grasp of maternal arms, but still their wail echoed over the quiet village.

"Mom! The Raubs stung me with a bee!"

"The Raubs stung you with a bee!" Mrs. Millie Kemerer's voice, too, echoed to the zenith.

"They said it was a whitehead, Mom, and they said it would not do me anything, and I let them, and Milo Raub, he got it in a bottle, such a bumblee-bee, Mom, and they stung me with it. Ach, Mom, Mom!"

Mrs. Kemerer's voice rose again. With it rose other voices. They came from behind honeysuckle-covered porches, they echoed out over rose-beds. The principals in the eternal feud were Millie Kemerer's family and Sally Raub's family. But all the Kemerers, according to their proud boast, "stuck together." The Raubs, though fewer, were smarter, and they could make much more noise.

First there came a laugh in a high, clear, woman's voice, then a sarcastic "To let himself be stung with a bee! Did you ever!" That was Sally. Then there came in Raub's Station's original Pennsylvania-German a loud "Brill bupple, brill bupple [cry baby]!" then a donkeylike "hee-haw, hee-haw," a snicker, a giggle, a roar, and finally a loud and fiendish "Bzzzzzz!" That was Sally Raub's boys.

Swiftly charge was answered by countercharge:

"Wait till I catch them once!"

"Momma baby! Run to your momma!"

"Of course he ran to his momma!" cried Mrs. Kemerer. "Where else should he run to, tell me that!"

Suddenly a deeper voice boomed out. It came from the mighty throat of John Kemerer, proprietor of the store, owner of the large white house, husband of Millie, father of the stung Peter and also of an older Frank, elder in the church, bass singer in the choir, prosperous, capable, fond of his honestly earned money, and with an intense disapproval of Sally Raub.

"One of these days those Raubs will get a good thrashing!"

Clearly rang the official answer, as Sally Raub came down the walk. Her house was dingy, her untidy yard spoiled utterly the appearance of John Kemerer's fine property, she had lost ambition, and she lacked hope, but she was still able to defend herself.

"Do you think you will give it to them?" she said lightly.

The Kemerers shouted back an answer, the Raubs buzzed and heehawed and snickered, the preacher sighed gloomily. Once more the Raub-Kemerer feud was on.

It had begun long before the young preacher came to Raub's Station. Then, as now, the Kemerers were rich and the Raubs poor. A Raub had said that a Kemerer did not know how to cure hams, a Kemerer had responded that people who did not black the stove oftener than once a day had no business to express an opinion about anything. A Kemerer had got the better of a Raub in a business deal; a Raub, Henry by name, had jilted a Kemerer, the same Millie who, marrying her second cousin John, had become the mother of Peter and Frank. Henry Raub had been a ne'er-do-weel; it was his sweetheart's good fortune that he had left her, but that did not help to heal her hurt pride. He had gone away, he was heard of in California, then in Alaska. The Raubs, who knew nothing about him, claimed that he had grown rich; the Kemerers, who knew still less, were certain that he had long since filled a pauper's grave. In reality, he was related to the Kemerers as well as the Raubs, but it was as natural that they should have scorned him as it was that Sally should have helped and sheltered him.

The little money which Sally had, she spent for others, which made John Kemerer still more contemptuous. To John Kemerer, unthrift was a sin. It was not only Henry Raub whom Sally helped, it was all her desolate kin, and some, like Abner Kleckner, who were not her kin. And, as John Kemerer said scornfully, she never got any good of it, for, like Abner Kleckner, who was now a prosperous lawyer in the

county seat, all her protégés seemed to forget her.

"I know she took care of him when he was sick and had nobody," said John. "But he is too smart to pay a back debt like that."

The Kemerers had had misfortunes, like the Raubs, but their shock was softened by wealth and comfort. The Raubs had fewer deaths, but they were deaths which brought more sorrow—a little child here, a man in the prime of life there. Poor Sally had known both losses.

The situation was by turns infinitely sad and infinitely funny. When the contributions of the generous, if impecunious, Raubs stimulated the rich and stingy Kemerers into giving, the preacher was quietly amused. When, on occasions like this, the young people played tricks on one another, and their parents entered the fray with rich and telling accusations, the preacher was more entertained than he felt it right to be.

But when Sally Raub was allowed to bury her little daughter almost alone, while the Kemerers sat in their houses, or when Mary Raub and Frank Kemerer, who loved each other and who were perfectly suited to each other, were kept apart, or when Great-Aunt Fietta, who was related to all Raub's Station, was so pestered by continual quarrelling that she was compelled to seek refuge in—shall it be said!—the poorhouse, when the disruption of the old church was threatened, then the preacher's heart ached. The old church was a Union Church, where for generations the whole of Raub's Station had worshipped. The preacher,

delving into records kept by a former pastor, found story after story of quarrels and reconciliation, of hatred and love. But the day of reconciliation seemed to be forever past. The young preacher loved his people and yearned over them, and they by turns patronized him and suspected him of favoring the enemy. He said often sadly to himself that if in this first charge of his, the fruits of his labor seemed to be only bitterness and strife, what should he make of the rest of his life?

If they could only be kept away from one another, these Kemerers and Raubs! But they all behaved as though charged by some mighty electricity. The young people could not help seeking one another out. Peter Kemerer followed the Raub boys as though he were a bit of iron filing and they a powerful magnet. Mary Raub and Frank Kemerer had eyed each other shyly since they were able to walk. The older women sought one another out in sewing society and social. The instant that some mutual interest threatened to draw them together, a strange contrariness flung them apart.

"The Raubs have bought a wheelbarrow," some one would say.

"A wheelbarrow! The Raubs! I bet it is a poor one," a Kemerer would answer.

"The Kemerers' smoke-house caught on fire," Mary Raub would say shyly to her mother. There were weeks when little Mary saw Frank only across the street. But she got no sympathy from Sally.

"Stuffing in too much wood, I guess, to show they had enough!"

And now it had broken forth once more. Peter Kemerer was, without doubt, a foolish baby. But the Raubs should have resisted this particular temptation. Sometimes the preacher ventured out into the fray, and quarrelling always ceased at his approach. But such cessation was only temporary. Now he set his knees hard against the porch railing, clasped his hands, and closed his eyes. Let them settle it themselves.

With fresh shrillness rose the women's voices:

"Your boys will get yet in jail."

"Your Peter will keep yet a millinery store."

"The constable will get your boys."

"Your Peter will take in washing."

"To sting poor little Peter with a bee!"

"Bzzz!" cried Milo Raub.

"Hee-haw!" cried Howard.

One Raub had climbed a tree, another swung on a gate, which added a loud squeak to the universal din. The preacher put his hands across his ears.

Young Frank Kemerer, sitting on a box before his father's store, also tried to shut out the sound. He was a slender, quiet young fellow, whom quarrelling tortured. He had thought that a long truce was

in sight, if not settled peace, and that he and Mary could be married. His proposal to Mary had been wholly a matter of blessed chance. If she had not sprained her ankle, and he had not found her sitting helpless by the roadside a mile from town, it is doubtful whether the opportunity would ever have come. And that was almost a year ago!

He set his lips grimly. He would wait for no truce, they would be married at once, and if they could not have peace in Raub's Station, they would go elsewhere. He was soon to take entire charge of the store, and his father had great plans for him, but he could not stop for those. Before this last quietness, it had seemed to him that Mary had looked at him once or twice as her mother might have looked, and it terrified him. They might take her away from him yet. It was certainly not true that all the world loved a lover. All their world tried to keep them apart and make them dislike each other.

Then suddenly Frank's hands seized the newspaper which lay open on his knee, and which he had been pretending to read while he watched for a sight of Mary across the street. He rose immediately and went into the store, where the light was brighter; then, having read a little article through twice, he slammed the screen-door behind him and ran down the street to the storm-centre in front of his father's house.

"Mother!" he cried. "Listen once! Pop, listen!"

He was at once obeyed. It was unheard of for him to take part in a dispute.

"I have something to say. Is it any one here who remembers Henry Ranb?"

For an instant there was not a sound, not a breath.

"Frankie!" cried his mother. "Ach, Frankie!"

The Raubs laughed. It was Henry Raub who had so cruelly jilted Mrs. Kemerer. The laugh was like oil on a blazing fire.

Young Frankie stood firmly until there was comparative quiet.

"It is something in the paper about him. He is dead."
"Did he murder somebody first?" asked a Kemerer.

"I bet he was up to something," said another.

The preacher came down to his gate.

"Let the boy talk," he commanded. "Go on, Frank."

"A Henry Raub died in Chicago. He had mines and money."

"What!" cried the Kemerers in chorus.

For the first time in their lives, the Raubs were absolutely dumb.

"He left his money to his relations in Raub's Station. They do not know where it is, but they will hunt."

Little Sally put out her hands, and Milo, scrambling down from the tree, took one and Howard the other. Her children were devoted to her.

"Henry Raub left money!" repeated the elder Kemerer, to whom money was the most wonderful thing in the world.

"It says it is 'a great inheritance,' " said Frank.

Then poor Sally, pert, able, hard-working, and utterly discouraged and worn-out, began to cry. Money! There was money coming to her! Her tears were the first sign of weakness that any Raub-Kemerer combatant had ever shown. Even Henry Raub's forsaken sweetheart had not cried in public. A new sensation quivered through Raub's Station.

Then, suddenly, the young Raubs recovered themselves. Milo turned a handspring in the middle of the street, Howard gave expression to another wild bray. At once the Kemerers, too, returned to reason and common-sense. Indeed, they seemed suddenly elevated to new sharpness of mind. Nothing which had gone before was quite as startling as the fact now shouted upon the summer air.

"Henry Raub's relations!" cried a Kemerer. "I guess we are also Henry Raub's relations. I guess we are the same relation to him as the Raubs are to him. I guess—"

"The same relations!" gasped Sally Raub.

" Of course."

"You are not!"

"We are."

"You are crazy!"

" We___"

" You--"

Suddenly the preacher held out his hand.

"Frank, let me see the paper."

He went into the house and lit the lamp, and the Raubs and Kemerers trooped after him, now silent, now boasting. It seemed an hour before he found the place on the rustling page. He read the item to himself before he read it aloud. In it he saw only new possibilities for jealousy and woe.

Then the young preacher made an insane suggestion.

"Oh, let it go!" he cried.- "There are so many better things in the world—peace and happiness and love!"

John Kemerer stared at him gasping.

"Let it go!" he repeated. "Money! A great inheritance!"

"Let it go!" said Sally Raub. "Let money go!"

"Let me see the paper," demanded John Kemerer. "Is this true?"

"It is just as Frank read," confessed the preacher sadly.

II

THE very old persons in Raub's Station, or the very young or the very tired, may have slept soundly on the summer night following Frank Kemerer's discovery of impending fortune, but no one else did. John Kemerer planned till dawn.

"To them that hath shall be given," he said to Millie, solemnly certain that the money was his and that he deserved it. "If you take care of your things, then you get more. If I get even a couple of thousand, I can buy me another farm. In the morning I go to the county seat and see about this."

Young Frank did not sleep, but lay anxiously thinking about Mary and wishing that he had never seen the wretched item. If his father got a share of the money, it would set them still farther above the Raubs; if it went to the Raubs, then peace would be forever impossible.

The preacher sat for a long time by his window. He said to himself that it was perfectly possible that Henry Raub had left money to his kinsfolk. He might have divided it, or he might have left that to the State. In any case, it would make trouble.

But of all the village, only Sally Raub stayed awake all night, now hopeful, now despairing. She did not doubt the newspaper item—to Sally every printed thing was true—but she feared the Kemerers, their

money, their power. Then slowly she took courage.

"They have money," she said scornfully; "but they are dumb. They will not know what to do. First of all, it must be taken to a lawyer." At that, naturally enough, Sally thought of Abner Kleckner. "I helped him, and now he can help me. Then after I get money I can pay him."

It did not occur to Sally that the law would take care of her. To her mind, the fortune must be fought for, as she fought for everything.

Before dawn she was out of bed. She looked for a moment at pretty Mary. If Mary had not slept, she had at least lain perfectly still. As she looked, her mother's heart hardened to a stony lump. No Kemerer should have her Mary.

Hitherto, only a prospective journey to the mountain or a fishing trip had ever got the Raub boys up early. Now, however, they woke and dressed at five o'clock and went downstairs, to find their mother in the kitchen. They were always happy, always good-natured. Now they were hilarious.

"No summer school for me," said Howard. "Not when I am going to be rich."

"No chopping wood for me," announced Milo. "I am going to hire John Kemery to chop my wood. We are going for bees to sting Peter. We—."

Their mother turned suddenly and looked at them. Something in her expression frightened them. She had never before failed to appreciate a joke, and she had never looked at them with such stern criticism, with such appreciation for tousled heads and torn trousers and unwashed legs. It seemed to Howard that his long shanks stretched under her gaze. Then suddenly she whirled upon them and frightened them still more. Hitherto she had been their companion, now she suddenly became their mother and their judge. The night had brought a great variety of thoughts to Sally's mind.

"You are great ones to inherit money! You don't know anything, you don't want to know anything, you can't do anything. You are not going fishing, you are going in the school, and you 're going to chop wood and do what Mary says, and I am going off."

The boys gasped. Had the mountain threatened to move, they could have been no more surprised.

"Where are you going, Mom?"

"I am going to town. I am going to hire a team, and when I come back"—the night had been indeed one of heart-searching—"when I come back, I am going to fetch Aunt Fietta along. You boys can sleep in the attic. To-day you can fix up the yard."

"But what will you do in town, Mom?" asked Milo.

Howard came closer to his mother.

"Will you get the money, Mom?"

"You will see when I come," answered Mrs. Raub. "Now you go and fetch Apple's horse."

The boys stood rooted to the floor.

"Have you money, Mom?"

Sally bade them obey.

"Do you suppose I would say 'Hire a horse' if I had no money?" she demanded.

With wide and staring eyes, the two boys and Mary watched her drive away. She did not look like herself in her Sunday dress and her little old bonnet, as she sat in the homely, rattling old buggy, her hands far out on the lines, her feet braced against the dash-board. The children blinked after her, then they blinked at one another.

"She will fetch it home," said Milo, with conviction.

"She said we should go in the school, and chop wood, and fix up," said Howard.

A bright flush came into Mary's cheeks. It was the first time in her life that she had ever been the head of the house even for an hour, and the sudden responsibility intoxicated her. She seemed suddenly to come a little nearer to Frank Kemerer, whom she loved with all her heart, and who was accustomed to such neatness and comfort. Then she looked at her brothers, ragged, unkempt, but energetic and good-natured and strong.

"The Kemerers got a start somehow with their money and all their things," she said. "Things must start somewhere. We can start even if we don't get this money."

The boys stared at her. Then suddenly Howard took a tremendous stride toward manhood.

"This summer I am going to get a job," he announced solemnly and earnestly.

Whereupon the three Raubs sat down on the doorstep and looked at one another.

Great-Aunt Fietta occupied the peak of the social pyramid in the Raub County poorhouse. She belonged to an old family, she had a little money, she might, if she had wished, have had her meals served to her alone in her own comfortable room, and she had come to the poorhouse not because of necessity, but of her own free will.

"It was too much fighting," she explained. "If I gave Sally a little something, Millie was mad over me; if I said a good word for Millie,

Sally, she was cross. So I came away."

But Aunt Fietta had lost her independence of spirit. On the morning on which her niece by marriage was journeying slowly toward her with many eager jerks of the lines, Aunt Fietta sat under a low-spreading tree in the poorhouse yard. She could not walk alone, on account of the rheumatism, and she was near-sighted and very deaf, but she was still bright-eyed and pretty. She had looked like little Mary Raub in her youth.

Now her eyes were shut, and she sat perfectly still. She was thinking, as she did more and more often, of Raub's Station, where she was born, in whose churchyard her husband and children were buried, where Sally struggled with poverty, where foolish Millie spoiled her Peter, where there was constant envy and backbiting. But for the moment Aunt Fietta forgot the things of the present, and dwelt, as she did more and more often, entirely in the past. She was heartsick for a sight of Raub's Station.

When she realized that it was Sally who came into the yard, Aunt Fietta began to weep.

"Well, Sally!" she cried. "Did you come to see me once!"

Sally put both arms round her while she shrieked out her message.

"I am going to take you along when I come back. Everything is to be all right. I am not going to fight. You"—never for an instant did Sally Raub see, for all her brightness, what John Kemerer had realized instantly, that it was Aunt Fietta who was next of kin to Henry Raub, and that the fortune, if fortune there were, and if there were no will, would go directly to her—"you can go sometimes to Millie, and I won't say anything. I will fetch you in the afternoon."

Aunt Fietta's hands shook with joy and excitement.

"I will be ready," she promised. "I will surely be ready."

Slapping the reins on the back of the old horse, Sally set forth once more. She sat up a little straighter, she put up her hand to see that her bonnet was in its accustomed place over one ear, her heart beat rapidly. It was five years since she had been to town, and her chief

desire had always been to see the world. She felt now as though she had taken some potent medicine which would restore her youth, she had forgotten that change of scene could work such magic. The travellers whom she passed on the road looked with amusement at her poor old buggy, and then with interest at her happy face. She forgot her ragged boys, her pretty, unhappy Mary, she felt as though the end of the rainbow, with its pot of gold, were almost at hand.

She found Abner Kleckner's office without difficulty, and tied her horse and climbed the steps. Abner, who was a tall, dignified man, sat at his desk and wrote busily; no one would dream that he had ever been anything but prosperous. Certainly no one would have guessed

that he owed this little woman a debt of gratitude.

He rose politely to meet her. If he knew why she came, he gave no sign. He was always silent and non-committal and a little queer, but Sally was accustomed to his queerness. She took the chair he placed for her and stated her case. She told the story well and at length, and Abner Kleckner listened without a word. Frankie Kemerer had read in the paper that Henry Raub had died in Chicago and left a fortune to his relatives in Raub's Station. Now, her children were his relatives, and they ought to come in for this money. There were many sharpers in the world, one must look out for one's money.

"Now, you are to look after this for my children," said Sally; "and when I get the money, I will pay you. Is that right, Abner Kleckner?"

Abner looked at her, then he put the tips of his fingers together and looked at her again, still non-committally. It was, Sally supposed, the way a lawyer should look. A lawyer was an important person; upon this one hung all her hopes of success.

"Mrs. Raub"—Abner's new and unfriendly formality struck a chill to her heart—"I should be glad to serve you; but I am already engaged

on this case."

"Already engaged!" repeated poor Sally dully.

"The Kemerers have engaged me as their counsel."

"The Kemerys!"

"Why, yes. They are related to Henry Raub. I am even now writing a letter to Chicago."

Sally Raub sat perfectly still. The flush died from her cheeks, her hands clasped each other. Her cause was forever lost.

"Well, Abner Kleckner!" she said. What she did not say, but what she meant, was, "I took care of you, I helped you, and you have gone back on me!"

She rose and started toward the door, as though she could not lay her hand on the knob soon enough. Abner Kleckner rose also. He dared to speak to her, dared to advise her.

"I would n't engage another lawyer if I were you," he said. "If

the law divides the estate, you will get your share, and if there is a will,

you can't change it, you-"

But Sally was gone, stumbling down the steps. Engage another lawyer! She had not a permy to her name except the carefully hoarded hundred and fifty dollars which was all that was left of her dower, and which she had saved for an even rainier day than the many cloudy ones which had already shadowed her dwelling. To Sally's simple mind, the Kemerers had got ahead of her once more, cheated her once more as they always did.

She climbed into the old buggy and set slowly out for home. The fortune became a thousand times more real than it was before. She knew now that she had sent her boys away to school, she had married Mary to a far richer and more wonderful youth than Frank Kemerer, she had made Aunt Fietta luxuriously comfortable, she had given a hand-some present to the church, she had had the preacher to a great dinner, at which she assured him that if the Kemerers wished to leave the church they might leave and she would stand by him, she and her fine, educated family.

And now it was over, the dream was passed. It seemed to Sally that the sun had never been so hot. She had turned back the top of the buggy so that she might enjoy the cool morning air, she forgot now to readjust it. She almost forgot Aunt Fietta; indeed, it was only because the old horse, remembering his morning rest, stopped at the poorhouse, that she recalled her promise to take Aunt Fietta home. In the morning she had hopefully assured Aunt Fietta of many things, but then she was happy and rich in hope.

To her surprise, Aunt Fietta was not waiting for her, and after a moment she went in to find her. The superintendent looked at her in amazement.

"You got her an hour ago, did n't you?"

"Why, I just came."

"She was sitting out front with her satchel, and a buggy came along and they helped her in. That's all I know. Perhaps somebody gave her a ride."

The explanation was credible. Aunt Fietta might have asked some one to take her along; she was fast growing childish. Wearily Sally

climbed back into her buggy.

The old horse was not bothered by slaps and jerks for the rest of his journey. He took his way according to his own dull will, and Sally let him travel as slowly as he wished. She wondered vaguely how she was going to pay for him, and she even considered for the first time breaking her dower money. Nothing was worth while; the sudden access of hope had only made deeper and darker the dullness in which she lived.

The Raub boys did not pay much heed to lessons in the morning session of summer school. Fortunately, there was no afternoon session, and they could join Mary, who was happily released from the burden of lessons. The young Raubs were fond of one another, they felt now for the first time the joy of doing something that was worth while and doing it together. It was the first time in their lives that they had had a sense of responsibility and importance, and it grew upon them mightily.

They were content with a light lunch, they chopped wood, they pulled weeds, they trimmed dead branches, and, to cap this astonishing climax, they set to mixing whitewash. Peter Kemerer, finding that they paid no heed to his taunts, flew to tell his mother, the other neighbors gazed unbelieving, the preacher came over and advised them and lent them his whitewash brushes. It was many moons since a long-suffering neighborhood had lent anything to a Raub!

"What time will your mother be back?" asked the preacher, as if seized with a sudden thought.

"About four o'clock."

The minister looked at his watch. It was now two. Then he vanished toward his house, and presently appeared in his old duster. In one hand he carried a ladder, in the other a whitewash brush, and he set straightway to work. The young Raubs stared, their hands paralyzed.

"Don't lose any time," he bade them cheerfully.

At quarter to four, he laid down his brush. The little house shone. Four silent, diligent persons can accomplish wonders in two hours.

"You youngsters had better fix up," he advised. "Your mother will be here soon."

Then, suddenly, Milo took his stride into manhood. He gave the strap which supported his trousers a hitch.

"I have a quarter," he announced. "I found it once. I am going to buy me some galluses." And Milo flew toward Kemerer's store.

Unfortunately, his mother returned before he had time to don his new elegance. Indeed, she passed him on the street without seeing him, she did not even glance toward her little house until the old horse stopped before the door. She looked utterly worn and exhausted, and there was a new expression of hatred and misery on her face, as though she had just listened to insult.

Then, for a moment, as she saw the improvements, her heart softened. But it was only for a moment. They could get on better without her than with her, she supposed, poor little Sally!

Pretty Mary appeared in the doorway. She had put on a clean gingham dress, and she looked sweet as a rose. It was no wonder that Frank loved her. She stared at her mother in surprise.

"Where is Aunt Fietta?"

"Is n't she here?" asked Sally.

"Why, no! You said you'd bring her."

"Yes, but-" Then Sally paused. Milo came flying up the path,

the new suspenders in his hand. He waved them wildly.

"Mom!" he cried breathlessly. "Mom, listen once! Aunt Fietta is by John Kemery's, and Peter says they have Abner Kleckner to get the money for them, and it will go first to Aunt Fietta, because she is nearest, and afterwards to them, because they take care of her, and I chased Peter, and——"

Sally interrupted his exhausted gasps.

"They went over and sneaked her," she said in a whisper. "I stopped now at Kemery's store, and I said, 'Let us be friends and Christians,' and he told me to get out. He said I should get out. I was afraid of him. I was afraid he might do me something. He looked at me terribly. Now, children, listen." All the Raub spirit burned suddenly in Sally's heart, and all the Raub bitterness. She even said to herself again and utterly without reason that her children could get on better without her. "Now, listen. This is not the end. They are not going to have everything all the time the way they want it. Now, children, listen once. I am going to Chicago."

III.

THE evening dews were falling in Raub's Station, the air was again sweet with the scent of honeysuckle and roses, the young preacher, tired from his afternoon's whitewashing, sat once more on his little porch.

The young preacher gazed frankly over toward the Raubs. He had watched for Sally's return, and had listened in vain for her expressions of satisfaction with her children's work. But her voice at this distance

had not sounded pleased, but angry. The preacher sighed.

At this moment Mary Raub and her two brothers perched in solemn silence on the Raub doorstep, and within the house their mother moved quietly about. Now she put a few things into an old satchel, now she appeared in the doorway and said a word to the children. Once the preacher saw the light of her lamp in the attic. Then something was pushed before the window and the light was darkened. He did not see her lift a loose board from the floor and take out from a little recess an old pocket-book and a few other treasures which she had put away long ago and with many tears. The pocket-book she thrust into her bosom, the other things—a photograph or two and some little clothes—she put back.

But the preacher did not stare long at the Raubs. To his surprise, he observed that the Kemerers were about to have a party. At least, it looked like a party, though he was not invited, an unprecedented oversight in Raub's Station's social annals. There was a light in the Kemerer parlor, and the front door stood open, which was also almost unprecedented in a house as carefully kept as Millie Kemerer's.

Presently John Kemerer and young Frank came down the street together, John talking in a loud and persuasive tone, his son perfectly silent. A moment after, Milo Raub, pounding vainly at the locked door of the store, and angry at the silence which answered him, overturned a great empty hogshead which stood on the store porch, and which now bounced hollowly down the steps and into the gutter. Then, whistling

happily, young Milo returned to his mother's house.

Now in the growing dusk figures began to move about. From up the street came Miss Lizzie Kemerer, fifty years old, and still affecting the waterfall curls and wide skirts of her girlhood. Miss Lizzie played the organ in the church, and was really a delightful person. She had a bright mind and a sharp, rather cynical tongue, which did not spare even her own relatives. Indeed, there were times when the Kemerers' proud boast that they always "stuck together" could not apply to Miss Lizzie. She was always interested in Frank Kemerer and Mary Raub, and she had one great desire in life—that her choir should sing anthems. The idea pleased the Raubs, but the Kemerers would have none of it. So Miss Lizzie played on and kept the peace, which was greatly to her credit. Now she vanished into the shadows in the John Kemerer yard.

A moment later Israel Kemerer and Mrs. Israel Kemerer came walking together as though they were going to church on Sunday. Behind them plodded Bill Kemerer, the station-master and postmaster, grumbling to himself. All his life he had wanted to be called William, and

nobody would grant him this perfectly sensible desire.

There followed a score of others—the Ebenezer Kemerers with their six children; Mary Komerer, who had married a Peterman; Almina Kemerer, who had married a Borst and was now a widow. They all stepped solemnly, they all vanished behind the syringa bush at the John Kemerer gate, they all reappeared in the lighted doorway. The preacher, puzzled and a little troubled, thought he could distinguish their figures in the bright parlor; then, as they seemed to be disposing themselves stiffly about the walls, the Kemerer shutters were closed with a bang, and the preacher saw no more.

Within the Kemerer house was perfect silence. Behind the marble-topped centre table, on whose velvet cover was laid a great book, sat John Kemerer, stern, black-bearded, grim. On the sofa sat Millie, solemn and serious; beside her, her Peter. On the organ stool, swinging restlessly about, was young Frank. On parlor chairs and sittingroom chairs and kitchen chairs sat all the other Kemerers. Except for the fat, snarling "Boozer," who was spoken of as a Kemerer by the

impertinent Raubs, not a member of the family was missing.

In a rocking-chair in the corner, Aunt Fietta knitted and nodded and smiled. When John Kemerer had appeared suddenly and had put her into his buggy, she thought that the happy day for which she had prayed was certainly at hand: the Raubs and Kemerers had made up, and Sally had sent John to fetch her. Now, thinking that this was a cottage prayer-meeting, such as Raub's Station used to hold, she laid aside her knitting. When any one rose to speak she nodded happily. She was too deaf to hear what the speakers said and too near-sighted to recognize them.

When the silence seemed too deep ever to be broken, John Kemerer rose to his feet. He looked not only grim, but exceedingly unhappy. The encounter which he had had with Sally Raub in the afternoon stayed in his mind and would not be put away.

"John," she had said, "let us be friends and Christians."

He had answered her cruelly. He had just had a talk with Frank, who threatened to leave home if he could not marry Mary Raub.

"Yes," he had sneered to Sally; "now you want to be friends when

vou can get something by it."

She had looked at him in a way that he could not forget, with reproach and dislike and hurt pride and hatred. He wished that he could forget it, he was to wish many times that he could forget it. But he was still perfectly certain that he was in the right. And it had nothing to do with this meeting. He began to speak slowly.

"It is something we are to consider. But we must do everything right. We must have a chairman. Is it any one here who makes a

move?"

Bill Kemerer rose heavily to make the inevitable motion.

"I make a move that you be chairman," he said with gratifying

promptness.

John accepted the honor without further formality. The Kemerers must have a head, and it must be a head with authority, and he was the most important Kemerer. They had to be managed. There, for instance, was James Peterman, who was forever getting up and sitting down and saying "I think." He had to be silenced. No one cared what James Peterman thought.

John Kemerer opened the family Bible as though he wished to find a text, then he stated the object of the meeting, as though every Kemerer did not know perfectly well why he had come hither in his Sunday clothes.

"Yesterday evening it was a notice in the paper that Henry Raub had left money to his relation in Raub's Station. Now, we are his relation in this way: Aunt Fietta is his relation"—the Kemerers looked fondly at Aunt Fietta—"through his mom, and she would get this money. But Aunt Fietta is more related to us than to the Raubs, so that some of this money should be ours. Now, how shall we get this money? I have here the records, it tells how everybody stands toward Aunt Fietta. Now, I went yesterday to Abner Kleckner, and he will work for us. And he says we must stand together, and we must have money to start this thing. It is this way——"

Here John Kemerer was interrupted. Almina Kemerer, who had married a Borst and who was now a widow, rose, her black veil floating round her. She spoke with tears—she wept easily and often.

"I will not help in anything unless Borst can be moved to the Kemerer lot in the cemetery," she announced. "I——"

John Kemerer held up his hand. It was the story of an old woe; it was he who had insisted that Almina have a lot of her own. But now he must yield. Almina was co-heir with himself, and harmony was necessary. He did not propose to pay the whole of Abner Kleckner's tremendous retaining fee.

"All right," he said. "That will be fixed. Now, it is this way.

Israel Kemerer rose and squared his shoulders. In village affairs he was always under the shadow of his cousin.

"I don't go in for anything unless I can have a say how it shall be done," he announced loudly. "I am tired of this not having anything to say. I——"

John Kemerer lifted his head a little higher.

"Everything is to be right," he said impatiently. "Everybody will have a say. Now-"

Miss Lizzie Kemerer floated to her feet. Miss Lizzie had had more education than any of the other Kemerers.

"The motion to make you chairman was not seconded, Cousin John," she said sweetly.

Millie Kemerer came ponderously to her husband's aid.

"I second it," she said, frowning at Lizzie.

"I think-" began James Peterman.

"Now, listen!" began John Kemerer once more.

"The motion has not been put," reminded Miss Lizzie. Miss Lizzie was smiling. She said to herself that it was not strange that the Raubs could not get on with the Kemerers.

"I put it," declared Bill Kemerer. "I put it in the beginning."

"You mean that you made it," corrected Miss Lizzie. "You must say 'all in favor,' Cousin John."

Cousin John said it with bad grace.

" Now-" he began.

"But, Cousin John"—Miss Lizzie rested her elbow on the arm of

her chair and her chin on her hand—"I am not going in for anything unless I can have an anthem in the church."

John frowned at her. "Have it. I don't care."

"You will vote for it, Cousin John?"

"All right. Now"—and this time he was allowed to proceed—
"now, it is this way. We will have expenses, but they are not so much among so many, and we will get it all back when we get our money. Those miners, they make thousands of dollars. Now, Abner Kleckner, he must first of all have a retaining fee."

"What is that?" asked Israel Kemerer.

"It is a little money to pay him so he shan't be on the other side."

"The other side! Do you mean the Raubs with the other side?"

"I mean the Raubs."

A burst of laughter answered him.

"How should they hire a lawyer?" asked Israel scornfully. "They would n't think of a lawyer, they are too dumb, they——"

"I am the chairman," reminded John Kemerer sternly. "Sally

Raub was already this morning in the county seat."

The assembled Kemerers looked at one another as though such underhand methods were to be expected of Sally Raub. Sally Raub spoiled the looks of the village, she trained her children to impertinence, she was a nuisance. But she should not have the money which rightfully belonged to them—about this the Kemerers were determined.

"This retaining fee," said John briskly-"this retaining fee will be

a hundred dollars."

"What!" cried the Kemerers together. A thousand would have surprised them no more.

"Must it be?" gasped Almina.

"It must," said John.

Suddenly uprose Ebenezer Kemerer and looked straight into his cousin John's eye.

"If you will sell me that little piece that I wanted this long time already to make my line straight, I will go into this," he said.

"All right," assented John. "Now-"

Young Frank rose from his seat on the organ stool. Objection seemed to be the order of the day. His face was crimson, he seemed to have grown taller and older.

"I think you are going to waste a great deal of money," he said sharply. "You really don't know anything about this. There may be nothing in it. Abner Kleckner will cheat you if he can."

Young Frank sat down in the midst of absolute silence. Then his mother began to weep. Every one knew that he was attached to Mary Raub, and his opposition was all that was needed to put the Kemerers, heart and soul, on his father's side.

"I will give if everybody gives alike," said Israel Kemerer.

John Kemerer had continued to stare at his son, and his son continued to look straight into his father's eyes. Now both got to their feet. Young Frank spoke first.

"If you are doing this so that all of Henry Raub's heirs shall get share and share alike, that is one thing," he said with flaming cheeks. "But if you are doing it so that poor people are cheated, then it is not right. And you will be punished," said young Frank. "You will lose your money before you are through, and you will be punished in other ways."

Millie put her handkerchief to her eyes. Her son was a traitor.

"Listen to me," said John Kemerer angrily. "If anybody loses more out of this than he gets out of it, then I will pay him what he loses, myself. It is not so that we keep others out of their share, it is so that we get our share. Sally Raub can work for herself, too. Tomorrow I see Abner Kleckner again, and then everything will be fixed. And we will have a committee so that everything shall be done right. Israel is on the committee, and Ebenezer and I——"

James Peterman got to his feet.

"I think-"

"Well, what do you think?" demanded John.

"I-I-nothing," said James.

"Then, we will close this meeting," said John Kemerer. "And it is to be nothing said outside from this meeting," he warned sternly. "You never know who is listening."

Then, suddenly, in the buzz of talk, Aunt Fietta spoke. As the meeting progressed, her mind seemed to brighten, and one after another she studied them out. These children could not be Raubs—she could account for all of them. They were Kemerers, dull, fat Kemerers. And where was Sally? This was, after all, no prayer-meeting. Perhaps it was a party. Gradually she realized that their tones were loud, their voices angry. She remembered that it was Sally who had promised to come for her, and that when John came, he had said nothing about Sally. Aunt Fietta began to be uneasy.

Now she spoke in her shrill, sweet old voice. The question she asked startled the Kemerers.

"Where," said Aunt Fietta, "where is Sally Raub, and where is little Mary, and where are the boys?"

Not a Kemerer answered. Millie remembered that she had not told Aunt Fietta the object of the meeting; she remembered that Aunt Fietta seemed to have a queer impression that the Raubs and Kemerers were at peace. The Kemerers looked at one another with startled eyes, some of them looked down at the floor, and some uneasily at Aunt Fietta. A deep flush reddened the face of young Frank.

"She is a poor widow," Aunt Fietta reminded them a little sharply.

Millie Kemerer remembered how Aunt Fietta had reproached them
of old. She almost wished that Aunt Fietta was back in the poorhouse.

"She is a poor widow," said Aunt Fietta again. "You ought n't to forget her. Where is she? I was to wait for her at the poorhouse. Where are any of the Raubs? What does this mean? I thought——"

What Aunt Fietta thought will be lost to posterity as thoroughly as were the thoughts of James Peterman. The front door of the Kemerer mansion burst open, and with ear-splitting yelps and shrieks fat Boozer was upon them. On his feet were tied paper bags, from his tail hung a tin can, in his eye was mad fright. Dashing into the centre table, flinging away from that against the wall, rebounding against the terrified Widow Borst, losing himself for an instant in Miss Lizzie's voluminous skirts, still yelping unceasingly, he flung himself finally into his mistress's lap, there to be soothed and wept over.

To the furious, indignant band of Kemerers, Aunt Fietta's question needed no other answer. Here was the work of the Raubs. If Aunt Fietta had made them feel for a moment the sting of conscience, that moment was past. Even Miss Lizzie, who was afraid of dogs in general and Boozer in particular, lost her half-hearted inclination toward the Raubs and was furiously angry. From now on, the Kemerers would

stick together.

In the meantime, remarkable plans were being laid in the Raub house.

IV.

Two minutes after a wild and terrified Boozer had hurled himself upon the irate Kemerers, Milo Raub opened the door of his mother's house. In the crash of hope about the ears of the Raub family, Milo had not remembered to don the "galluses" which he had bought with his carefully hoarded quarter, and his trousers were still supported by the disreputable strap. To a waiting and expectant audience he reported only some of the details of his reconnoitre. There was an air of suppressed mirth about him, almost hysterical in its intensity.

"The Kemerys are all sitting over there, John and Israel and Miss Lizzie and Bill from the station and all the rest. John has the Bible, and Aunt Fietta is sitting in the corner. They are afraid somebody will get Aunt Fietta. I looked in through a crack. They were fighting and talking. Each one had something to say. They talked about Abner Kleckner. And Boozer"—Milo winked at his brother—

"little Boozer is sitting in his momma's lap."

Sally wasted no words in comment. Her voice shook with excitement. If the Kemerers really believed in the great inheritance, if they were already conspiring, then there was every reason for haste.

"I must leave here at five o'clock to walk to the station, and there I take the train. Everything is ready. This is Tuesday, and by Saturday I will come home."

The children stared at her; she seemed more than ever like a stranger in this new excitement and enthusiasm. The young Raubs had learned to be content with their poverty, they were used to their mother's hopelessness. Now Sally spoke rapidly, her eyes sparkled, she planned and executed like a general. She was the Sally of long ago, the bright, eager Sally whom their father had loved.

"But, Mom——" Howard had meant to ask where she got the money for her journey, then he stopped midway in his question, his eyes bulging. His mother opened a little satchel and took from it a roll of bills and a few gold pieces. She laid five dollars on the table before them.

"There. You are to pay Apple for his horse, and there is some money for you till I get back."

The children looked from her to the money, and from the money back to her. Pretty Mary thought of the white dress for which she had longed all her life, and of white slippers and white ribbons for her hair, and—she began suddenly to tremble—of things for housekeeping.

"Oh, Mother!" she cried. "Mother! Are we really going to have money?"

"Yes," answered poor little Sally with conviction; "we are."

The children remembered in the morning that some time before daylight she had kissed them good-by, and that they had determined vaguely to get up and see her off. But they were sleepy and they closed their eyes once more, and when they woke again it was past six o'clock.

Mary woke first and called her brothers and got the breakfast. Strangely enough, they could not eat. They looked at one another solemnly.

"It seems," said Milo slowly-" it seems so still."

"It seems," said Howard-"it seems so queer."

Mary's voice shook. The pride she had felt yesterday in her ability to manage the house had vanished, there was in its place a strange ache in her throat.

"She looked so little," said Mary brokenly. "But it is only till Saturday, and we can fix things nicer yet than yesterday."

The boys assented with growing cheerfulness. But it was to be much longer than Saturday before they saw little Sally again.

It was very seldom that a passenger mounted the milk train or any other train at Raub's Station without being seen by Bill Kemerer. Perhaps until this morning it had never happened. Usually, Bill learned in the village the night before who proposed to leave and his reasons for going, and in the morning was on the lookout.

This morning, of all mornings in the world, he sat yawning in the station until the train pulled in. Then he went at once to shifting milk-cans, while Sally climbed aboard the one passenger-car. Thus it was

that Sally got away unseen of Kemerers.

Sally did not try to avoid him. If she had had any plans for escaping unseen, she would not have had energy enough to carry them out. For suddenly, worn by her walk and the parting from her children, she felt her spirits sink, her heart fail. She was infinitely tired, mentally and physically. It was not work which wearied her, it was work's deadly monotony, it was lack of recreation, lack of change. She associated only with her children, she kept locked in her own breast all her old ambitions and all her disappointments. Now she was almost at the end of her strength. She could go to Chicago and see about this inheritance, she would spend her precious dower for the journey, and after that she could do no more. If this chance failed, then everything had failed.

She had no plans for her journey—poor little Sally—she had consulted with no one. With whom should she consult? Her children could not advise her, the poor Raubs could not help. Besides, it was important that the matter be kept secret. Her sole advantage lay in actual investigation of the situation for herself. Thus, and thus only, could she get ahead of the Kemerers and ungrateful Abner Kleckner. Indeed, they might outwit her yet by telegraph. The thought frightened her.

Once she had thought of speaking to the preacher, but she was afraid that he would insist that she must not go, that he would offer to write for her instead. Besides, she was not sure that she trusted even the kindly young preacher. Sally Raub's heart was sore against all the world.

At the county seat, she changed cars, and then, safely on a through train for Chicago, put her head down on the back of the seat and went fast asleep. She was travelling at last, she was away from Raub's Station, she looked no more at the sink and the dishes which she hated, she heard no more the shrill "Boozer, Boozer," which she loathed, about her lay a new landscape, now there were high mountains, now a broad and lovely river, but Sally paid no heed.

The train rushed presently through a different country, a country of hills robbed of their trees, which were sent to feed great saw-mills in the valleys; of great oil wells, whose derricks lifted themselves against the sky. Sally had said all her life that she would walk fifty miles just to be in a different State than Pennsylvania, just to see "how it looked"; now she crossed the magic line which separates Pennsylvania from New York, and she did not lift her head.

Presently the kindly conductor begged a pillow from the parlor-car, and a young woman leaned forward and took off Sally's bonnet and put the pillow under her cheek. Buffalo's crowded station and shouting trainmen made at first only a vague impression upon her dreams. Then, slowly, she sat up, blinking.

Where now were the things of every day? She looked about blankly, seeking the sink, the kitchen wall, the red cloth on the kitchen table. She even listened for the "Boozer, Boozer," which fell so many times a day from Millie Kemerer's lips.

But everything about her was unfamiliar. Instead of the old sink, she saw immediately before her the broad shoulders of a fat man; instead of the immaculate Kemerer yard, the untidy backs of city houses. For an instant one hand clutched the other, then both were laid on the broad shoulders before her. In fright, Sally seized the first support at hand.

"What is, then, this?" she demanded.

The fat man turned and looked at her, first in surprise, then in smiling comprehension.

"I guess you ain't awake yet," he said cheerfully. "This is Buffalo. You have been asleep." He turned and laid his arm on the back of the seat. "You did n't want to get off here?"

"No," answered Sally.

"Where are you going?"

" To Chicago."

"Ain't you going to see the falls?"

"The falls?" repeated Sally.

"Yes, Niagara Falls. It ain't far from here."

"Niagara Falls!" cried Sally, like a child. In the sound there was the longing of years, the whole strength of a heart's desire.

"Why, ain't you been there?"

" Oh, no!"

"Well, you ought to go. Are you coming back this way?"

" Yes."

"Well, you can see it then. Why——" The fat man turned still farther in his seat. He spoke as one who likes talking better than anything in the world, and who has long been silent. For five minutes at a time, there was not a break in his speech. "Why, I 've been there as many as fifty times."

"Fifty times!" said Sally.

"Yes, ma'am. I never get tired of 'em. I 'm a travelling man, and I get sick enough of the cars, but never of this trip. I tell you, it freshens me up for days, just to get a look at 'em. It does me good just to think of how big it is, and how cool and green and white, and how it goes on forever and ever and nobody has to buy it or sell it or get up steam for it or wind it up or pay for it. I sit and look at it, then I go down under, and—"

"Under!" cried Sally Raub. "Under! Under what?"

"Under the falls."

"Do you"—Sally's mind was still not quite awake—"do you swim under?"

The fat man threw back his head, then he took it in both hands and

laughed himself purple in the face.

"Swim! You wait till you see it! You go down in an elevator—you can do it easy. Swim! Just you wait till you see it. You 'll laugh. And the rapids is as wonderful as the falls. You can stand down there and watch the waves climbin' up, forty or fifty at a time. Why, at the seashore you can only see one such wave climbing up! The water comes running down and goes out underneath itself."

"Underneath itself!" cried Sally.

The fat man took paper and pencil from his pocket and drew diagrams and plans. He outlined the route of the gorge railroad, he told of the Maid of the Mist, of the fascination that the plunging flood has even for the level-headed, of the battle at the brink of the Canadian side, of the building of bridges. Some things he told twice, there seemed to be nothing that he did not know. In some circumstances he might have been a great bore, but not to this eager listener.

"Why, Niagara Falls gave me my start in life," he declared. "I was n't good for much, but I saved enough money to see the falls, and they made me ashamed, lady, ashamed. And I got to work, hard. And now I 've helped my brothers and sisters, and I could lay off working entirely if I wanted to. That 's what Niagara Falls did for me. I

sell jams."

"Jams?" said Sally.

"Yes—preserves, jellies, butters. We have a factory, my brothers and sisters. We make the Niagara brand, the finest on the market. We have a great name, we can put our own price on things, I tell you. But it was n't always so; we——"

"Do you mean that people buy jelly?"

"Why, of course they do! How else should they get it?"

"Don't they make it themselves?"

"Not everybody. There 's thousands that live in the city that

can't. Can you make jelly?"

"Can I make jelly?" Sally rose in her place. "Can I make jelly? I can make every kind of jelly that is known in this world, and every kind of preserves and every kind of butter. Why, everybody knows my apple-butter. I save juices for it all year. I——"

The fat man turned clear round.

"Say," he proposed, "you send me a sample of your apple-butter. I might be able to make a good thing of it for you."

Blinking, Sally told him her name and address.

"Apple-butter!" said he. "There 's people all over the U. S.,

who used to live in Pennsylvania, who 'd give top prices for good

apple-butter. You let us see what you can do."

Presently he asked her why she was going to Chicago. He seemed so kind and Sally was so unused to the ways of the world that it never occurred to her to refuse to answer.

"I'm going to find out about a relation that died. He left a lot of

money, and it ought to come to my children."

"Have you any one in Chicago to help you?" The fat man seemed astonished at the errand which to Sally seemed so simple. "Have you friends to stay with?"

"No," answered Sally; "I am going to a hotel to stay."

"Do you know the name of any hotel?"

"I can ask."

"Well, you be careful who you ask. Chicago's a big place. You go to the woman in the ladies' waiting-room in the station, and you go where she tells you to go, and you look out for your money. What are you going to do? Where did your cousin live?"

"He lived in Chicago," answered Sally, a little impatiently. "We

read in the paper that he had died and left money."

"Is that all you know?"

" Yes."

The fat man gave a long, low whistle.

"You go to the City Hall," he advised after a moment's consideration. "You find out if his death is recorded, then you find out if his will has been probated, and don't you sign anything or do anything until you consult with your friends. Mind that! Don't you know anybody in Chicago?"

" No."

The fat man studied again for a moment. The fat man had common-sense.

"Do you belong to church?"

"To be sure."

"Well, if you find there is such a will, you hunt up a preacher of your church and get him to help you. And watch out for your money."

"Oh, yes, sir," said Sally. She began to be frightened. Raub's Station seemed years in the past. She felt like a different person; with all these new things to think about, even the great inheritance seemed vague and unimportant.

Somewhere between Buffalo and Chicago the fat man left the train, and, to her great regret, Sally had fallen asleep and did not bid him farewell. On the seat beside her he had left his card. Across it he had written, "Good Luck" and "Remember the apple-butter."

Many times during the next few days did Sally remember the fat man's dismay when she had said that she had no friends in Chicago and knew nothing about it. Everything confused her, not with fright, but with anger at herself that she should be so "dumb," as she would have said: the overwhelming size of the railroad station, the smoke, the crowds of people, who were, after all, only human beings like herself, and who went about with such enviable assurance.

Everything excited her—the elevator in the plain little hotel to which she was recommended, the electric cars, the hundreds of automobiles, the lights, the noise. Not for an instant did she wish that she had not come.

"There we sit," she said to herself scornfully, "year in and year out, and we don't know what is going on outside. And all we need is a little money."

Money? And money was to be hers. Sally Raub was ready to believe anything. As she rose and dressed and later pushed her way through the crowded streets to the City Hall and the records which should give her her heart's desire, she would have believed much greater miracles than that wandering Henry Raub had died and left her a fortune. She felt equal to any effort, she felt able to front any official. No one in the world should keep her children from their rights, their right to live and travel and have things.

But, alas, all the courage in the world cannot create things which do not exist! Sally had all the aid which could possibly be given to her case. The officials were not especially busy that morning, and they seemed anxious to help her. There was a refreshing breath of the country about Sally. But no Henry Raub appeared in any city directory, no burial permit had been issued for a Henry Raub, and certainly there had been no will recorded at City Hall. Had Sally a copy of the paper in which she had read the account of his death? No. Was she sure it was in Chicago? Yes—that is—Sally's eyes filled with tears of misery and baffled hope. She had not even seen the paper, she had only heard Frank Kemerer read it, and the Kemerers were not to be trusted for an instant.

She did not offer this opinion to the kindly young men. She only drew herself up and tried to steady her quivering lip, and said that she would go home. It did not occur to them, and it was quite unlikely that it would occur to Sally, that all newspaper items dated from a large city may not have had their origin in the city, but in its neighborhood, and that inquiries of an Associated Press representative might have helped her out.

She went back to the little Upham House and paid her bill and went to the railroad station. The fat man would not have known her, but Raub's Station would have recognized her at once. Her shoulders drooped forward, her mouth was set in a hard line. She bought her ticket and sat down wearily to wait the long hour till her train left.

She forgot Niagara Falls, she forgot the fat man, she forgot the applebutter; she thought only of the hateful Kemerers, who would jeer at her, and with whom she must live forever.

V.

WHEN Sally Raub was at home, she kept her two wild boys within some sort of bounds. Now that she was gone, they broke forth furiously. Never in their short lives had Milo and Howard had so good a time.

It was Peter Kemerer who suffered most at their hands, not so much from what they did as from what they threatened. The young Raubs realized that while their mother was not at hand to restrain them, she was also not at hand to protect them, and they were careful not to go too far. They felt also the new importance of moneyed citizens. In all the world there were never more incessant castle-builders than the Raubs.

Peter Kemerer never learned from one experience or even from a dozen. A note addressed to him sent him on a wild-goose chase to the top of the mountain, where, to his infinite terror, a vast hive of bees seemed to have taken up their abode. There was a buzzing from the thicket beside him, another from the top of a tree. To Peter's paralyzed mind, it seemed that the Raubs had called some magic to their aid. With perilous speed he fled, dashing recklessly over rocks and through the brook, while the buzzing changed to a wild braying.

Nor did Boozer learn from experience. He dashed out to bark at the Raubs' heels. Again he was caught, again he was returned to his admiring mistress. This time, the front door being securely barred, he arrived via the pantry window, where he sat himself down in a dish of apple-butter. Thence he sprang to the floor, thence he again sought the dear shelter of his mistress's lap. This time it was fortunately not by way of Miss Lizzie's skirts, though it was again in a family council—the Kemerers met almost daily now. Straight toward Mrs. Kemerer he flew, and Mrs. Kemerer, who wore a white dress and apron, had to leave the meeting.

Mrs. Kemerer was utterly worn-out. Aunt Fietta was uneasy; she asked questions all day long, questions which Millie could not answer, about the welfare of Sally Raub and her family. The Raub boys hung round. Millie was certain that they meant to capture Aunt Fietta, and she knew that Aunt Fietta would be delighted to go with them.

Besides, her constant association with her kinsfolk had begun to wear on her. The use of her parlor worried her. She did not mind the first important and solemn meeting, but there was no sense in using it every evening. Bill Kemerer did not wipe his shoes before he came in, Mrs. Peterman and the Widow Borst assumed an air of possession and dared to advise Millie about the placing of her furniture and the making of her clothes, and Ebenezer's children speedily shed their first air of decorum. They helped themselves to flowers, they ran about on the grass, they even went into the pantry and took great wedges of pie.

In the bottom of her heart, Millie thought them worse than the

Raubs.

"To them we did not need to be polite," she said wearily to herself. "To these we have to."

Nor was dissatisfaction confined to the John Kemerer house. Ebenezer found that he had little to say in their councils, and that John went alone to the county seat and was not as communicative as he might have been to his fellow committeemen. Bill discovered that his social position in Raub's Station did not change, and that an impertinent public still called him "Bill" instead of Mr. Kemerer. Almina Borst saw no prospect of the fulfilment of her wish, and Miss Lizzie's choir had as yet sung no anthems. As for Mary Kemerer who had married a Peterman, this prospect of wealth had already done her harm, for her husband, who had never shown a very eager desire to work, now refused abruptly to lay hand to plough.

"Shall I wear myself out when I am going to be rich?" he de-

manded.

"I don't believe it is any money," said Mary angrily. "It is a put-

un ich."

The disappearance of Sally Raub frightened and worried them all. Where had she gone? Had she some secret information upon which she was working? They never dreamed that she could have gone to Chicago; she would not have a cent for railroad fare, and railroad fares could not be charged. They appealed to the young preacher, and he answered, with evident truth, that he knew nothing about her; he had seen her packing a satchel, that was all. Bill Kemerer insisted that she had not gone away on the train, and from the Raub children nothing was to be had but impudence.

First Peter Kemerer, prompted by his mother, asked the boys where she had gone, and was told that she had gone to buy bees, to which Peter

was to be fed, bit by bit.

Then Frank asked Mary, and to his amazement and distress got no answer but a cold stare.

"But, Mary!" he cried. "What have I done?"

Mary would not answer. The leaven which had for years kept Raub's Station in a ferment was beginning to do its work here also. Besides, Mary looked ill; there were dark circles under her eyes, and her lips were white.

"Mary dear!" said Frank again.

Mary quietly shut the door.

Presently the Kemerers went nearly wild over a statement of Daniel Apple, the farmer who had loaned Sally the old horse.

"Apple says that Howard paid him with a gold piece," gasped John Kemerer. "A gold piece! What does this mean?"

The Kemerers stared at him speechless. Then every one began at once:

"I bet they have this money already!"

"I bet Sally has got it and is sending it to them by mail!"

"Nothing came for them in the mail," said Bill. "I watch everything."

"This was paid before she went off," said John. "I——"
Israel Kemerer got to his feet.

"Is this preacher giving them this money?" he demanded. "For why should he whitewash for them, say? For why should he sit with Mary on the step? For why——"

Young Frank was not very tall, but in the sudden spring from the chair on which he was sitting he seemed to tower above them all. The scarlet flush on his cheek brightened the paleness which had been growing there.

"There is no reason why the preacher should n't sit on the step with Mary," he said hotly. "She is one of his church people. What do you mean, Israel Kemerer?"

Israel Kemerer started to answer, then Miss Lizzie interrupted him.

"Those children look sick," she said slowly. "They look as if they were worried."

The Kemerers laughed scornfully. Their mirth was bitter, they were not in a good humor that evening, even with one another. One of them began to speak in an angry tone, then another and another.

"Where is, then, this money all this time?" cried Mrs. Peterman.

"Why don't the committee get this money?"

"Why can't John Kemerer sell me the land he said he would sell me?"

Suddenly Miss Lizzie laughed.

"I had a letter from Charles Kemerer from Reading," she announced. "He said that he was coming to visit. I guess he heard of this money that is coming to the Kemerers. Which of you will take him? I have n't any room. He smokes all the time and talks all the time and sometimes he takes a little too much. He——"

"I can't take him in," answered Millie sharply. "Maria is coming with her young ones." Millie began to weep. "They are the worst young ones in the world. They read about this money in the paper."

Mrs. Borst lifted a tragic face.

"Emma is coming to my house. I never got along with her. If I could see some of this money, I——"

Mrs. Peterman rose. The weather was hot, and Mrs. Peterman was stout. She had baked all the morning and cleaned all the afternoon, and her muscular husband had sat under the apple-tree.

"I don't believe it is any money," she cried. "I--"

Millie Kemerer rose to her feet. In a minute the Kemerers were all standing.

"You don't believe it! When our Frankie read it in the paper!"

"You heard the preacher read it," put in Frank sharply.

"The preacher!" mocked Mrs. Peterman. "That does n't say it is so. Everybody knows he is for the Raubs."

"And where," demanded Bill Kemerer—" where is all the money we gave for Abner Kleckner? Where——"

John Kemerer was a man of violent temper. He clenched his hands and moved a step closer to Bill.

"Ach, Pop!" warned Millie, in fright.

"Father!" said Frank softly.

Miss Lizzie lifted her clear voice.

"'The Kemerers have always stuck together,'" she quoted lightly. Miss Lizzie's cynical remarks were sometimes exceedingly provoking.

"Abner Kleckner is a rascal," declared Israel Kemerer. "He always was, he—"

At that instant the front door opened, and, to the Kemerers' amazement and chagrin, Abner Kleckner appeared before them. There was no doubt that he looked like a rascal, for all his fine clothes. He peered out constantly from under his drooping eyelids, now downwards, now sidewise, but never straight into another's eyes.

There was now an expression of excessive complacency about him as he explained that he had rapped and had evidently not been heard. Whether or not he had heard Israel's remark, he gave no sign. He was smooth, polite, and a bit sly, as he had always been. At his first word, a deeper silence fell upon them, and they listened breathless, Bill standing where he was, his hands in his pockets, Mrs. Borst with her handkerchief to her eyes, Mrs. Peterman still frowning at her husband.

"I have had word from Chicago," said the lawyer slowly. The Kemerers remembered afterward that he showed them no letters and gave them no proof, for which they were too dazed and excited to ask. "Your relative did not die there as stated, but in a little town in the neighborhood called Blaydon. He had lived there for several years and was well known. He——"

"Did he leave money?" gasped Mrs. Peterman.

The lawyer gave an irrelevant answer, which no one recognized then as irrelevant.

"They sent me a copy of the will. He leaves his estate-"

As one man, the Kemerers moved closer to him. Those who were standing took a step or two, some of those who were seated rose, others leaned forward in their chairs.

"To us?"

"To his relatives in Raub's Station."

"And who"-faltered John Kemerer-"who are they?"

"They are "—Miss Lizzie insisted afterward that here Abner Kleckner grinned—"they are John, Israel, Ebenezer, William, Mary, and Almina Kemerer."

"There!" cried John Kemerer in triumph.

Bill pushed his way to the front.

"I am Mr. William Kemerer," he announced importantly, as though Abner Kleckner did not know perfectly well who he was.

"And I am Israel."

"And I-" One by one with equal stupidity, the Kemerers announced themselves.

"And how much is this money?" asked Miss Lizzie suddenly, in her light, high voice.

Abner Kleckner did not answer; Millie Kemerer saved him.

"Don't Sally Raub get nothing?" she asked slowly.

"I have read the list of the heirs," said Abner Kleckner.

"She was his best friend," said Miss Lizzie. "She was his only friend."

Strangely enough, Abner Kleckner blushed.

"I have read the list," he said again. "And now"—he stated the business which had brought him—"I shall have to ask you for more funds to prosecute this search." Afterwards the Kemerers realized that at the outside Abner Kleckner could have spent no more than the value of three postage stamps; now, however, the Kemerers realized nothing except that they were going to be even richer than they were. The Kemerers grew jubilant, they hailed each other as brothers, they laughed aloud, and immediately they, the none too generous Kemerers, paid to Abner Kleckner the hundred dollars which he asked for, and then Abner went away.

Then, before their enthusiasm had faded, before young Frank had had time to give expression to the reproaches for their selfishness which were trembling on his lips, the door opened and another visitor came in.

This time it was no messenger about the great inheritance, it was no frantic Boozer; it was the young preacher, pale and white. Having gained their attention, he hesitated as though he lacked words. He was always easily moved, but now some extraordinary emotion seemed to stir him. To the astonished Kemerers, his voice was full of accusation.

"I have something to tell you," he said slowly. "After Frank read about your cousin's fortune, Sally Raub started to Chicago to investigate. She had some money with her; her children do not know how she got it. That was two weeks ago, since then nothing has been heard of her. A few days ago Mary appealed to me in terror, and I wrote to the police department. They say that she was there, that she inquired about a relative who had left a fortune, then she went away, apparently depressed and discouraged. One of the men in the office ran after her, but she had disappeared. Now"—the preacher's voice became more stern—"she is our neighbor, there is no question of liking or disliking her, there is only our duty. We must find Sally Raub."

The Kemerers sat absolutely still, staring at one another. The preacher thought with despair that it was sinful stubbornness which kept them from answering, but the preacher was mistaken. They had never dreamed that any one would leave Raub's Station to stay, no matter what happened. And where had Sally Raub gone, and what was she doing? Then the Kemerers began to stir uneasily. For, unconsciously but mightily, a change had come over the Kemerers, they had grown utterly weary of quarrelling. And here threatened, vaguely as yet, a terrible punishment. Young Frank had said that they would be punished. But where was Sally Raub? She was not accustomed to railroads or cities? Had some dreadful thing happened to her? Was her going away their fault? They remembered how little she was, one of them thought suddenly of the death of her little girl, another thought of Henry Raub and Abner Kleckner, who had forgotten her benefits. But they said nothing until the silence became unendurable.

"Have you nothing even to say?" cried the young preacher in

horror.

"Do you mean that she is gone off and they can't find her?" asked John Kemerer slowly, the words formed as though with pain.

"Yes, I mean that."

Millie Kemerer started to her feet.

"Ach, Porra!" she cried. "I am going over to those young ones."
Then Millie sat down heavily. She had often threatened to beat
them, she had prophesied jail for them, she had set Boozer upon them,
she had threatened to disinherit Frank if he had anything to do with
Mary.

"No." she said thickly. "I cannot go over to those young ones."

Mrs. Peterman began to cry.

"I never was uglier to them than they were to me," she wailed.

The preacher looked about him curiously and gravely.

"Is there no one here who can go to those children in their trouble?" he asked.

Miss Lizzie got flutteringly to her feet.

"I can," she said.

"And I," said Frank.

"Is there no one else?" asked the preacher once more.

Again Millie got to her feet and again she sat down.

"Ach, Pop!" she ventured. "You go."

"Pop" bent his head. He thought of Sally in the rattling buggy, her bonnet askew, her bright eyes shining. "John," she had said, "let us be friends and Christians." And he had told her to "get out." When a man who prides himself upon his righteousness and justice discovers that he has been wrong, the shock is overwhelming, if he is a good man. Could he go now to comfort Sally Raub's children?

"No," he stammered. "I can give money to help hunt, I will give everything I have, but I cannot go over. I wish I could."

VI.

SITTING in the Chicago railroad station, her little satchel clutched in her hand, her bonnet limply straight, grim despair in her heart, Sally Raub had reviewed the last few adventurous days. She knew now upon what a wild-goose chase she had come. Even if the Kemerers had been her trusted friends, their discovery of such an item in a newspaper would not have warranted her in starting on such a journey.

And, alas, she had staked upon it all her little fortune! To Sally, the dower fund once broken was as good as spent. It was all she had, it was her inheritance, it was her capital, it was the last outpost between her and poverty; indeed, between her and loss of self-respect. As long as a woman has a hundred and fifty dollars, she has no reason for despair. Her mind had dwelt upon it year after year as it lay safely tucked away under the attic floor. It connected her with her father's house, with her girlhood, her dreaming, ambitious girlhood, when she had planned to see the world, to go—she had even dared to dream that far!—to go to foreign lands.

And now she had spent it on this wretched journey, through most of which she had slept. It was the Kemerers who were responsible; they had betrayed and deceived her once more. The journey was an utter failure. She had not even bought little gifts for her children, and now the shops were closed. She would have nothing even to tell them, for she had seen nothing. And already she felt drowsiness creeping upon her, and knew that she would sleep much of the way home. She remembered how the fat man had talked about Niagara; she could at least tell her children that!

Then, slowly at first, Sally Raub's eyes began to brighten. Her throat grew tense, one hand tightened on the other. A vision tempted Vol. LXXXIX.—62

her, at first only vaguely, then more strongly. The fat man had said that a sight of Niagara made you happy, it helped you in your troubles, you remembered it all your life; he said that it made him smile just to think of it, it was so big and cool and green and it went so entirely "of itself." He had said—

Suddenly the temptation leaped into irresistible strength; it lifted little Sally like a whirlwind, it made her tremble. She had resisted temptation all her life; this sudden yielding intoxicated her, made her steps unsteady.

Clutching the precious bag, she made her way to the ticket office.

"I have here a ticket that goes through Buffalo," she explained.

"A man said that they would put a mark on it so I could go to Niagara Falls."

"Get the conductor on your train to mark it stop-off," answered the agent. "Then you can get an excursion ticket to the falls and back."

Sally did not return to her seat in the waiting-room; instead, she went to the train-shed and there waited until she could board her train. Her head was lifted once more, her shoulders were thrown back, her bonnet was askew, her heart was light. For wild, extravagant, crazy, as it might be, Sally had made up her mind to see Niagara Falls.

For a while as the train sped through the tunnels and then into the open stretches of the city, she looked out the window. Then, as the country gradually widened about her, and darkness fell, she curled up on the seat and went to sleep. She was such a tiny person that she was not uncomfortable, and she woke only a few times during the long night. Railroad conductors are proverbially a kindly race, this one too found her a pillow. He also opened an umbrella and fastened it up to shield her eyes from the light.

In the morning he offered her much advice. He, too, like the fat

man, thought Niagara Falls "the biggest show on earth."

"Now, if you want to get the best look at it, don't look till you 're right on it. You 'll hear it sort o' hummin' away, and then it gets to roaring and booming, and all the time you 're moving along and it 's over your left shoulder. Well, you keep it there. You keep your eyes sort o' on the ground till you get to the edge of the gorge, then you grab the railing, or you sit down on a bench, and then you open your eyes right. You 'll need something to hold on to, don't you forget it! It 'll almost knock you silly, I promise you that. Then you go across the bridge to Goat Island and look at it from there, and then you go back and look at the American Falls again, and then you go across the big bridge over the gorge. And when you 're on the other side, you go down under—it 's perfectly safe—and the Gorge Ride—well, it ain't any use to talk about that. There ain't no words—anyhow, I ain't got 'em. Just you see for yourself."

Breathlessly wondering whether she was awake, Sally obeyed the directions of all her new-found friends. She did not forget to have her ticket marked, she bought an excursion ticket to the falls, and there, with half-shut, squinting eyes, she pushed her way through the crowd, so that of all the eager, chattering throng she was almost the first to reach the park at the edge of the gorge. There, having made her way to the brink, little Sally Raub stood perfectly still, her hands on the railing which seems such a ridiculously inadequate protection from the mighty depths beneath.

And first of all, Sally Raub, ignorant Sally, who had never seen anything in the world, dared to giggle like a silly girl. It was not at the slender rail—that felt firm and strong beneath her hands. Nor was it because she was tired, or because the amazing majesty of the plunging waters made her hysterical; it was because she remembered Millie Kemerer and the teacupful of water, which, dripping over a three-foot rock, made the Mountain Falls at Raub's Station.

"'We have enough things to see at home,'" mocked Sally, as though the American Falls could hear and partake of her joy. "'We have our Mountain Falls, that is good enough for anybody!'"

Then Sally's face sobered, and for a long time she scarcely breathed. Her hands moved together and clasped each other, her eyes travelled up and down, not straying from the American Falls. The water was now so white, now so green, it was light and airy and yet so solid. Her palm desired the feel of the smooth curve at the brink, her whole body longed for the caress of the flying spray at the foot. It was as the fat man had said, enough to change the course of a life.

"It is an ocean," said Sally aloud. "It is a thunder-storm, it is a cyclone."

She wished that she might come floating down, down on the great stream, and feel herself go suddenly over and through that great, smooth, green pillow.

It was no suicidal desire which moved her; Sally Raub had never in her life desired so intensely to live. Die! When there were such things as this to be seen in the world? Die! When one could bathe one's soul in such sensations as these? Die, when there were a thousand other things to be seen, certainly none of them as marvellous as this—that would be impossible—but wonderful in a different way? Names of which she had dreamed came back to her—the Bay of Naples, Mount Vesuvius, the Amazon River, Mount Po-co-pat-a-petl, great, splendid, mouth-filling words which her girlhood had loved. And there was Niagara to be seen again, fifty times if one could, in winter, in storm, in heavy rain, in thick snow.

Sally went down on a park bench, and for a while communed with her own soul.

Then she went forth to new wonders. She sought Goat Island as she had been directed, she dared with dizzy joy a journey in the Maid of the Mist, she crossed to the Canadian side, not realizing for an instant that she was leaving her own country behind her. There, in sight of the mighty rainbow-spanned wonder, she ceased to have coherent thoughts. Like one who has left all fear behind, she donned a great mackintosh and ventured down the wet rock tunnel to the spot where it seemed to her the world was made. There she peered out a rockframed window. Over her head in glorious, swift, triumphant slant the edge of the Canadian Falls poured down; when the wind turned, its spray drenched her. The flood blew about like a curtain. It lifted to disclose giant rocks, it fell to show long streamers of lavender mist, it lifted again to show greater rocks set in an incredible turmoil of tumbling foam.

Sally stood still so long that the elevator man of whom she had asked a dozen questions, and who remembered her, sent a guard to find her. The man looked at her sternly as she stood with her elbows on the sill, her face between her hands. He even stole up quietly, so that he might seize her if she showed any sign of madness.

"Madam!" he said.

Sally started and turned toward him. But she did not start as one who is interrupted in gloomy musings. The face she lifted was so bright that the man smiled at once.

"Well," he said, "having a good time?"

"It 's a good thing you came," answered Sally. "If somebody had n't come to talk to pretty soon, I 'd 'a' burst into a thousand pieces."

Either all men like to talk or else Sally had happened in her adventurous journey upon some who were unusually loquacious. The man was elderly, he had been employed about the falls for years, he knew everything, he seemed to love the subject as much as the fat man loved it. He had seen Blondin walk across the gorge, he had seen the old Maid of the Mist plunge down into the rapids, he had seen the tremendous ice bridges in winter; indeed, he claimed to have walked on ice out to the great rocks around which at present there seemed to be nothing more solid than sound and fury.

Sally departed only when the man told her that she was risking rheumatism by staying longer. Even then she was loath to go. Who would mind a little rheumatism in so good a cause? She thanked him for his kindness, she thanked the elevator man, she thanked the woman as she paid her for the loan of the mackintosh, then she walked backwards toward the bridge so that she might not miss one blinking glance.

On the bridge there came to her another and more wonderful messenger, in the form of a man in a blue suit and military cap, who touched her on the arm and pointed to the little satchel whose continued presence with her was a miracle.

"Madam," said he, "what have you in that bag?"

Forgetting the attitude which she would have taken in Raub's Station to so impertinent a question, Sally answered him at once, blushing.

"Ach, what I need to sleep, and—and some handkerchiefs, and—and some clean clothes, and——" Then Sally remembered who she was and where she came from. "I'd like to know what it is to you, what I have in my satchel! I did n't steal nothing!"

The man smiled at her kindly.

"You 're coming to the United States from a foreign land."

"A-foreign land!" repeated Sally, trembling.

"Why, certainly Canada is a foreign land. That was Canada. I'm the United States customs officer."

Sally thanked him hysterically. She could have been no more grateful if he had presented to her a large part of the Dominion for her own.

"Oh, my soul!" said she, half aloud. "Oh, my soul! I have been in a foreign land. And I am yet Sally Raub. Oh, my soul!"

But now she must put foreign lands out of her mind, for the gorge railroad with its new wonders was before her. Again a kindly conductor helped her with directions. She rode first to the end of the route and looked out upon the calm waters of Lake Ontario, then she returned to the stone pier which juts out into the greatest turmoil of that place of turmoil, and there she climbed upon the coping and sat down. It was as the fat man had said, wave upon wave, each one more wonderful than the one which had gone before it. It was no wonder that the conductor on the Chicago train had had no words to describe it!

Beyond lay the oily smoothness of the whirlpool, now in deep shadow, where the water ran out underneath itself, and above frowned the mighty cliff over which the Indians had pushed their enemies into the water.

Motionless, entranced, Sally sat and stared. She remembered old things, the plans the children's father had had for them, her own dreams. Her mental processes seemed quickened, her pulse beat faster. She remembered the fat man's account of his success, his interest in her jellies and apple-butter. Suppose she should be able to do something to make money, to lift herself and her children out of the rut into which they had got? She did not know what all this had to do with the whirl-pool and the climbing waves, but, in some mysterious way, they seemed to belong together. She felt strangely excited, yet at peace.

Presently lights began to shine out, the great trains which she noticed now for the first time thundering across the bridge stopped as though in awe, the clear white light of a searchlight flashed and faded, and then the evening star and a young moon showed themselves in the western sky. At sight of them, Sally began to talk to herself.

"It is time that I hunt me a place to sleep. It was not meant that I should start to-night for Raub's Station. I will get me a place to sleep, and will stay yet another day, and then I will go home."

She found a little room in a little hotel. It was not very clean, but Sally, immaculate as she was, had the happy faculty of adjusting herself to circumstances. She locked her door and slept soundly, and

nothing disturbed her.

In the morning she repeated all the details of the day before, with fresh wonder and keener enjoyment. At about one o'clock she started again on the gorge ride, and came presently to the shining smoothness of the lake. There a steamer rested at the pier, and Sally had never seen a steamer. Once more her eyes widened and danced. The luggage of the passengers was being put on, there was noise and bustle and laughter. The steamer was going—so said the folder which some one thrust into her hands—across to Canada. The folder was fully illustrated, there were pictures of the narrow, busy streets of Toronto and of the towers of its university, there were alluring photographs of the Thousand Isles and pictures of Montreal, with mention of places whose names were in a foreign tongue.

"C-h-a-t-e-a-u d-e R-a-m-e-z-y," spelled little Sally to herself, then, with almost tearful longing, "Ach, it wonders me what that word means,

it wonders me!"

Then, suddenly, with giant strides another temptation advanced upon Sally Raub. To go to Chicago to look after one's property was not strange, to stop at Niagara Falls was perfectly reasonable, compared with what Sally Raub now proposed to do. She took a few steps toward the steamer, she returned to her bench, again she rose and advanced upon the great boat, again she sat down. Presently she took from her bag a postal-card, wrote a few words on it and put it back, took it again into her hand, wrote on it and put it back. Then she took it out and wrote on it again. This time she kept it clutched in her hand and closed the little black bag. She read it over slowly.

DEAR CHILDREN.

I am all right. Everything is all right. I will be home soon. You will come here one of these days. Your Mother.

SALLY RAUB.

There was a louder stir on the boat, a burst of farewells, the sound of slipping chains.

"Ach, will you do something for me?" cried Sally to a man standing near her. The man slouched forward. He did not look like a dependable person, but Sally had no time to inspect him closely. And at any rate, a piece of mail was to her a sacred thing. No one in

Raub's Station would have failed to post a letter. Her own boys might tie tin cans to Boozer's tail, but they would be careful to post a letter

that John Kemerer gave them.

For an instant, as she handed the man the card, Raub's Station was real to her, and she seemed about to snatch it back. Then suddenly there came a still louder rattling of chains, and Sally turned, looked at the great steamer, and was lost. To the anger of the boat-hands, to the alarm of the passengers, and to the infinite pleasure of the small boys, Sally took a flying leap, and, with a great bound which landed her on the already moving gang-plank, left her native land behind her.

VII.

THE days do not usually creep in Raub's Station; at least, not in the opinion of its citizens. A New Yorker would say that the village is dead, that it has never been alive; a visitor from the county seat, which is a much smaller city than New York, fled once after a single night,

because the people were so still and the frogs so noisy.

But it is meant that people should sleep at night and that frogs should croak. Surely the day furnished enough excitement! There were passers-by, at last four or five buggies in a morning, there was church almost all of Sunday, there was prayer-meeting in the week. And there was work to occupy people's minds—fields to be tilled, lovely gardens to be weeded, shoes to be made and mended, meals to be cooked. The Kemerers, who always stuck together, could exchange visits, and the Raubs could go to see Sally, and—alas, that this had been Raub's Station's favorite diversion!—the Raubs and the Kemerers could quarrel.

But now time in Raub's Station moved slowly enough. Sally's postal-card, given to the man on the pier, had not come, nothing had come, there was no trace of her. The Raub children went about pale and silent, obstinately refusing to have anything to do with any Kemerer, even with Frank and Miss Lizzie. When Miss Lizzie went to see them, Mary was almost impertinent. Upon Frank she shut the door

once more, sharply and finally.

The young preacher was the only person admitted, and there he learned for the first time how Sally's children loved her. He saw Milo and Howard weep, he heard their sister comforting them. The young Raubs played no tricks, they baited Peter no more, they sat at home, terrified, heartsick, homesick for their mother.

John Kemerer had not gone to see the Raubs, but he had talked alone to the preacher, and to him he made a bitter confession.

"I could 'a' stopped it. She came into my store, and she said to me, 'Let us be friends,' and I told her to get out. That was what I

said to her, 'Get out.' If I could get those words back, Porra, I would get them back. Now, you are to write and telegraph, Porra, and I will pay everything. I—listen once, Porra——" He put into sudden, dreadful words the thought which was to haunt more than one mind in Raub's Station. "I was talking to Millie, and she said Sally talked always Niagara Falls, Niagara Falls. Could it be——"

"No," said the preacher sharply; "it could n't. Sally is a Christian."
"You see," went on John Kemerer miserably, "I thought Sally

would be here always."

In spite of the preacher's decided answer to John Kemerer, he telegraphed to Niagara Falls. He discovered nothing. Even Sally's eagerness had made no impression upon the officials whose business it is to

answer a thousand questions in a day.

Strangely enough, there was little talk of the great inheritance. The Kemerers met now no more. When Abner Kleckner came again to report that his negotiations with Chicago were proceeding favorably and that he needed still more money, John Kemerer received him alone and paid the money absently. The old furtive look in Abner Kleckner's eyes was even more noticeable, but John Kemerer did not look at him closely. He was thinking what he should do with his share of the inheritance. It was dastardly of Henry Raub to have left nothing to poor Sally.

Almina Borst said no more about her woes, and Peterman went back to work. Mrs. Peterman stole into the Raub yard to lay two pies and a rusk on the doorstep, which anonymous offering lay on the same spot for two days, when Mrs. Peterman stole back and removed what the

ants had not devoured.

There was a prevailing desire for company. Never had the Kemerers visited back and forth so constantly. Mrs. Peterman and Mrs. Borst and the Israel Kemerers found their guests less of a trial than they had expected, Millie Kemerer neglected her work while she welcomed her relatives to her kitchen.

"I wish," said Millie Kemerer-"I wish our Frankie had not seen

that paper."

Once John Kemerer's relatives would have been afraid to question him so constantly. Now from morning till night they plied him with demands for news. Gradually the same dreadful suspicion which he had mentioned to the preacher began to creep about among them. They began to talk in whispers, they were appalled.

"I sneaked yesterday into the yard," confessed Millie Kemerer.

"I heard some one crying. Perhaps they think it, too."

"I went again and rapped at the door," said Miss Lizzie, all the cynicism gone from her voice. "Mary came and looked at me and she said, 'Well, what can I do for you?'"

Millie Kemerer burst into sobs.

"If I could only talk once to Sally! A little fighting is nothing! I could tell her I did n't mean it. I would do anything for her. It was never anything like this in Raub's Station before."

The young preacher had come into the yard. He answered Millie

sadly, in a way that she did not understand.

"There have been even worse things than this in Raub's Station, Mrs. Kemerer." Then he asked for John. He had been to the county seat to consult with the police, and he wished to report that there was still nothing to be told.

It was not remarkable that all the Kemerers went to prayer-meeting in the church basement that evening, for the Kemerers were a churchgoing race. Even Aunt Fietta had been helped across the street, and now sat looking about. She whispered occasionally a question about Sally Raub, whom she was sure that she should see in church. She begged constantly to go to the Raub house, but Millie would not let her go. Aunt Fietta was a good deal of a burden, there was no reason why poor Mary should have her to take care of. At least, so Millie said to herself, utterly unconscious of the strangeness of her consideration for a Raub.

Miss Lizzie Kemerer was a natural musician, to whose ears discord was torture. This evening, however, she might have been blind and deaf, for all the good ears and eyes seemed to do her. Having played sharps for flats for two stanzas of a simple hymn, she dropped her hands into her lap and played no more. It was just as well, since no one was able to sing.

The preacher called upon no one to pray, but conducted the service entirely himself. Now that the hearts of his people were penitent, it would have been a good time for exhortation. But the preacher could not scold. The thought of Sally Raub, of her tired little figure in its blue calico dress, of her bright speeches, her dancing eyes, choked him. He scarcely knew what he said; he began weakly and finished lamely, exactly, he said to himself, in discouragement, as he always began and finished.

After the sermon, there comes always a pause in the Raub's Station prayer-meeting, while John Kemerer takes up the collection. He rose now, and went about slowly, as though his feet were weighted. Then, half way down the aisle, he stopped and put out his hand to the back of the nearest pew. The Raub children, Mary, Milo, and Howard, were entering the door. It was a second before John Kemerer moved on.

The young Raubs sat down quietly in their usual place, Mary in the middle, a boy on each side of her. There they waited until the bene-

diction was falteringly pronounced.

Then, suddenly, young Milo rose, his sister's arm about him. It

was not quite clear whether she encouraged him or tried to keep him from speaking. At any rate, young Milo spoke. There was not a sound, not a breath besides his young voice, asking its accusing question.

"Where," said young Milo-"where is my mother?"

The collection basket, still in John Kemerer's hand, shook, then it dropped to the bare floor, and the pennies rolled about. John Kemerer answered heavily.

"We do not know, Milo."

The little boy moved away from his sister, and went a little way toward John Kemerer.

"What did you do with my mother? She went to talk to you, and you told her to get out. She was afraid of you, she said she thought you would do her something. What did you do to my mother?"

Dumbly, almost paralyzed, John Kemerer stared back at him.

Millie got distractedly to her feet.

"Ach, Milo, Pop would n't do her anything! Ach, poor Milo, we don't know anything. Ach, listen once!" Millie was talking and crying at the same time.

Then Bill Kemerer rose.

"I make a move-" he began as wildly as Millie.

"I think—" interrupted Mr. Peterman. "I—" Then Mr. Peterman stopped short. Once more Raub's Station was not to know what he thought, but this time it was not his own rude Kemerer relatives who interrupted him. His mouth opened slowly, his lifted hand pointed toward the door.

"I think-" he said. "I think- Look!"

The Kemerers turned their heads quickly, but not so quickly as the Raubs. Before the slow Kemerer mind had begun to take in the little figure at the door, the figure had vanished in the embrace of three pairs of arms.

"Mom! Ach, Mom!" cried Milo and Howard, together.

"Mother!" said Mary. "Oh, Mother, Mother, where were you?"

"I took a trip," said Sally. "I have been in foreign lands. I took three postals with me, and one I sent you from Niagara and two from Canada. Did n't you got those postals?"

"No," sobbed Mary. "Nothing. We thought you were dead, we thought you were lost, we——" The three Raubs proceeded once more to cling to their mother, to hug her and almost to choke her, while the Kemerers watched.

Then, suddenly, a strange, uncanny sound fell upon the ears of Sally and her children as they stood embraced.

The Kemerers began to laugh excitedly, began to laugh in church, without apparent cause. The preacher knew why they laughed, he listened to them with an hysterical choking in his own throat. Had

Millie's crying been the first sound to make an impression upon their strained attention, they might have cried. As it was, it was Miss Lizzie's nervous laughter which set them off. Miss Lizzie's nervous processes were never dependable.

The preacher subdued his choking, then he went down the aisle with outstretched hands.

"Sally!" he cried, unaware that he too laughed while he greeted her.

Now, laughter may serve to reconcile friends who have retained a sense of humor through their quarrel, or those who continue to love each other, but it does not heal old feuds or reconcile year-long enemies. The Raubs and Kemerers had laughed at each other too often in the past.

With her arms round her children, Sally faced them, at first silently. And, one by one, the Kemerers grew silent, with only an occasional cackle to recall their insane burst of a few moments before. Sally looked at the preacher's hand, then into his eager, happy face, but she made no motion to respond. She merely looked and looked, and presently she began to speak. And speedily, as the Kemerers listened, they realized that here was a Sally they did not know. Her eyes were even brighter than usual, her shoulders were straight, her bonnet—the Kemerers gasped—Sally Raub had a new bonnet! And the satchel which she set down on the bench before her was new and shining, and—

But there was no time to look now. The Kemerers and the preacher listened, open-mouthed, and as he listened the preacher knew that the feud was eternal, and that in some way little Sally had gathered new strength and courage for the battle.

"Three weeks back Frankie Kemery read in the paper that Henry Raub died and left money. If Henry Raub left money, it was ours as much as anybody's. Now, I have to look after things. The next morning I thought I would go to town and get me somebody to see after this money. But John Kemery, he had sneaked ahead of me. Then I went for Aunt Fietta, but John Kemery had fetched her. I did n't know then why he had fetched her, but I found it out. Then I went to John Kemery. I said to him—yes, I know it was dumb, but I said it—I said, 'Let us be friends.' He told me I should get out of his store. I got right aways out of his store. Then—"

John Kemerer tried to get to his feet, but Sally's voice, sailing loudly on, seemed to beat him back.

"Then I went myself to Chicago to see what could be done, and they said there was no such money, there was no such person like Henry Raub, there was nothing. But there was such a person. I found it out afterwards. And then "—there was a lift in Sally's voice which was partly hysteria and partly pride—"then I took a trip. I wrote to

my children. Did you"—the preacher groaned aloud, but nobody heeded him—"did you keep the postal cards, Bill Kemerer?"

Bill Kemerer stammered protestingly.

" I-I did n't. I-"

"The United States postal cards mailed in Canada would n't come through, Sally," reminded the preacher. "And——"

"So?" said Sally impertinently. "Well, in the beginning, Frankie, was it anything in the paper?"

Frank began miserably to answer.

"I read it, too, Sally," said the preacher, a little more sharply.

"Oh, did you?" said Sally.

Then Mary Kemerer who had married a Peterman rose slowly.

"Do you mean that it is no money, Sally?" she asked with a hollow voice.

From her shining new bag, Sally took a folded newspaper.

"What began in the paper ends in the paper," said Sally lightly.

"Listen once. It was just by accident I got this paper.

"The heirs of Henry Raub of Blaydon, Illinois, who have been spending considerable sums of money for the discovery of a large fortune which he was said to have left, will be much disappointed to learn that no fortune exists. Whether Raub was a practical joker, or whether he really believed himself possessed of great wealth, will never be known. According to information from Blaydon, the six cousins to whom he devised his property will receive seventeen cents each. His relatives live in Raub's Station, Pennsylvania."

Then, deliberately, in the silence which followed, Sally Raub laughed.

The sound acted like the lifting of the lid of Pandora's box. There was a wail from Millie, a frantic "I make a move" from Bill, a loud cry from Peter. The Kemerers in their excited state of mind turned now upon one another. John Kemerer had deceived them, he had got their money. Where was their money, what had he done with it? He must give it back, he had promised to give it back.

John Kemerer sat perfectly still, unheeding. He looked at the little figure near the door and blinked, and tears came into his eyes. She was there in the flesh, she was not dead. The dreadful thing he had feared was not true, God had been good to him. He did not care for the money, he would pay back all these chatterers. He would try to

make it up to Sally Raub, he would try to help her.

But Sally Raub showed no sign of needing help. Her head was high in air, her eyes danced at the confusion which she had wrought. And there, in the church, Sally Raub dared to tell them what she thought of them, of John for his arrogance and pride, of Bill for his stupidity, even of Miss Lizzie for her vanity, and of Frank—but there poor Mary put her arms about her mother and stopped the words on

her lips. She was accustomed to having her love for Frank treated as of no account, but this she could not endure.

"Oh, Mother," she cried, "let us go home!"
"Yes," agreed little Sally; "we will go home."

The preacher said not a word. He had moved a little away from them. Once those Kemerers who had any attention to give to him thought that he was going to leave the church, but he took his hand from the knob and stood still with folded arms.

Sally and her children brushed close to him as they made their way toward the door, and he stepped back a little to let them pass. Sally's face still held the scarlet flush their laughter had put there, now it grew deadly white. Her hand was on the knob of the door, she tried to turn the latch which would not turn. She shook the door gently, then more sharply; she threw her weight against it.

"This door is locked!" she cried. "This door must be opened!"
But the young preacher did not answer; he only looked gravely,
unwinkingly, into Sally's angry eyes.

VIII.

"This door must be opened!" cried Sally Raub, even more furiously than before. "I tell you, this door must be opened!"

The preacher did not move; his arms were still folded. There was something clutched in his hand, something which he slipped into the breast pocket of his waistcoat. Without seeing it clearly, all his congregation knew that it was the key. Then he looked straight once more into Sally's eyes. His own eyes were ablaze, his face was white; he turned to look at the Kemerers, then he looked back at Sally Raub. Meanwhile there came into the minds of his congregation the conviction that here was some one whom they did not know.

"You have all talked," he said slowly. "You have talked for years and years, and the only fruit of it has been misery. Now I am going to talk. And you cannot get away, because the windows are barred and the door is locked. So you might as well sit down."

If the preacher expected Sally Raub to obey him without a word, he was much mistaken. He moved to the pulpit, and Sally stood still by the door, her children close to her. Then Sally smiled, calmly, impertinently. The Kemerers were numb with astonishment; they stared first at the preacher, then at her.

Then once more Sally began to talk. There was now no air of anger about her. This was one of her most irritating qualities: she could suddenly, in the midst of a heated discussion, become perfectly cool and collected. She spoke lightly and pleasantly; her speech was to be her valedictory. For Sally had great plans.

"When we heard of this money, whose should it be, say? The Kemerys' or the Raubs'? Why, the Raubs! He was our cousin, he was friends with us. You would have chased him out of Raub's Station. You would have said to him like John Kemery said to me, 'Get out.' You did say it to him. Yet you run after his money!

"And tell me this"—Sally shook herself free from the embraces of her children. "Who needed this money, say? You all have money, you have money laid by in the bank. Had my children ever any chance? Never. Was it their fault they have no Pop to help them? No.

"Now it is something I am going to tell you. If I had this money, I would give it to you, you poor people! I don't need it. I don't want it. I don't want anything that ever had anything to do with Raub's Station. When I was away, I was in a foreign land. I was in Montreal, and there I stayed at a hotel, and the cook was sick, and I said I could cook, and I did cook, and in two weeks I earned twenty dollars. I could stay as long as I wanted to. And I saw things. I saw how people live in the world, and how they get along. I could get along now in Raub's Station, I could earn money here. But I am not going to stay in Raub's Station. I am going away. You can take my house, John Kemery, and you can plough it up by the roots if you want to. And Peter will no longer need to run home to his mommy, and everything will be nice. You all think so much of each other, you——"

"But we don't get along either with each other!" It was one of Miss Lizzie's insane, nervous, utterly unaccountable contributions to

conversation.

"Oh, you don't!" giggled Sally. "Oh, I thought always you did! I thought you all stuck together. I thought——"

"Sally!" said the young preacher.

"I mean it all," said Sally. Her cheeks flamed again. Their laughter had cut deep. For, whether Sally acknowledged it or not, she had come home determined to live in Raub's Station in peace and happiness and friendliness with her neighbors. She had been desperately homesick for Raub's Station. But that was past. "I am going away," she announced.

The young preacher rose slowly as he spoke. From this time on, his voice grew sharper and sharper and yet deeper. The young preacher came at this moment to himself. Never again would he be afraid. He was their priest, their judge, their shepherd; they must bend to his will, since his will was right.

"This is your home," he reminded Sally Raub.

"Then," responded Sally firmly and slowly—"then home is not a very nice place."

"Will you"—the preacher leaned down over the pulpit—"will you leave such a memory as this in the hearts of your children?"

Sally looked a little frightened.

"My children have already such memories."

"Will you"—the preacher did not hesitate for an instant—"will you separate Mary and Frank?"

There was a stir as young Frank started to rise. He would have liked to say that he could attend to his own affairs. Then, seeing that Mary had hidden her flaming face on her mother's breast, he sat down. He felt that he was a helpless, miserable pawn in Raub's Station's game of war.

Sally Raub's head lifted.

"Give me the key and let me go with my children."

"No," answered the young preacher; "I will not give you the key. Listen to me!"

Sally Raub obeyed because she had to. She stood motionless, staring over the preacher's head. After many minutes she sat down heavily and slowly. Except for that slight stir, there was no sound except the preacher's voice. He had for once a clear field for speech. He stood straight and tall and grave, he was not the affable young fellow who sat on their doorsteps in the evening, and who took a hand in their gardens for exercise, and whom they patronized, and upon whom they imposed silence about the worst of their sins. They realized now the power and importance of his office, and they began to be awed and frightened.

"Listen to me," the preacher went on rapidly. Illustration, argument, command, rushed to his lips. "I am going to tell you a story, your own story. When I came to Raub's Station five years ago, your elder put into my hands five musty old books. They had had clasps, but the clasps were broken, the covers were torn, the writing in them was pale and dim. It was German and in old-fashioned, tiny script, and it has taken me almost all this time to puzzle it out. It has n't been pleasant work, most of it, not because it was so hard, but because it was so infinitely dreary and sad.

"More than a hundred years ago there was a little village here, named for the church, Zion. It was probably just as pretty a village as this, because the fields lay all about and the mountain shadowed it; and it had brave men in it, because they went to war and fought for liberty; and it had peace and quiet and love, because the old man who wrote the story lived here and he knew.

"He must have enjoyed all the lovely things of life, because he wrote them down—his joy in the sunrise and in a quiet night's rest and in the day's work and in other people's happiness. He wrote down, too, the kindnesses of his people to him, their kindnesses to one another. I can't remember the first names of those about whom he wrote, but I can show them to you. There was a John Kemerer and an Israel Kemerer and there were many Raubs. He tells of happiness at weddings and joy over the birth of a little child into a family which had longed for a son, and of sorrow over death. He says that 'age went to its long home amid the sorrow of the community,' that a mother's grief over the death of her child was 'soothed and comforted by many friends.'

"He says that he wishes to stay all his life in this godly place. That is at the end of the first book. Then his tone changes. Two of the village boys have had a quarrel, which they should have settled themselves, or which should have been promptly put an end to by their parents. But the parents took the part of their children, relatives were involved; in a week, the old man said with terror, the village had changed, peace was no more. A pocketbook disappeared, an innocent person was accused of taking it, when the pocketbook was found no apology was made. A fire was started near a dwelling house, there were terrible whispers about its origin. One faction was locked out of the house of God. The old preacher still lived on, still hoping and praying and longing for peace, still writing in his books, still beseeching now one side, now the other.

"And one bitter winter night"—the preacher's voice deepened, there were tones in it which awed Raub's Station had never heard before—"one bitter night there was another fire, this time from an overheated chimney. The occupants of the house called for help. Those nearest were their enemies, they would not go. And, as though God had heeded their hard-heartedness at last—and God always does, finally!—the winter wind rose and strengthened and the flames seized now one house, now another, and in the morning the village had vanished. It was gone utterly, all the warm, comfortable houses and barns, the fine church, the great trees, everything. A child or two—"

The preacher paused, hesitated, and looked about him. Mothers were crying, Sally Raub's face was hidden, John Kemerer's hand was

lifted to his eyes. Then the preacher went on without pity.

"A child or two perished, burned to death. The old preacher survived only long enough to write the story in his book. But he wrote a different sort of story. He said that peace had returned, dearly bought, but real; that his people were like children with one another, and that God had forgiven them.

"My children, listen to me! You have lived in sin and bitterness, you have given taunts instead of comfort, you have given stones for bread, you have almost committed murder in your hearts. But surely you can listen to conscience, surely your hearts can be softened. They are softened now. You need one another, you have always needed one another. Will you wait till God's punishment brings you together? Surely one of you will say to the other, 'Forgive me!' Surely——"

John Kemerer got slowly to his feet.

"Sally," he said, "stay by us. I do not want your house. I do not want anything but what is honest and right. I have been wrong. I ask you to forgive me."

Sally put out her hands and grasped the pew in front of her. Her

face was tortured.

"When my little child died, I--"

Millie Kemerer rose and stood beside her husband, forgetting for once the beloved Peter, who reclined weeping against her.

"I cried for you, Sally," she said. "Sitting in my house, I cried

for you."

"I ask you," said John Kemerer again, "I ask you to forgive me, Sally."

It seemed to Sally that the roar of Niagara was in her ears, that roar about which she had as yet had no chance to talk, even to her children. She knew what life was now, and she was sick unto death of the things that hindered life—envy, backbiting, and quarrelling. She had no reason to be jealous of the Kemerers. They had had troubles—Millie Kemerer had suffered bitterly at the hands of wretched Henry Raub, Bill Kemerer had had his leg hurt in the war, and must limp forever, the Israel Kemerers had all their dull children and knew that they were dull.

Then, for the first time, it penetrated to Sally's inner consciousness that John Kemerer, grave, stubborn, prosperous John Kemerer, had begged her pardon, twice, and that all Raub's Station was waiting for something, something that she was to do. She heard the preacher's voice again, gravely, winningly.

"We have been wild with worry about you, Sally. When we laughed it was with joy. You are our lost sheep who has returned. We---"

Sally got to her feet and went across the wide church.

"I am a lost goose," she declared. "I need to be laughed at. I am ashamed of myself. I ask you to forgive me. If I dare stay in Raub's Station, I will behave. I——"

John Kemerer seized the outstretched hand. He was speechless. A silent man does not become voluble even under such emotion as this. But there was no question about the significance of his grasp.

Then, suddenly, the quality of Raub's Station's emotion changed. Peter Kemerer climbed upon the pew to attract his mother's attention. Ecstasy was in his tone, he hopped frantically up and down.

"Mom!" he cried. "Ach, Mom! May I go now to play with Milo and Howard."

First Miss Lizzie giggled, then the preacher laughed, and then John Kemerer. The preacher, coming swiftly down the aisle, tossed something long and bright to Howard Raub, who went with Milo toward the door. It took Peter considerably less than a second to scramble after vol. LXXXIX.—43

them. There were adjustments to be made between Peter and the Raubs even yet, but they had ceased to interest the whole village.

Their elders sat down and wiped their eyes. The preacher shook hands with them all. He had been to Niagara Falls, and with him Sally exchanged a few ecstatic sentences, prophetic of many to come. Then Sally went to embrace Aunt Fietta, who comprehended nothing of this extraordinary scene, but who was happy at last.

Suddenly Millie Kemerer looked about in dismay.

"Why, where is Frankie?" said she.

"And where is Mary?" asked Sally Raub.

Miss Lizzie giggled hysterically. It is doubtful whether even Peter was happier than Miss Lizzie.

"Sure enough!" she laughed.

Mary and Frank had vanished. There was an audible gasp, the Raubs and the Kemerers laughed together.

With the sound, the curtain dropped upon old misery, and upon the stage of Raub's Station new actors stepped to the centre. It was not the happy preacher, nor the important John Kemerer, nor even little Sally with her new courage and her new ambition; it was the lovers.

"There is Pop's nice tenant house," said Millie. "And all Frankie's life I got quilts and things ready for him as if he was a girl."

As for the inheritance, not for a second did any citizen of Raub's Station think of it.

VICTORY

BY ALICE E. ALLEN

COULD not think, as he went away
With the setting sun that winter day,
Of death at all—but of fighting past,
And a soldier come to his own at last.

I heard no sobs, but the tramp of feet, A bugle's call—it was not retreat, But forward march!—and the stir of drums As when a hero conquering comes!

There was no gloom, but the sun's last ray Warm on the Flag that about him lay, And I knew, as though he had whispered me, That it was not Death—it was Victory!

HOW CONGRESS SQUANDERS OUR MONEY

By Hubert Bruce Fuller

I.—THE EXTRAVAGANCE OF PATRIOTISM

N no way is it so easy to secure general approval for an enormous expenditure of public money as by raising the issue of patriotism—it is enough to assert that the money is to be expended in preparation for possible future wars or as a token of the nation's gratitude to those who have participated in wars that are past.

For the fiscal year ending June 30, 1912, our total appropriations for wars past and prospective amounted to the enormous total of \$380,-171,224—more than half of the income of the United States for the year ending June 30, 1911, which was \$701,372,374.99. These included \$126,478,338 for the navy, \$93,374,755 for the army, \$5,473,707 for fortifications, \$1,162,424 for the military academy, and \$153,682,000

for pensions.

In no line of public activity have there been such notable expenditures as in pushing our naval programme. With the exception of the last two years, the naval appropriations have increased in surprising ratio. It is interesting to compare our naval appropriation of \$126,478,338 for 1912 with the figures for former years. In the year 1886, twentysix years ago, the total appropriation for the navy was \$13,907,000, or only a trifle more than one-tenth of the amount for the current year. In 1900 our total naval expenses had reached only \$55,000,000, or about forty per cent. of what they are to-day. For the year ending June 30, 1861, at the beginning of the Civil War, the total expenses of the government were \$66,000,000, or approximately one-half of what we are expending on the navy alone during the current year. The total appropriations for the navy for the sixteen years since the war with Spain have been \$1,521,135,786. Do the people realize that this amount is approximately five hundred million dollars more than enough to have liquidated our entire national debt?

It costs \$12,000,000 to construct a battle-ship of the *Dreadnaught* type. This covers merely the hull and does not include the cost of

armament. The cost of maintaining one of these leviathans is \$1,000,000 a year, and the life of the ship is approximately twenty years. Thus each battle-ship represents a total outlay of \$32,000,000. The New York Peace Society has prepared a table showing what could be accomplished with this amount if devoted to peaceful pursuits. The Congressional Library at Washington, the finest library building in the world, was built for but little more than half the cost of a battle-ship afloat. The cost of one battle-ship would purchase and replant 250,000 acres of burned-over and unproductive lands; it would build a macadam road of approved construction from New York City to Chicago. Three-fourths of the cost of a battle-ship, used in the construction of irrigation works in Salt River Valley, Arizona, would reclaim 240,000 acres, provide homes for 8,000 families, and increase the value of taxable property not less than \$24,000,000. After \$32,000,000 has been expended on a battle-ship, it goes to the junk heap.

There may be an honest difference of opinion as to the advisability of building expensive battle-ships and maintaining an enormous navy; but there can be no difference of opinion on one point: that the money appropriated should be so expended as to bring the largest possible results. For a dollar expended, let us have a dollar in value. Are we

getting it?

We are to-day maintaining nine navy yards on our Atlantic coast, besides the navy yard at New Orleans, on the Gulf of Mexico. These are located at Portsmouth, Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Washington, Norfolk, Charleston, Pensacola, and Key West. For the most part, these navy yards have come down to us from a former generation. They were established in the days of the old wooden sailing ships, and have been continued year after year at enormous cost for improvements. Under modern conditions, with our enormous battle-ships of the *Dreadnaught* class, they are practically worthless as naval bases and navy yards.

At the time of the outbreak of the Spanish war our naval affairs were so shaping themselves as to concentrate our naval bases at two points—New York and Norfolk. As the result of that war, the nation became afflicted with a naval mania. The resulting appropriations were not spent in accordance with naval or military necessity, but as a matter of political expediency. The old yards were rehabilitated at enormous expense, not because it was either an economical or efficient naval policy, but because the members of Congress representing the districts in which naval yards were located were unwilling to see them abandoned even though the military interests of the country demanded the concentration of the yards at points having natural strategic and harbor advantages. In order to secure the appropriations necessary for performing work essential to maintaining the navy on a footing of effi-

ciency, the Navy Department was obliged to perpetuate the stations at undesirable points. A naval station in a congressional district is considered a political asset, since it means the local expenditure of government money, as well as desirable employment for a large number of men.

Yet with all our yards we do not to-day possess a single first-class navy yard or naval base which could be of value in time of war—where, for example, we could dock more than two battle-ships at one time. In 1908 Admiral C. F. Goodrich recommended that the navy yard at Portsmouth be abandoned. As long ago as 1876 a board of naval officers, headed by Admiral David D. Porter, recommended that "the naval ground at New Orleans be abandoned and dispensed with." Twelve years ago Rear Admiral Endicott recommended the abandonment of the Mare Island yard. Since that date we have spent more than \$6,000,000 on that yard alone. During the entire existence of the Mare Island yard they have been able to take but one battle-ship into the yard and dock it. This was the *Missouri*, and she ran aground going in. Despite the folly of retaining the Portsmouth yard, we have in the last ten years spent \$10,000,000 in maintaining and developing it.

In his annual report for 1910 the Secretary of the Navy said:

After a thorough inspection of all the navy yards, and after considering the unanimous advice of officers, I recommend that the navy yards at New Orleans and Pensacola be given up and that the Secretary of the Navy be authorized to make such disposition of the government property under the navy as may seem best. Both navy yards are entirely unnecessary for the service of the fleet.

And yet appropriations for these and other useless yards are continued.

In a speech delivered before the Economic Club of New Orleans,
May 22, 1911, Secretary Meyer of the Navy said:

One of the chief causes of great expenditures in the navy is the excessive number of navy yards on the Atlantic coast and the Gulf of Mexico. This has been brought about in many instances from a desire on the part of Congressmen to have navy yards located in their States. As a result, we have on the Atlantic coast nine navy yards, where money has been expended lavishly in some instances, which would not have been the case if the strategic and economic point of view only had been considered.

Last year, as a beginning, I recommended to Congress that the yards at New Orleans, Pensacola, Port Royal, New London, Sacketts Harbor, San Juan, Culebra, and Cavite be abolished, which would have brought about a saving, irrespective of the price which the government might have obtained for these properties, of an annual maintenance of \$1,000,000. Not a single navy yard, however, was abolished by Congress, although it has been demonstrated that every one of those yards is a needless drain upon the government's financial resources.

But even the mere discussion of these changes has brought forth heated protests from the localities interested, and strong influences will resist such efforts.

The United States has more than twice as many first-class home navy yards as Great Britain with a navy at least double the size of ours, and we have one more yard of the second-class than Great Britain. We have eleven first- and second-class navy yards in the United States; Great Britain has six of the same kind, Germany three, and France five.

What we need is three modern naval stations on the Atlantic Coast capable of fitting out a fleet of battle-ships ready to fight, and capable of repairing a fleet after it has fought. If we were to-day engaged in war and our Atlantic fleet should be crippled, where would it go to be repaired? One ship would go to Portsmouth, another to Boston, another to Philadelphia, another to Norfolk, another to Key West, to be picked off singly by the enemy. With all of our vast naval appropriations for navy yards, we have not developed anywhere a single base where we could take care of a fleet in case of war.

Why have n't we such a naval base? February 16, 1909, Senator Dixon, of Montana, said on the floor of the Senate:

I believe that we are annually wasting millions of dollars in the duplication of exactly the same plants at seven or eight places up and down this coast where we do not need them. . . . You have got more clerks and rear admirals and captains on land in charge of these workmen at the navy yards than you have at sea.

February 27, 1899, Senator La Follette, in an attack upon the present system, said:

I believe that it is susceptible of proof that the waste and extravagance in all these navy yards is almost criminal in its character.

Of what use is a navy yard with a twenty-foot channel for battleships that draw from twenty-five to thirty-five feet? What private business concern would permit the duplication of nine plants, machinery, equipment, captains, admirals, and so forth? Yet nearly one-half of our enormous naval appropriations is being used in maintaining and developing these inefficient navy yards. In the ten years since the Spanish war \$110,000,000 has been appropriated for navy yards alone. And what have we to show for all this money?

There are other points of interest connected with the extravagant management of our navy. Battle-ships built at government yards cost from twenty-five to fifty per cent. more than those built at private yards. The men in our navy yards are paid by time, when it is a well estab-

lished practice of modern manufacturing business to pay men by the piece.

Political exigencies are compelling the maintenance of numerous ships which are of no practical value, so that there may be work to be done at these navy yards. We have something like one hundred and twenty vessels, besides colliers and torpedo-boats. Not over forty of these would be of any use in a naval engagement. Probably thirty could be sunk in the open sea to advantage. Now they are merely a useless expense, requiring large appropriations for repairs. Indeed, we have in our fleet ships that were obsolete before they were launched. Today the United States has from \$140,000,000 to \$150,000,000' worth of battle-ships, cruisers, monitors, gunboats, and other miscellaneous exfighting craft piled up in its naval junk-shop, rusting and rotting.

It has been authoritatively stated that \$40,000,000 could be saved annually in our navy alone, and this without in the least detracting from

the value and efficiency of our fleet.

The appropriations for the army, like those for the navy, have increased in almost geometrical progression. In 1911, for the first time in seven years, there was a decrease in the army appropriation bill. The army bill for 1911 carried \$95,440,567, which was \$5,755,315 less than the bill for 1910. The insistent demands for economy in public expenditure has forced this concession. In 1897, 1898, and 1899 we appropriated in round numbers \$23,000,000 a year for the army. In 1912 our army appropriation was \$93,374,755—more than four times as much as twelve years ago.

Now, it is manifest that we are not receiving an adequate return for our annual appropriation of approximately \$100,000,000. A very large amount of that money is wasted by the looseness and extravagance of our military system. In the first place, our army is based upon the obsolete system of Revolutionary days. Appropriations for building and maintaining army posts have not been made with a view to upbuilding a compact and efficient military force. Our army is distributed among forty-nine army posts in twenty-four States and Territories. Thirty-one of these posts have a capacity for less than a regiment each, only six have a capacity for more than one regiment, and only one has a capacity for a brigade. The average number of organizations to each of the twenty-nine posts is nine companies, giving an average strength of only 650 men for each post. Some of these posts were established to meet the necessities of the Revolutionary War; others for the War of 1812; some are reminders of the Mexican War; others are relics of frontier days, when it was necessary to protect our early Western settlers from the depredations of hostile Indians. The military need, or even excuse, for most of them, has long since disappeared. Yet to-day the entire country is dotted with them.

In his last annual report, the Secretary of War says of this condition:

Nearly all of these posts have been located in their present situation for reasons which are now totally obsolete or which were from the beginning purely local. Most of them were originally placed where they are with reference to possible Indian troubles, during times when such troubles were possible. Comparatively few of them are in positions suited to meet the strategic needs of national action of defense. The posts have also universally been constructed upon a plan which involves a maximum initial cost of construction and a maximum cost of maintenance both in money and men. We have built our posts in the form of scattered settlements, usually remote from large towns and cities. This involves large details of men for police and guard duty while the posts are occupied. . . . In short, we have scattered our army over the country as if it were merely groups of local constabulary instead of a national organization. The result is an army which is extraordinarily expensive to maintain, and one whose efficiency for the main purpose of its existence has been nullified so far as geographical location can nullify it. The administrative work of keeping up these numerous small posts, the excess of paper work required by the segregation of the units, and the large overhead charges constantly carried by such a system have combined to make the maintenance of the army extraordinarily expensive. It is difficult to make comparisons between it and foreign armies with accuracy, but it is a conservative estimate that we pay per effective rifleman between two and five times as much as any first-class power on the continent of Europe; and this comparison is made after excluding from the comparison the higher pay and subsistence which our soldiers receive.

The defects of the present system were glaringly demonstrated last spring, when the Mexican situation called for the mobilization of an army corps in Texas. Owing to the necessity of leaving small bodies of troops at so many widely separated points, it was found impracticable to assemble a full corps, although the ranks were swollen by the rush of recruits.

The Secretary of War recommends that from fourteen to twenty of these "hitching-posts" be abandoned. Maximum economy and effectiveness demand the concentration of our troops at a few strategic points. As an example of these scattered posts, attention may be called to Fort D. A. Russell, Wyoming, which has been constructed at a cost to date of \$4,893,164. This fort was established in 1867, to protect the Union Pacific Railroad in that vicinity, and the lines of travel in that region, from attacks by the Arapahoe Indians. Concerning this post, the Secretary of War says:

This post is not located with a view to maximum economy or strategic effectiveness. Its position in a sparsely settled region involves an increased cost for transportation of manufactured supplies, and its distance from recruiting centres makes the recruitment of its garrison more costly. Among others, Fort Mackenzie, Wyoming, and Fort Meade, South Dakota, have been constructed at the cost of about one and a quarter million dollars each. The Secretary of War recommends that these, with some sixteen others, be abandoned at the earliest possible date.

The greater part of the opposition to abandoning these posts comes from the communities in which they are located. The posts are a source of revenue to the business men of the community because of the articles purchased by the officers and men and the supplies necessary for the up-keep of the post. For these reasons, it is natural that the communities interested should vigorously resist the abandonment of the posts. The argument is adduced that because the posts represent a fixed investment it would be extravagant to withdraw from them the troops with which they are garrisoned. The result has been that the conditions have been perpetuated, and according to official estimates \$50,000,000 has been wasted in the past ten years. Secretary Stimson says:

Doubtless this argument will again be used to prevent the concentration desired by the present Secretary of War, and unless approached in the spirit of a great business corporation, which ruthlessly tears down a six-story building no longer suited to its needs to erect the twenty-story building found necessary, the present movement for an efficient and economically administered army will fail as have preceding efforts.

In the administration of the affairs of our army the nation should receive an adequate return for each dollar expended. It is not to be endured that a rifleman should cost the United States from two to five times as much as the same type of soldier costs England, Germany, or France, all of which countries boast of the most efficient and economical military establishments.

While no one will begrudge a liberal pension to any veteran or surviving dependent of a soldier wounded in the service of his country, it seems intolerable that forty-six years after the close of the Civil War the enormous sum of \$153,682,000 should be spent in a single year for pensions. In 1909 the pension list cost \$164,826,287.

Since 1890 our pension appropriations have been in excess of \$100,000,000 annually, and since 1908 in excess of \$150,000,000. If the so-called Sherwood bill becomes a law, more than \$225,000,000 will be necessary to meet our pension budget for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1913.

These figures are the more impressive when we consider the military pension appropriations of various European countries. In 1910 our pension expenditures amounted to \$162,631,729.94. For the same year England expended \$29,397,268; France expended \$31,960,607; the German Empire, \$40,805,814; Austria, \$20,531,668; Hungary, \$6,498,-

737. The total expenditures of these five European nations for that year combined were \$129,194,094, or \$33,000,000 less than those of the United States alone.

For 1911, the survivors of the Civil War on the Union side drew pensions aggregating \$148,231,665, while in the Southern States the survivors of the Confederate side drew but \$5,780,833. In Virginia the Union veterans in that year drew \$1,489,553, while the Confederate veterans drew but \$450,000. In Louisiana the sum of \$1,024,613 was disbursed among Union veterans, and but \$175,000 among the Confederate veterans.

Not the least objectionable feature of our pension system is the fact that from twenty-five to thirty per cent. of our pensioners enjoy an annual net income of more than \$1,000. In the Southern States the pension roll is based primarily upon need. Yet despite the liberality, the extravagance of our general pension system, the sixty-first Congress, which adjourned March 4, 1911, enacted 9,649 bills granting original or increased pensions by special act.

In 1872 President Garfield, then a member of the House of Representatives, said:

We may reasonably expect that the expenditures for pensions will hereafter steadily decrease, unless our legislation should be unaccountably extravagant.

The pension list for 1872 amounted to \$30,703,999. In 1912, forty years later, we are devoting \$153,682,000 to this item—five times that amount. Our pension appropriations from 1866 to 1911 have amounted to the staggering total of \$4,254,816,147, or almost a billion dollars more than the total expenditures of the government during the years of war. And despite these enormous expenditures the House of Representatives has within the past few months passed a general pension bill calling for an additional annual appropriation of \$75,000,000, at a conservative estimate. This bill is now pending in the Senate.

Our largest single expenditure is for pensions. Twenty-three cents of every dollar spent by the government goes for this purpose. This is a charge of \$8.60 against every family in the United States. Is it not time to take some action to protect the treasury of the nation?

In the Senate, January 22 last, in speaking of our pension appropriations, Senator Bryan said:

It has been a curious incident of our pension legislation that whenever the pension roll shows a decrease, legislation has been enacted the result of which has been to increase the annual amount; as the numbers have decreased, the allowances to those yet surviving have been so increased as constantly to require an increased expenditure. Ours is the most liberal pension legislation ever enacted

in the history of the world. It is as universal in its indiscriminate benefits as the sunshine upon the evil and the good or as the rain which falls alike upon the just and the unjust... We cannot reduce the high cost of living and at the same time increase pension expenditures. Extravagant expenditures mean extravagant taxation.

In a speech opposing the Sherwood pension bill, before the House of Representatives, December 12 last, Congressman John J. Fitzgerald, chairman of the Committee on Appropriations, declared:

The pension appropriation bill has grown to a sum never dreamed possible by able men who had actively participated in the war. . . . There is but one way to reduce the enormous expenditures of our government, and that is to stop opening wider the channels through which the golden stream passes. The growth of our federal expenditures is justly causing alarm throughout the country. This is an era of extravagance.

Apart from the amounts appropriated for the actual payment of pensions, or any question as to the desirability of devoting so large a portion of the public resources to that purpose, arises another question, concerning which there ought not to be any difference of opinion. The disbursements ought to be made as economically as possible consistent with efficiency. The only possible standard for public expenditure is the same standard that any successful business man would apply to his own affairs. Under the Pension Bureau, for example, are several offices which ought to be abolished. This is only a manifestation in that bureau of a fault common in all branches of the government service—the multiplicity of high-salaried officials and underpaid subordinates

The Pension Bureau maintains eighteen agencies for the payment of pensions. The pensioners in the respective sections of the country are paid from these agencies. Each pension agent, who is merely a paymaster, receives the generous salary of \$4,000 a year, and these positions are looked upon as among the most desirable plums within the gifts of our politicians. Now, it is generally admitted that all pensions can be paid from one agency just as promptly as from the eighteen. And it can be done with great economy. Let us maintain the agency at Washington, and abolish the others. In salaries to the agents alone this will make an annual saving of \$68,000. Indeed, for several years the House of Representatives has passed the bill abolishing these seventeen agencies, but just as regularly they have been restored by the Senate. The appointment of pension agents is a portion of the patronage of the Senators rather than of the members of the House, and the agencies are located in fifteen different States. It is purely a question of patronage.

Have not petty politics masquerading under the guise of false patriotism led us into inexcusable extravagance in expenditures for our military establishments?

THE LITTLE BAND IN THE PINES

By Newman Flower

Was in perfect darkness. But the warm red reflections, capering and shapeless, sprang into the dark corners opposite; they limned the objects there, touching the polished edges of the heavy furniture with points of light, they turned rare marbles into dim shadows—gray impressions against the surrounding setting of black; they flowed again in colors of red and yellow—rich and wonderful—on the silver chalices, till each resembled a little beacon fire. And then a coal would fall and the pool of light recede, defining new treasures, while the others were tenderly wrapped in darkness again. But still the note of luxury remained unbroken.

Against the French windows at the far end of the room the graydarkness was splashed with dead black where the heavy curtains hung. They carefully pushed back the sounds that would have entered from without; and left unchallenged the staccato notes of a little clock on the mantelpiece that whispered to the corners and drew its echoes undisturbed.

One moment when a coal fell and a long stabbing flame followed the upward rush of sparks, the curtains were lit up in strong relief. And then it seemed that they swayed, and a pair of hands came carefully through the aperture, and clung to the embroidered edges. A head followed, with fear running riot in the wide eyes of the man who peered into the room. The firelight touched the crude lines about his face, accentuating the hardness and bitterness there, till the expression changed even as one looked and likened itself to that of a Mephistopheles. Yet the clean-shaven face bore strength, as if shaped by a strong hand.

As the man stepped cautiously into the room—pausing at every step and preening his head this way and that—his ragged clothing, his unkempt hair, the nervous clutching of his fingers in the empty air, betrayed his errand at once. He approached the closed door stealthily and listened. There was no sound. Then he looked about him, screwed round on his heel of a sudden, and limped across to the large chest outlined in the corner. The decided limp was the most impressive charac-

teristic about him. The chest was open, and with groping, noiseless fingers he explored the interior. He dropped silently to his knees. For a moment his head was bent and his face hidden, then he held out something so that the light fell on it till it glistened.

For a short space he remained working there. Presently he got up and moved round the room like a shadow, gathering up an object here and there, restoring it to its place, his hand still upon it while he held his breath to listen, then picking it up again and, with quickened resolve, concealing it in some inner pocket. At last his foot clicked against the leg of a table, and instantly, at some invisible touch, the room blazed with light from the electric candelabra overhead.

"Is that you, James?"

At the sound of the voice the man turned, wrestling with his terror. He saw then that to retreat was useless, for in the far corner beside the fire sat a man with a white mustache and white hair, his face grizzled and wrinkled with age, and his hand still on the button that had flashed on the light.

"Is that you, James?" came the voice again. "I fancy I was dozing. That gruel made me sleepy. That you, James?"

" Yes."

The half-crouching man scarcely recognized the voice as his own. He crept forward a step towards the figure in the chair; then stopped appalled.

"Colonel Chesney!"

Though he had only muttered the name, the note of surprise, of warning, in the tone sped to the sharp ears of the other. He saw the Celonel shuffle to his feet and stand erect, pushing his chair back vehemently till it accidentally lay across the only line of retreat through the curtains. He put out one hand as if groping for something.

"Who is it? Answer me! James, is—who is it?" The voice was petulant, yet sprung with a faint trace of fear.

The other man came and stood in front of him, and, leaning forward, peered deep into the wide staring eyes.

"My God, Colonel! You are blind!" Against his will he had betrayed himself; had admitted recognition.

"Of course I'm blind!" was the swift answer. "Who the devil are you?" He began to feel along the wall for the bell.

Impelled by the threatening danger, the other capitulated.

"Do you remember Private Raife Belfort, Colonel? Do you remember a certain night at Seven Pines in May of '62?" he said.

"Belfort? You, Belfort? Not Raife Belfort? God, no! The man must have died years ago. Most of these Seven Pines men have gone along; I'm just a straggler waiting the call." The last words were uttered reflectively, with a sense of pride.

"I'm Raife Belfort," came the hollow voice from the darkness to the blind man's ears.

"Belfort! The man who saved my life—who carried me out of that hell?" His arm, as he groped, waved about like a branch in the wind.

"Yes, that Belfort."

"Where's your hand? What are you doing here? Why did n't

they tell me you were coming? I wish I could see!"

The long, even timbre of the voice, the ringing note in it, struck to life in the other man some chord which from lack of use had become dull and dead. He straightened up, the square jaw set, and he gripped the outstretched hand with that certainty and confidence bred by understanding.

"I did n't know you were blind," he said painfully. "They did n't

tell me that when I saw you last."

"When was that?"

"Five years ago. You were driving. I thought you looked ill. They told me who you were. You were not a colonel in my day, but they told me they had promoted you."

"Then why in the name of Heaven did n't you stop the carriage and call my name? . . . Gad! it's Belfort's voice. . . . It makes me remember things more clearly. . . . Did you think I had

forgotten you, Belfort? Was I ever like that?"

"No, sir, it was n't that." Belfort could not endure the stare of those cold, sightless eyes: he looked to the ground. "I was down at heels; a bit of a hobo, not fit to meet one who remembered me when I was a man. I could n't do it, Colonel. Jimini, but we've all got our little bit of pride! I could n't come and tell you the sort of poor cuss I was; I could n't do that. I knew well enough you would n't forget that night at Seven Pines, but I wanted to come when I was respectable."

"So you waited till now! You would n't let me help-pay back a

trifle of the debt! You silly fool!"

"It might have been better if I had never come here at all," Belfort retorted.

"Never that, Belfort. . . . If you only knew how glad I am!"
The Colonel shuffled one foot behind the other, as if tired, and, drawing
up his chair, Belfort helped him carefully into it, as he might have

placed a child in its little wooden prison at the table.

"God, I'm glad you came, Belfort!" the Colonel repeated. He leaned forward, and his long white fingers with the carefully trimmed nails began to twine and untwine with nervous excitement. "You don't know how often I have thought of you, especially since the darkness closed in. And you don't know how lonely one can be in blindness, Belfort. Sometimes the solitude is well nigh unendurable when your

generation has passed away and the mind runs on a pivot of forty years ago. I believed you had joined most of the Seven Pines men. If only, I thought to myself, Belfort would come and talk to me about the little band in the pines on that night of '62. Belfort—Belfort! How I 've longed for that night again! I 've lived it and dreamed it for forty years. I 've heard that rain streaming through the pines, and smelt the warm sweet perfume of wet pine-needles; I 've never forgotten the crashing of those guns as they came like devils let loose across Bollan's Bridge and over the mud-pits in the road; I 've heard Markham's death shrill when he took the lead in his throat—you remember he dropped right between us—and I 've seen those faces—the faces of the little band in the pines—passing in an endless regiment before my mind for forty years!"

Belfort gasped and drew away a little. The words quickened his pulses and drove all knowledge of his mission from his mind. And as he looked at the Colonel he saw the fires flash in the sightless eyes, and a touch of color speed into the wasted cheeks.

"Sit down!"

Belfort hesitatingly obeyed.

"Yes, I remember Markham," he said.

"There's always a box of cigars on that desk for any one who comes—help yourself," the Colonel broke in. "I have hated tobacco ever since my sight went. And a drink—I'll ring for the brandy."

He put his hand on the bell, but Belfort hastily pushed his arm aside.

"No, no," he exclaimed. "I don't want anything to drink, and I could n't smoke." He shivered as he sat there, yet by some means this man's presence seemed to deaden the sense of personal danger. Or perhaps it was merged in the greater danger that was rapidly developing into terror. It tortured his mind, this fear that the Colonel should discover he had come to steal. The thought became an agony. He would have crossed the room and replaced the treasures that weighted his pockets, every one of them, but for the knowledge that such a movement would arouse suspicion. The position became almost intolerable. He who had fought his way through his earlier years by sheer brute strength, who could crush the life out of the man before him with one hand, was held a cowed prisoner, fighting his greatest conflict for his honor in that blind man's eyes.

The Colonel leaned forward and drew his chair closer. As he did so, he swept his hand across the small table that stood between them, striking the empty cup upon it and sending the spoon shivering in the saucer. He groped further till he found a plate with four sandwiches upon it, which he placed at the far edge of the table.

"Now, then, Belfort, here's our battlefield. The plate's the wood.

. . . Gad, man, has it ever occurred to you how we came to be near that wood at all? Huger should have been there when he came from Gilliss Creek."

"It was Carling's order—I was near him when he gave it," Belfort replied. He looked steadily into the fire until the red coals became the battlefield; as they shifted, so the battle moved; the black line of uncharred fuel was like an army fighting, melting away piece by piece into the attacking flames. "Yes, that was Carling's fault, but if Longstreet had not hung Huger up in Nine Mile Road and upset the whole caboodle, he would n't have been driven to it. It was a mistake—

a ghastly blunder."

"We lived on blunders and mildewed crackers in those days, eh, old friend?" exclaimed the other passionately. He picked up one of the sandwiches, and, feeling with both hands, placed it a little to the right of the plate. "There was Ford—there where the sandwich is. Remember him, Belfort? He was a hell-rooster if ever there was one. They pulled him down with seven bullets. Here, where I put this second sandwich, Murray dropped. Remember Murray? He died in my arms, babbling about a girl. Clinton's guns were here—I'll mark 'em with this spoon."

He slid the spoon along the table, carefully feeling the way with his finger-tips, but as he did so Belfort quickly put out his hand and pushed the spoon a little further to the right. His face flushed; his eyes lit

with the old fires of conflict.

"Wrong!" he cried. "Clinton was there! Don't you remember how we got mixed up with 'em, and how the devils fired till they had blazed away every ounce of powder? Don't you remember Martin knocking men right and left with the sponge, mad, raving mad, and giving 'em chin-music till he died from twenty wounds? And Newton too—they punctured his spine with a bullet, and he died with the colors between his teeth, because his hands were powerless to hold them. You remember Newton?"

"Aye, I remember Newton—gad, I do!" exclaimed the Colonel.
"I can see now the laugh on his face as he died." He shot out his hand, heavily marked with protruding blue veins, and laid the saucer upside down in front of the plate. "We're back at the wood!" he cried, touching the plate. "This saucer's the ditch. The whole seventeen of us floundered like dead weights into it. Remember that infernal tune:

"The boys are marching, the boys are marching, Dum, dum, diddle-dum, the boys are marching on.

Wilmot was yeowling it, and I heard him sobbing the 'dum, dum, diddledum,' as he died, long after we had breasted the wood. Poor devils—

how they died! You and I lived—God knows how. You were just in front of me, I was firing at anything that moved, you clubbing—clubbing with the strength of ten thousand devils. I laughed—I remember how I laughed when the butt struck into an upturned face. Aye, Belfort—and then I was hit—you turned round and caught me in your arm and swung me high. The Blues were rushing in everywhere—we floundered into the ditch again—you dragged me out. How the moon blazed at us! We could n't get out of the light. You swore—struck at something and missed. I think I fainted, but I remember seeing Harris hunched up in a ball on the top of the bank, his lips apart, and that gap where the teeth were missing. It was your day, Belfort. But I'd like to live it again if you were there!"

Belfort dropped his head into his hands and remained still without speaking. He was face to face with the great contrast of his life—the man as he had been, and the craven as he was.

"Few knew about it—you were too modest for that," the Colonel went on, ignorant of the agony he was inflicting. "But, after all, the greatest things in war often miss the limelight—we gain the glory in our memories; we forego the shouts, but we have the dreams. For years and years I have had those dreams—the dreams that should be yours, Belfort. My eyes give me the pictures which yours forget in looking at the passing show around you. And when I remember this I am glad that I am blind."

As he spoke, Belfort felt his whole manhood wither and shrivel up. He tried to speak, but his tongue was dry like wood, his senses numbed, and even the power of remonstrance gone. But he was conscious of a force compelling him to confession—some latent pride strengthening in rebellion against the cloak of deception.

"I want to tell you——" he began and paused. "There is something I must tell you."

"And something I have forgotten," the other interrupted. "I am an old man and a lonely man, Belfort, but I have one treasure of which I am proud—my grand-daughter. Gad! You have n't seen Dorothy. She is the only person living who bears me kin—the janitor, if you like, of the straggler. She knows our story by heart—she has sat where you are now and listened to it for many an hour. To her, man, you are something more than a hero; you are a deity. You've got a little altar in her heart all to yourself, and she is ever placing the laurels of silent worship there. You would be proud of that, Belfort, if you knew Dorothy, and, by heaven! you shall know her!"

With a quick movement—so sudden that the other had not the power to interfere—he leaned forward and rang the bell. In an instant Belfort was on his feet. He looked round the room like a rat in a trap. In some nebulous fashion he realized that he had just time to rush Vol. LXXXIX.—44

through the curtains and disappear, but his limbs lacked the power to move. He seemed to be grappling with strong arms that bound him and held him back.

"Stop!" he cried as a man-servant appeared at the door. He clutched the Colonel's sleeve. "I have n't time. I must go!"

"Find Miss Dorothy and send her here at once," commanded the host. The door closed, and he turned in the direction of his visitor again, and, feeling his way forward to where he stood, held his wrists.

"You've hidden your light under a bushel too long, old friend," he said. "It may be a little irksome—you always hated praise—but you've got to go through with it to-night. If Dorothy knew that I had sent you away without her gripping your hand, she would never forgive me. To-day she shall know you for what you are." He dropped his voice to a whisper, but he still retained his hold on Belfort's wrists, as if afraid that he would escape from the room.

"I can't do it-I can't! Good God, Colonel, spare me this!"

"Shucks, man, you are shivering!" the Colonel laughed. "I know—oh, I know! The old dare-devil spirit that has no fear in war but is afraid of a woman. You would cheat a girl out of a little bit of heroworship just because you are afraid of a pair of blue eyes!"

Even as he spoke the door opened slowly and a girl of about twentyfour came into the room. The elder man sensed her presence before her shoes had made a sound on the thick carpet, and he half turned with the

vague comprehension that she was near him.

"Dorothy," he said, freeing Belfort's wrists, "here is your hero." His voice was low and musical, with some sympathy attuned to the rite he felt himself about to perform. "Here is Mr. Belfort. He and I,

girl, are the sole survivors of the little band in the pines."

The silence deepened in the room till the clock on the mantelpiece seemed to be shouting its seconds away. And then the girl came forward a few steps, her lips set in a thin line, her face white. Belfort stood transfixed with horror, for by her eyes he read that she knew the truth. His heart plunged in the clutch of fear, and his bulging pockets seemed to swell as he breathed; he knew that her eyes were wandering over them. As suddenly he realized that the top of a silver goblet was protruding from one pocket, and the handles of some spoons from another.

"Surely this visit is unexpected," she said, and to Belfort every word was a point of ice.

"Unexpected—gad, but how welcome!" the Colonel broke in. "Tell me, Dorothy, what he is like? . . . The deuce! If only I could see! . . . He used to have dark brown hair, and I remember that his eyes were very blue."

"His hair is nearly gray, his eyes still very blue," she replied. Her

lips curled in a mocking smile as she spoke, but to Belfort the words brought the knowledge of her motive. Instead of betraying him, she was going to play the farce, and while her eyes looked at him with loathing, her words would clothe him with the coat of silk. "It is very good of you to come back like this," she said to him.

"Nearly gray—nearly gray. . . . Yes, of course, it was forty years ago," the Colonel muttered. Then aloud he said: "He had strong

hands, a strong face, Dorothy."

"I have no doubt that he is strong." She burst into a little ripple of laughter. "Excuse us, Mr. Belfort, it must be awful to be criticised like this, but you have brought it on yourself by coming here. When one has been blind for many years, old friends still seem to be the same. Time may have changed them, but the eyes of the mind cannot detect it."

"And often it is good that it should be so," Belfort replied. He could not keep his eyes on the girl's face, and began to look furtively round the room. "Say, Colonel, is that a portrait of Captain Morris I see on that wall? Jimini, it's good!" He crossed the room on the pretense of examining it, and when he reached the sideboard began to take the things cautiously out of his pockets and lay them in a pile on the polished wood. He moved quickly and without a sound.

"I thought you'd spot that," the Colonel replied. "I got them to give it to me from the mess-room some years after the war. They

had it turned with the face to the wall then."

"In Heaven's name, why?"

"He went rank crooked after he left the Service—but don't let's talk about it, Belfort. It was a nasty case." Colonel Chesney paused and his eyes set in a stare before him. "I thought you might have heard. For me, I always remember Jerry Morris as he was—the hardest fighter in Carling's brigade, one of the best, and, by gad! in those days a gentleman. But there was a wire twisted somewhere, and it got the upper hand of him in the end. Poor Jerry! Lord, how he fought! He had a reputation that would have lasted a family for a couple of centuries, and he lost it, swamped himself head over in—oh, shucks! let's remember Jerry at his best, when his name was sweet to the taste, and we were proud of him. I can't see that picture now, but if I knew that any man turned it face to the wall, he would have to reckon with me. That's the way I always think of Jerry, Belfort."

The other bit a groan in half, his hands went to his face, he staggered

as if he would have fallen.

"Why do men go crooked—like that? Oh, God—why?" he moaned.
"Why does an apple fall off the tree? It can't help it," replied the
Colonel. "We're all subject to the immutable laws which govern the
type to which we belong. You or I might have done the same, Belfort.
We survived; he fell. . . . But, talking of souvenirs of the war,

you never saw that lump of lead they took out of my side, did you? You left before I was on my pins again."

"Y-yes." Belfort forced a laugh. "Of course I had left-I remember now."

The Colonel put his hand in his pocket and produced a bunch of keys which he held out. "Dorothy, give me the key with the piece of thread tied to it."

She took the keys from his hand and fumbled with them. She found the one he required.

"Let me get the bullet," she said. "I know which is the drawer." She made a movement as if to leave the room, but he detained her.

"No, no," he replied. "It is my little drawer of treasures, and I have eyes in my finger-tips for anything in it." He took the keys and began to grope his way along the wall. "Talk to Mr. Belfort, make him at home, tell him, as I have told him, that he is very welcome. He's a bit nervous of women—many of the big heroes in life are. Sakes, child! when I was younger I would go twenty miles for a pair of bright eyes." He found the door and dragged it open. "All men are n't cast in the same mould. . . . Aye, Belfort, do you remember that day in hospital when I was shaking with pain from the surgeon's handiwork, and you laughed at me and said you would rather have forty bullets cut out than face a pretty woman? And you were n't an ugly beggar either, Belfort."

He passed through the door and pulled it after him. The two staring silently at each other in the room heard his slippers scuffling down the passage, then the opening and closing of a door. Belfort remained where he stood, shivering as if with an ague. Presently the

girl came across and faced him.

"Well, my splendid hero, so you were here to steal!" she exclaimed.

His lips moved under the lash of sarcasm, but no sound came from them. She stood on the defensive, expecting him to spring at her, but he made no movement.

"The hero of that band in the pines—a common thief! It's hard to believe—I don't think my grandfather would believe it."

She had driven home the barb that goaded him to action.

"You will not tell him—you shall not tell him," he burst out. "For myself I ask nothing; I am at your mercy, and I crave no quarter. But for that blind man, I beg you to be silent. I am not going to whine, but, whatever you may do to me, I pray you to consider him."

She smiled in derision, mocking his puny heroism.

"The man who would rob his old chief is a cur," she answered. "Remember, he has honored you by believing you to be one of the finest heroes this country has ever produced, he has given you his love, cherished the memory of you all through these years of blindness. And

you ask me to be a party to his deception now! I am not that kind. In half an hour you will be in the hands of the police, and I shall tell him what you are—tell him what your mission was—why you came to this house. It will hurt him, but he has got to tear that love for you out of his heart, he who is so splendid. It may make him ashamed of his old regiment, possibly he will never speak of that night in the pines again, but the knowledge of the truth is better than ignorance of a lie!"

He leaped forward and gripped her wrists, leaning down so that his hot breath was on her cheek.

"You will not tell-God, you urge me to strangle you! You will not tell him."

"Let go!" She struggled in his hold. She opened her lips to cry out, and he flung her free and stood apart, his head bowed.

"Pardon me," he murmured. "I was forgetting myself."

"I am glad you admit so much." All the hatred of her life flashed from her eyes. "But my mind is made up. I will explain why; it can be told in a few words. I love that man-love him because he has been so good to me, because he is all I have. And I have always imagined that he who would go through what you did to save his life was a hero, one above his fellows. I set the memory of you on a little pedestal. I carved a statue of you in my mind and put it up as an idol. I gave it all the sweetness of a faith, sanctified it with adoration. I told myself that such a man could do no wrong, that he was one of those few men who pass through the world and leave it better because they have taught it some lesson, and proved how to learn it. I have always kept that picture of you in my mind. Sometimes-I don't mind telling you this-I have tried to shape my life so that my devotion to my grandfathermy courage—should not be so far behind yours. And at times I felt so insignificant, so weak, one striving for an impossible ideal. And now-my idol has but feet of clay, my hero is a common thief, and I feel for you that loathing and hatred which any woman feels towards a man who has fooled her for many years."

Her passion spent itself, her last words trailed off in a whisper.

"It is not a question of your hatred of me, just as it is," Belfort answered. "It is a question of his happiness in the remaining years. He told me to-night how proud he was of the dreams of that little band in the pines, he said he was glad to be blind because he had these dreams—the companions of his awful loneliness. Don't you see how his poor wrecked life holds to them, just as any crippled thing finds pleasure in small episodes which have no appeal to the normal man? And to ventilate your hatred of me you are going to stamp out that happiness, leave him the husk plastered with so-called devotion."

"The coward's excuse," she flung back.

"Scarcely." Belfort strode the length of the room and returned. "Because I am going to let you give me into the hands of the police, provided you will keep the knowledge from him. I took the chance, aware of the penalty, though, had I known who lived in this house, I would have tramped to the Pacific before I entered it. I feel my disgrace sufficiently not to fear punishment. I have the burden now—anything you may do will not add to it. . . . Perhaps my life has been cast in rough places. A bullet taken from my leg made me permanently lame, and I was unable to undertake the ordinary work of the man physically strong and consequently respectable. That does not mitigate my offense; I offer it as no excuse. For I have lived by my wits and fallen by them, and I can bear my punishment alone. Don't put half of it upon him. Girl—girl, if you have any love for that man, leave him his dreams!"

She drew back a little and said nothing. He watched her go to the table and lounge against it. Then, conscious that his words had told, he was about to speak again when the door opened and the Colonel slowly shuffled into the room. He came forward holding something in his outstretched palm.

"That's a pretty piece of metal to have dug out of your side, eh?" he laughed. "And, sakes! it gave me ginger. You know that, Belfort. 'T is n't every man who can produce a bullet flattened like a griddle-cake against his bones. It hurts some, but it's always worth while when you have a relic to show your friends—a bit of lead carries a ton of conviction." He closed his hand over the bullet suddenly and looked blankly before him. "Did n't you get a Blue bullet in the leg at Seven Pines?" he said at last. "I was forgetting that."

"Yes, I did." Belfort took the metal from him and examined it carefully.

"You were wounded at Seven Pines, it made you lame?"

Belfort glanced at the girl as she asked the question. "Yes," he muttered. "But it was a slight wound. It might have been worse."

"The effect of it was permanent?"

"Pure chance. If it had struck my head, the effect of it would have been—er—equally permanent."

"It was while you were climbing that infernal bank with me on your shoulder," said the Colonel. "I was a bit hazy about it at the time, but they told me afterwards."

"Yes, it must have been then," said Belfort.

"And you have been lame ever since?" The Colonel hesitated. "I did n't know that—no, I did n't know that."

"My souvenir, Colonel—the hall-mark of Seven Pines." Belfort laughed. "They would n't believe me if I had n't a scar to show. And we are proud of our wounds—you and I. Only two of us out of

seventeen, remember-stragglers for forty years, while fifteen died in that ditch."

"Only two out of seventeen," echoed the Colonel to himself. "What a muster! . . . Oh, if I could only see!"

Belfort fixed his eyes on the girl, then hesitatingly gripped the Colonel's hand. He looked at him, as if it might have been for the last time. "Good-by," he said. "I have a rather particular engagement which is already overdue. It's fine—just fine—meeting again—like this!" He paused. Then he went to where the girl stood and whispered: "I am ready."

He expected her to ring the bell; instead she stepped to the French windows and threw them open. He followed her, but paused and looked back into the room as she held aside the curtain for him.

"This is the shorter way," she said.

"Not going, Belfort? The devil! Come again, man—as soon as you can. Come to-morrow!" exclaimed the Colonel.

"Mr. Belfort will come again soon," the girl replied. "He will come because I ask it!"

Their eyes met. She was holding out her hand. A smile touched her face. She seemed to understand, and he had never met a woman who understood him before. He took her hand and slowly raised it to his lips.

"Yes—soon—if Miss Chesney can forgive—this unexpected visit," he said.

"Forgive be hanged!" sang the Colonel. He was a little hysterical with excitement. He collided with a chair in his effort to reach the door. "Belfort—Belfort—"

The wind coming upon his face through the open window told him that he was speaking to an empty room.



LONDON TOWER

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD

HENE'ER I think of London Tower,
It is not pomp nor pageantry,
Nor chivalry in all its flower,—
Nay, these are not the things I see!

Not kings and queens in royal pride, Ladies and lords in stately guise, But the young princes side by side, With the pale terror in their eyes!

TWO HALVES OF A CHECK

By Richard J. Walsh

WAS sitting in a newspaper office in Schenectady, reading a Boston daily, when I saw the following paragraph:

If the thug that struck down Dave Hennessey in New York last night and robbed him of a gold watch had asked him for the bauble, Dave would have given it to him.

I read those words over and over. My eyes blurred. The oftener I read them, the more my senses were benumbed. A cold, clammy feeling crept all through me; and I was awakened only when Charlie Manning, the editor, cried out:

"Hello, Joe! 'Round pretty early this morning, are n't you? What you got there?"

I pointed to the item.

"What do you think of that?" I demanded.

"Pretty tough, Joe, sure enough," he answered, stroking his underlip in his characteristic way, "but it might not be our Hennessey. Who gets out that stuff for The Earth?"

"Why, Hen Gorman's got that job for life—except for the time that an understudy takes up during the summer—and Hen knows Dave as well as I know him, if not better. Say, 't would be all right, would n't it, to wire Gorman about it?"

"Sure thing! Go ahead. Tell that kid operator I'll be in there after awhile and square it."

Within five minutes I had wired to Boston.

The answer read:

Item referred to O.K.

I started for New York that afternoon.

On the way down—and I was never on a train that ran so slowly—I tried to read a magazine, but could n't. I never had anything hit me so hard since the day I was born: that poor old Dave Hennessey, friend and confrère, a man who never refused to help anybody during his fifty years of newspaper life—that he had been knocked down and robbed, was positively beyond me.

In New York, everybody on the "Row" had a different story to

tell, but all agreed that the assault took place at 2 a.m., and not a hundred yards from Dave's office. At the hospital the physicians said that he had received a bad scalp wound and several contusions on the face and body; but, though such injuries to a man of his age made his condition precarious, they thought he would pull through.

The whole thing seemed still more pathetic when I heard that Dave's son—who had met his death in a railway accident two weeks previous, just after he had reached his twenty-first birthday—had given his father the watch on that anniversary.

It may be charitably presumed at this point that the writer of the newspaper paragraph could not have known of the tender associations connected with the watch, else he would never have referred to it as a "bauble."

Every reporter in the city had constituted himself a detective to hunt down the highwayman; but though several men were arrested on suspicion, each one established his innocence.

During the days of Dave's convalescence, letters of condolence poured in from everywhere—not only from newspaper-men, but from men and women in all walks of life. He got along nicely, however—you see, he had lived an old-fashioned life—and in four weeks he walked out of the institution and into the arms of his friends, who had a carriage waiting to carry him back to the "Row." Their joy was so marked that the poor fellow would have been excused had he said, "Deliver me from my friends!"

One day about three months afterward, while talking to an old friend who had just dropped in to see him in his office, the conversation drifted to the assault. "I'd give anything I ever had, Fred, to get that watch. It was the only memento of Tom that I had; but I suppose I'll never see it again."

The words were hardly out of his mouth when his stenographer answered a knock at the door. The very act of knocking at that door was positive proof that a stranger was there.

"Is Mr. Hennessey in?" inquired the caller.

"Yes, sir; just step in. He's engaged at present, but he'll probably see you in a few minutes."

The journalist turned his head to see who it was, and then bowed. The stenographer resumed her work, and the stranger sat down. Soon afterward, Dave saw his friend to the door and then turned to the new-comer. He was under thirty, of medium height, smooth-shaven, and rather "sporty" in dress.

"Good-morning, sir," said Dave heartily. "What can I do for you?"

"I don't want you to do anything for me," returned the young fellow. "I came in here to do something for you."

"Oh, is that it? Well, sir"—very pleasantly—"this is one of those places where we take everything in sight, and give as little as possible." The stenographer repressed a smile as Dave went on: "Now, what are you going to give me?"

The stranger hesitated a moment, and then said:

"Mr. Hennessey, I'd like to see you for a few minutes privately."
"Privately!" burst out Dave. "Why, my dear fellow, there's no need of it at all. Nobody comes in here on anything private. Out with it, whatever it is. Let's have it. Er—what paper are you on? Where do you want to go? How much do you want?"

"I'm not a reporter, Mr. Hennessey," replied the other, smiling at his host's readiness to help, "neither do I want to 'touch' you. My business," he went on, "concerns you, yourself. And another

thing: there's too many people comin' in here!"

"'Pon my word," commented Dave merrily, as the unctuous humor of this impromptu struck him, "I've often thought so, too; but," he resumed more soberly, "as you seem to think your business so very important, why, come on in here"—opening the door of an inner office. "Now, sir," he began with just a little irritation, as both were seated, "I hope you feel at liberty to say what you please, and reasonably assured that what you say can not be overheard. What is it?"

"Well, I don't suppose there's much use beatin' about the bush, so I'll tell you at once that I came here to give you back your watch, an'---"

"What!" gasped Dave, rising to a half-standing position and leaning heavily on the flat-top desk for support. "My watch, did you say? My boy's watch! Ah! And—and—where did you get it?"

The stranger straightened up as he swallowed the lump that was

rising in his throat.

"I'm the man who—who—robbed you," he stammered; "and"—thrusting his hand viciously into an inside pocket of his coat and then drawing it forth instantly—"there's your watch!" he gulped, laying it on the desk.

For a moment each surveyed the other intently. Neither spoke. Dave trembled from head to foot as he took the watch and gazed lovingly at it. The thief buried his eyes in him. Not a movement of Dave's hands nor of his body escaped his vigilance. The thoughts connected with the events of the past few minutes had so unnerved the old man that he felt himself sway, and to avoid falling he tried to regain his seat. In rising so suddenly, however, he had shoved the chair back from the desk, and now when he attempted to pull it forward he unconsciously placed his hand within an inch of his callbell. Instantly his wrist was grasped with all the ferocity of a hungry

cur about to be deprived of a bone, and Dave was hurled back against the wall.

"Git ter — away from that!" the thief snarled, as he snapped the watch off the desk and bounded to the door. "What d' yer think I am—a mutt? So that's the kind of a 'good feller' you are, eh?" he sneered. "I comes in here to do the right thing by you—because I hears you were all right—and here you are—when you think I was n't on—tryin' to make a phony play on that bell! But it don't go, see? This deal," he went on, but in a much lower tone, as though alarmed at the pitch of his own voice, "must go through strictly on the level, or it don't go a-tall. Are you hep?"

In an instant Dave realized why the footpad had handled him so roughly; but the suddenness of the attack was so amazing that he stared bewildered at his assailant. He saw the precious little keepsake in the possession of the thief; and, while the thought of having it taken from him again was positively maddening, he controlled himself as he said:

"You're mistaken. I had n't the slightest idea of calling for help. Your coming here to give me that watch had so stunned me that I did not notice where I put my hand. What good would it do me to have you arrested? In the first place, I should be showing a very poor return for your manliness, and probably, along with that, never get the watch. You can see that, can't you? Now, if you will sit down and give me a little time to collect myself, I——"

"That's all right 'bout your collectin' yourself," the other broke in mockingly, still standing at the door with his hand on the knob, "but how about this racket, and that hen in this next room"—jerking his head toward the outer office—"what'll she do?" And then in the next breath, with grim humor: "What's to prevent her from takin' it into her nut to collect me, eh?"

"She'll give no alarm unless I ask her to. You—are—absolutely—safe—while—you—are—in—my—office. Is n't that enough?"

Dave's earnestness was convincing. The fidgety caller crawled forward, put the watch on the desk again, and sat down, rather shamefacedly.

Not a word was spoken for some time, as Dave dreamily passed his thumbs backward and forward over the memento, while the footpad was plainly on pins and needles. At last Dave said:

"Well, my dear fellow, it is impossible for me to tell you how thankful I am; but I suppose you're in a hurry to go, and I shan't delay you much longer. So if you'll please give me my check-book out of that drawer on your side there—it's in the right-hand corner—I will try to do something for you. Thank you! Now, what name shall I write?"

The thief had started to roll a cigarette. "Name? Oh, I don't know," he returned with a grin; and then as he ran the edge of the cigarette across his mouth, "Make it payable to Cash."

"Very well, Mr. Cash; there you are," as Dave handed the check across the desk, "and I am very much obliged to you for your kindly

action. I wish I could make it more."

"Hundred an' fifty, eh? Well, that's pretty good, Mr. Hennessey; but"—blowing the ashes from his cigarette and then laying it on the edge of the desk—"as I don't need all this, I'll just take half, and here's the other half for you;" and with these words he tore the check in halves and passed one half across the desk to his astonished host. "You see, it's like this"—he chuckled: "You get a good many touches, an' that seventy-five will help you out, see? And seventy-five is plenty for me just now. Won't that be all right, all right?"

Dave was surprised, yet he could not help but smile at his visitor's

humor; but he replied in the same spirit:

"As long as it suits you, it suits me; but how do you expect to cash that half?"

"I don't expect to cash it. I just want it to remind myself once in awhile that I met a man who was sure white all through. That's all."

Dave's eyes moistened with feeling. A momentary wonder filled his mind as the cause that had made such a man a thief.

"Well, old man, I think I may as well be on my way, but I hope you'll not think any the worse of me for what I did a minute ago. I thought you were tryin' to turn me."

They were now in the main office, Dave in the lead a few steps as

they moved toward the door.

Suddenly the stenographer called out:

"Mr. Hennessey, that gentleman just dropped something!"

Dave turned to pick it up—it was a wallet—and return it to the owner, when, divining his intention, the footpad leaped lightly past him, and said laughingly as he stood in the doorway:

"It's all right, old man; don't mind it. There's two hundred in it to square your hospital expenses—and give 'way to the callers!"

The door closed instantly, and he was gone.



PRIMAVERA

BEING A LITTLE BACKWARD GLANCE AT DAYS WHEN THE YEAR AND LIFE, ALIKE, WERE IN THE SPRING

By George Allan England

1

APRIL 5," says the crumbling, time-yellowed Diary, dated 1881 in a scrawling hand, "I spaded some more on my garden. Paul bought some Radashes and Lettis seeds and planted the beet-seeds, bought some Minonett Candy-tough seeds, a monky & Handorgun came a long to-day but I mist it."

A week or two later: "I picked & sold some Dandelyon greens this p,m, sold \$.25 worth, fine weather, I had a fire & cooked an egg. I planted some quecumber & squash."

Later still: "Rain I wore my ruber shoes & shirt for the first time. I sold \$.08 greens. I & Ham went down to the Car shops & saw Lots of engines."

And on the first of May: "Hot, Florence made some soda-watter out of acid, I and Walt Houser kep a lemonade stand all this after and only lost \$.14."

Does this recall anything? Well, some!

About the time when "tiddledy-benders" became a bit too risky on the honeycombed ice of pools and ditches, when you got tired of making dams and elaborate waterworks in ruts—draining off the muddy slop through highly intricate channels which could be opened with your toe or closed with a scraping of clay, at will—with fearful damage to clean shirt-waists, and every probability of getting the snuffles; about this season, I say, it began to be marble-time.

You could always tell, for one thing, by the quicksand condition of the Allston sidewalks. That was a very curious, fascinating phenomenon. You never grew weary of experimenting with it. Maybe a place would look quite dry and firm; but if you patted it with your foot, and kept up patting long enough, the water was sure to begin seeping up, and pretty soon you would have a regular quaking bog, soft and slimy and quite capable of absorbing your foot over your rubbers, and altogether fascinating.

That meant marbles! Naturally, since marbles were played wallow-

ing on knees, it was necessary to choose the muddy season. Imagine marbles in August, when everything was hard and dry! Huh!

No, mud and marbles always were, still are, and ever shall be inseparable. And even now, as aforetime, the spring air resounds with cries of "Fen dubs!" and "Fen your averies!" and "You fudged!"

II

In the windows of the little shops "down t' th' store," round boxes and baskets of marbles began to make their appearance. The variety was great—all the way from clay doggies, ten for a cent, up through glazed pee-wees and pee-dads, to glassies and aggies themselves, even blood-aggies, some costing the dizzy price of a nickel apiece. With unspeakable longings and an utterly flat purse, you pressed your nose against the shop window, licked the pane, and conspired in your own heart what you would do if you were rich—if you had, say, twenty cents all at one time.

Lacking that, last year's marble-bag, depleted by certain games "for keeps" with Tommy Ashley, Bub Cook et al., had to be rummaged out, dustily, from behind the busted steam-engine on the top closet-shelf. That engine, be it said in passing, had come to you as a magazine premium, "for three new names, postage and packing twenty-five cents additional." Once on a time it used to go like mad. When sufficiently superheated, it could buzz in frenzies of speed. You could easily pretend it was a locomotive, by making the tiny tin whistle screech and by pressing the base down hard upon the table; this caused it to roar as if going over bridges at sixty miles an hour. Always sixty; never a fraction of a mile less! Mother positively prohibited tying down the safety-valve to make it go faster. But one day you kind of forgot, and tied it down good and hard-only for a few minutes, aw! what hurt could that do?and suddenly something went BANG! and all the boiling water was on the ceiling, and the engine itself, all twisted and funny and inside-out, was rolling around back of the stove.

You yourself lay hollering on your back, with the skin about all parboiled off your face and hands. They picked you up and greased you, and for a few days you looked very red and blistery. So they did n't whip. They said the scalding was enough; and Now see what you get for not obeying; and You are justly punished for your recklessness. The engine never ran again. But—but to return to marbles—

They always came in about the time you heard the first, far-off, elusive hand-organ in some distant street; close to the season when you nonchalantly remarked:

"Gee, but it's hot! Guess I'll go t' school 'thout my overcoat."

"Now, Phil," warned Mother, "I don't think you'd better; not just yet. I don't want you all crouped up again."

"Ah-h-h, say! Lemme, can't you? All the fellers is goin' 'thout theirs. Can't I?"

"Well, maybe, if you think you won't take cold. But remember, now, you keep on the sunny side of the street, and keep off your knees in the mud, and wear your rubbers, and——"

"Naw! No rubbers, Ma!"

" Phil-ip/"

So you conceded the rubbers. After all, they were a trifling evil compared with the overcoat—that odious, much-worn, made-over coat of blue, with collar and cuffs of obviously fraudulent Astrakhan, whereof the shame had been so great, the mockery at school so bitter. Anything at all to get rid of that old coat, relic of Brother Paul, instrument of torture. Next fall, perhaps it would be outgrown—joyous anticipation! Paul had got clear of it by growing up; might n't you, as well? But to-day, at least, you were free of it. So you hauled on your rubbers in a hurry, grabbed the lank marble-bag with its few debased "doggies," answered "Yup!" to Mother's edict: "Mind, now, don't you play in earnest!" and made a quickly discreet exit. There was always danger of Mother changing her mind about that coat, so long as you remained in sight.

My, but it felt good to run and holler down Gardner Street in the spring sunshine, unimpeded by that Astrakhan! Just the way a horse feels, I guess, when it's unshod and turned out into pastures green. In less than three minutes you located the gang over on Ashford Street. They were foregathered in a nice, wet, shady place along a paling-fence. In the mire a large ring. Excitement tense. Mud, lots of it, on knees and knuckles.

"'Lo, fellers!"

"'Lo, Buck!"

"Lemme in the game?"

No answer. For auburn-haired Fat was just getting ready with his big "shooter" to wreak havoc on the amassed wealth of the crowd, there at the centre of the ring.

No simple game of taw, this; no, it promised to be a real killing. The moment hung fateful, poignant with possibilities.

Fat's eye narrowed as he spat on his gnawed thumb-nail and took elaborate aim.

"Watch me gauge 'er!" exclaimed he dramatically.

Bub Cook crossed his fingers. Tommy made a criss-cross over the ring, by way of prophylactic thaumaturgy.

"Knucks go hard!" shouted Al Arnold.

Click!

Only too true the aim! Out flew a scattering miscellany of marbles. Fat gathered up all that ricochetted outside the ring. His marble-bag

grew corpulent. But the gang was game. In went other stakes, this time yours among them.

"Huh! Lookit! Nothin' but pee-wees!" gibed Ham. You had to wager ten, to equal a single glassy.

"Playin' fer keeps, of course?" demanded Al. "No fair takin' back!"

"Me? Sure I am!" you declared, with defiant looks. Ask the sun to halt over Ajalon, if you will, expecting to be obeyed; but do not attempt the openly impossible feat of trying to make a live boy, in the bosom of his own gang, state that he plays only for fun. Anything but that! Down in the mud you flopped, with the others. More loudly than ever rang the battle-cries:

"You flinched!"

"I never!"

"Gimme my white alley!"

"'S mine!"

" No fudgin', you!"

"Aw, g'wan! Who's fudgin'!"

"Quit shovin'!"

" Yah!"

Like a chorus of spring crows in the corn-fields over by Babcock's Woods, the shrill little voices cawed stridulously. But for all that, for all the wrangling disputation and abuse, the age-old eager game went on, too complex for mere grown-ups ever to hope to understand.

When you slunk in that noon, to dinner, plastered with mud, weary and dejected, you tried to conceal the patent fact that the marble-bag was almost empty. But it was no use. Mother was looking for just such a contingency. She knew.

" Philip!"

"Yes'm?" meekly.

"Let me see that bag!"

"Bag?" you countered, with the wide-eyed innocence of youth. "What bag?"

"You know very well what bag!"

"Oh, my marble-bag? I—I ain't got it, Ma. Lent it to Hammy, till t'morrer."

"Now, now, don't you tell me a wrong story! Let me see it this very minute!"

Diplomacy utterly failing, you produced the bag. Save for those few imperfect, flattened, worthless doggies, it was flat.

"H'm! I thought so! Look at those clothes!"

" Yes'm?"

"Right down on all fours in the mud! You've been playing in earnest again!"

"Why, Ma! Me?"

"Yes, you!"

"Oh, I never! I lost all the rest of 'em down the sewer, on Farrington Avenco. Honest Injun, I did! Cross my heart an' hope t' die! If you don't believe it, I can show you the very place!"

"There, there, Philip. That will do. I fine you fifteen cents. Ten for disobeying me, and five for telling a wrong story! Go bring

me the pig!"

Catastrophe! No stock-broker, with his financial house of cards crumbling about his ears, ever felt more sickening anguish. But agonized protestations, ending in brine, availed not. The dictates of the Medes and Persians were mere ephemera beside that verdict.

So you brought the money-pig, which was duly shaken. A nickel and five pennies, one somewhat bent, were jingled out. This exhausted the pig, leaving you still five cents in debt. You got out your cash-account and tried to enter it correctly; but swimming tears made the long record of weeding, errands, rag-selling, walk-shovelling, hair-brush-

ing, fines, and other debits and credits look very blurred.

One fat tear dropped right onto the middle of the best page, and spattered. Even though you quickly smeared it away with your coat-sleeve, it left a long smooch. The gloom of this incident lasted almost an hour. You pondered for a while over the characteristics of parents, the constitution of the world, and the relative criminality of playing for keeps and of wrong stories. The former, ten cents. The latter, five. Evidently a two-to-one ratio. Finally you ended by entering in your Journal:

"April 10th, it was beautiful weather and I went with out my overcoat most all day. I am completely bankrup being \$.05 below \$.0."

III.

In those springs of Long Ago, came fragrant evenings when the air was soft and mild, and when a dying glow, all pink and warm, lingered invitingly beyond Corey Hill; when in front yards all up and down the street the trees were burgeoning into delicate fresh green, more beautiful by far than the full-blown and dusty foliage of summer; when the horse-chestnut was white with spiky plumes and the ground all carpeted with little red bud-cases from the tall maples, and the first stars looked pale and far.

Evenings like those, yodels shrilled through the dim, scented dusk, here and there: "E-oo-e-oo-s-oo!" in question and reply. And down in Rogers's yard, where the big asphalt driveway and the barn and the porches and the cherry-trees made play positively compulsory, the Gang began to foregather.

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"Now, Philip," Mother always cautioned, if she caught you before you could casually idle out of the front gate (after which your spider-like scooting rendered all admonitions nugatory and void), "now, Philip, you mind what I say! I don't want you to race and run on a full stomach and get all in a sweat and come home wheezing and maybe have a sick headache to-morrow. Mind, now!"

"Yup! Oo-e-oo-e-oo!"

And, now safely out of reach, you vanished in the direction of Rogers's.

Already, when you arrived, they were "counting out" for Hy-spy. The Gang was lined up along the fence, and Mel Hammond, jerking a forefinger in rotation, was declaiming:

> "Delia Doylya tippety fig, Holicha kolicha domma nig, Hom Bom TUCK! Holaga bolaga Boo! Out goes Y—O—U!"

Whoever happened to be in front of Mel's finger when he hollered "U" went scot-free, stepped out and left the shortening line to bear the suspense that grew and grew until it became almost unbearable. Somebody in that dwindling number, you knew, inevitably had to be It, and blind, and count, and spy, and pant, and chase, and be the butt of mockeries and gibes. Who was it to be?

Now Tommy was out, and Al, and Mac, and Eddy, and Fat, and Mark, and Lou; and now only Hammy and Bub and you were left. The tension grew horrible. Oh, if Mel would only point at you and say, "You're out!" But no; it was Hammy who went clear. Now only Bub and you were in line.

Mel began again, his finger shuttling rapidly back and forth:

"Delia Doylya tippety fig. . . "

You shut your eyes. It was becoming torture. On, on, pattered the runes. Then came the "Y-O-U!" A communal shout went up:

"Hey, Buck's It. . . . Buck, Buck! . . . Come on, fellers; I know a dandy place t' hide! . . . Never git us! . . . Yah!"

You opened your eyes to find that the Finger of Fate had been synonymous with that of Mel. More derisive yells. Epithets. Taunts. But you replied not. There was work to do.

Covering your face with both hands, and standing up at the gate-post,

you began, as rapidly as human breath and speech permitted:

"Five—ten—fifteen—twenty—twenty-five—thirty . . . one hundred! . . . sixty-five—seventy . . . two hundred . . . eighty-five—ninety . . ."

Laughter and squeals, tattoos of rapidly vamosing feet, then silence. "Alone, alone, all, all alone," even like unto the Ancient Mariner, you habbled:

"Three hundred . . . five—ten—fifteen—twenty. . . .

Four hundred! . . . ninety-five—a hundred—FIVE HUNDRED!

Ready or not, you shall be caught! . . ."

You opened your eyes again.

Nothing. Silence. Gloom. A grave-yard stillness. If the Pied Piper had just gone through Gardner Street, it could n't have been more destitute of youngsters. You felt almost crawly as you made your first hesitant sally away from the post, which was "Gool," so sudden the transition had been. Ha! What was that, behind the angle of the porch? A head? No, only an old jardinière, half-seen in the dusk. You wheeled about, hoping to catch some unwary one. Every tree and corner and fence-post seemed ominous. A little noise around the end of the house tempted you. Just a bit too far away from Gool you ventured.

"One-two-three for me!"

"An' me!"

" An' me!"

Three swift, white-shirt-waisted figures shot from behind the barn; and, before you could even make a grab at them, dashed in and slapped the post. Then they lounged round with aggressive nonchalance, did Ham and Al and Tommy, profusely giving insincere advice, patronizingly glad in the assurance that, whatever happened, they would n't have to be It, next time.

The game went on, punctuated by whoops of "One-two-three for me!" in the fast-thickening gloom.

Fewer and fewer grew the uncaught. Sickening fear began to possess you. Was the horrible disgrace of being It twice in succession to be yours? Your heart pounded fast. Hard came your breath as, now nerved to the uttermost, you sneaked round the house in desperate resolve to do or die.

" Yow-w-w-w!"

With a shriek of defiance, Bubby Cook flushed up, right under your very nose, from behind the dog-kennel. Off he sped toward Gool.

Half-mad with the anguish of prospective ridicule (no grown-up can know such terror!) you bounded in pursuit. Your last chance! Shame spurred you. Bobby's feet twinkled down the driveway no faster than your own. Now your straining hand almost "ticked" his shoulder!

He dodged. The others, perched on the fence, yelled encouragement to him. What? He stumbled! He caught himself—he dashed for the post!

Too late!

That second's delay had saved you. Your hand struck the post s

fraction of an instant before his! "One-t'-three f' Bub!" exploded

from your gasping mouth.

And amid the chorus of shrieks along the fence, you—sweating, trembling, winded, and wheezing on a full stomach, just as Mother had told you not to—you realized that you had escaped infamy and that somebody else was It! . . .

IV.

THOSE Evenings of Othertime, of Springtime, where are they now? Where, save in memory alone? Where else the picture of Mother, waiting, calling for you in the dark?

When, all tired and hot and eager to tell how you had been It only three times, you came to her in the soft gloom, she slid an arm about you and kissed you and never said a single word concerning fines. Remember?

Where is that other picture of her, standing on the porch, waiting, watching, with the lamp-light behind her in the doorway making a kind of misty halo such as you thought—and rightly—belonged on saints?

Those days when the year, reborn, was no more full of mystery, or promise, or vague, unformulated hopes, than your own soul? When you first loved, and lost, and wept; and in a few days wondered at it? Where?

Mais où sont les nièges d'antan?

A MAY MORNING

BY WILLIAM BAKEWELL WHARTON

THE last light veils of darkness slowly lift
And leave the hazy glow of dawning day;
Across the earth the first pure sunbeams drift
In all the warm virginity of May.

The night has washed the land with gentle rain, And now the cycle-wearied world begins Another day, fresh cleansed from ev'ry stain, Alive with hope, repentant of its sins.

And through the quick'ning hum of fields and lanes, Sounding his note of cheer without alloy, The robin, that staunch optimist, proclaims Eternal verities of joy.

THE BLOOMSBURYS' TRIP

By Matthew Baird, Jr.

RS. BLOOMSBURY stood at the front door, watching her husband start for the station to take his position among the great army of the employed. While at home, John could almost say that he belonged to the class of the idle rich, having but one boss-his better half-but in the city John had many bosses, ranging from the head clerk in his department to the president of the Great Corporation of which he fancied himself a potent factor.

He gave eight hours of his faithful services each day of the week to the Company-in fact, ten hours, counting his going and coming. He used to devote two hours in the afternoon to either shovelling snow or working in the garden, according to the dictates of the season, but that time had now been curtailed to an hour and a quarter, so as to make the evenings longer. After the evening repast, they played bridge until midnight, then followed restless slumber and intricate dreams.

The dream that most unfitted him for the next day's labor was the one where he always had J. Pierpont Morgan for a partner, and it was then he would commit an unpardonable revoke at the moment when they were eight hundred points down, and Rockefeller and Carnegie a game in and twenty-eight on the rubber. It was the loss of Mr. Morgar's confidence in this case that troubled him most and caused him to toss and turn until the soft voice of his wife, accompanied by the sweet singing of myriad birds, would tell him of the joys of another day at his desk in the big city.

The germ of bridge had inoculated John Bloomsbury and his wife in its most virulent form, and differed only from other dangerous diseases in that the limit to the course of this malady seemed to be old age and the grave. John could add a bridge-score with the dexterity of a professor of mathematics, but oh, how hard it was to sit in his office

and strike a balance from his books!

Undoubtedly, the Bloomsburys' mode of life would have been eminently more profitable had not the Thompsons taken the adjoining property and taught them bridge. John and his wife did not gamble, so that, allowing all credit where it was due, bridge augmented their savings, as it precluded any chance for frivolous expenditures, such as dinners in town, theatres, and motor-rides.

For a long time John had been able to keep bridge and business separate in his mind, but lately the two occupations had begun to blend, and it was very hard for him to explain why, in answering a letter received from the freight agent of a competing line, he used the words "double hearts" instead of "doubly hard," and "it is your lead" instead of "your fault."

John worried a great deal over this mental condition, and in a talk with his wife stated the facts to her, whereupon she decided with him

that he was working too hard and should have a rest.

As he walked down the path from the house to join two other potent factors of equally large corporations, his wife called to him:

"Above all, John, don't forget to make the 4.12. The Thompsons are coming for dinner. And bring out some new cards with you.

Good-by, dear."

After the evening's game, the score of results was entered in the ledger which was kept for that purpose, a cursory glance at which showed that had they been playing for stakes the Thompsons would not only have owned Bloomsbury's house, furniture, and front lawn, but would have had a mortgage on his salary up to the spring of his eighty-seventh year. These overwhelming figures on the wrong side of the ledger gave Bloomsbury many arguments against playing for stakes, and at the same time allowed Thompson to make the statement that he thought small stakes among friends permissible, and capable of giving an added interest to the game.

Mrs. Bloomsbury produced the chafing-dish, where three cents' worth of butter, thirty cents' worth of eggs, and a decimal-point valuation of mustard, accompanied by forty cents' worth of bottled beer, was the staggering cost of the Lucullan feast which followed their usual nightly

game.

Mrs. Thompson opened the conversation by telling how tired and nervous her husband was, due entirely, she said, to the enslaving hours that he was forced to devote to the Great Corporation. Mrs. Bloomsbury embellished the thought by giving such terms as the "grinding heel of capital," the "mulcting of men's brains for pittances," and kindred remarks, which would have made the great kings of finance doff their robes of wealth, retire from the Order of the Predatory Rich, and relegate themselves quietly to the pick-and-shovel class.

"I know," said Mrs. Bloombury, "that if it were n't for John's having the relaxation of a quiet little game of bridge in the evenings, he would have gone under long ago. All work and no play, you know," etc.

The trend of the conversation reached its logical termination in short order: vacation. Rest seemed to be the crying need, and when the Thompsons left the Bloomsburys' at one that morning, the understanding was that the two potent factors would petition the two Great Corporations for five weeks' vacation due them for the years of faithful service and arduous labors. Strange as it may seem, the two Great Corporations figured that they could still maintain business sans Thompson and Bloomsbury for five weeks. They could not hope to make money during that time, but were satisfied, for the sake of the future, to remain at a standstill for thirty-five days.

Time-tables were acquired, travel diaries were borrowed, guide-books were bought. The guide-book that pleased Mrs. Bloomsbury most was of Southern France, as it was bound exactly like "Elwell's Bridge." The middle of July found them starting on a trip to Europe.

Everybody had been so kind to them at the hour of sailing; they had many gifts, such as all the known authors on bridge, and a collection of score-pads ranging all the way from the Apollinaris advertisement to beautiful ones encased in leather covers and with little pencils hanging by varicolored ribbons; but the article that pleased them most, and that promised to make their trip profitable, was one that Thompson bought himself with his Christmas money of two years hence—a collapsible, folding bridge-table.

The voyage over was delightful; ventilation in the smoking-room was all that could be asked, and the card-tables had padded tops, which added materially to the comfort of the four excursionists. The time passed so quickly that it seemed they could scarcely have started their third rubber when they were greeted with the view of Cherbourg and the coast of sunny France.

All agreed that the trip from Cherbourg to Paris was delightful, as never before had they been on a train together long enough to play ten rubbers. Bloomsbury was especially in a jovial mood on reaching Paris, as the imaginary profits on the trip showed him four hundred and twenty-five dollars to the good.

They hastened to a guide-book-recommended hotel, where, before giving their names, they asked to have a card-table placed in one of their rooms. That evening they played bridge under new skies, and talked of the pleasures of the trip over.

"I never imagined that the ocean voyage could be so enjoyable," said Mrs. Thompson. "The only thing that marred my pleasure was when Charlie took a heart bid away from me for that weak without. You remember, don't you, dear?" she said, turning to Mrs. Bloomsbury. "I think it was the third day out. I didn't say much to him at the time, as I knew perfectly well he would n't have done it if he had n't been worn out through working for that horrible Company."

After being housed around the bridge-table for three days, John ventured to suggest seeing some of the sights of Paris, adding:

"You know, Clara, I must look up M. Le Pont, our Paris agent. I should n't dare go back to the office without having called."

"Well, for Heaven's sake, John, don't be too hasty! Can't you find out first whether he plays bridge?"

This question came to John as a command, and by hovering about the branch office and using all the Arsene Lupin, Lecoq, and Sherlock Holmes qualities within him, he discovered that M. Le Pont played bridge; furthermore, to add to John's joy, he discovered that Le Pont played Auction with the new count. After being advised of the above, John postponed his call only long enough to fumble in his wallet for

his calling card.

M. Le Pont was very glad to meet him. He spoke English well, but in the course of the conversation he let fall a remark that almost crushed John Bloomsbury. Le Pont did not know the bridge terms in English, although he knew them in German and French. His visitor concealed the disappointment this statement caused him, and, after accepting an invitation to dine with M. Le Pont the following Friday, preceding which Mme. Le Pont would call on Mrs. Bloomsbury and Mrs. Thompson, John hastened back to the hotel, to break the news to his three companions.

Most of the time between then and Friday was devoted to the study of the French bridge terms, as found in a book purchased for the purpose; and, with the aid of the chambermaid and the valet on their floor, the pronunciation of the terms was acquired with commendable skill, except for a slight nasal accent that took the place of the French meld-

ing of the consonants.

The rehearsal of the bridge terms in the carriage on the way to M. Le Pont's was run through as quickly as the final signal practice of a foot-ball team ten minutes before the annual championship, and so full was Mrs. Bloomsbury of her new-found accomplishment that she could well be pardoned, in grasping Mme. Le Pont's hand, for saying "sant à tout," instead of "bon soir." Two others had been invited to be of the party, but it seemed hours to our American friends before the finishing of the cigars and liqueurs made bridge possible.

The evening was enjoyable, but it was n't like their little foursome, so they made excuses as soon as possible, and went back to their hotel

for a few rubbers before closing another day.

Sight-seeing consisted of reading guide-books while waiting for one of the four, on different occasions, as they all had a feeling that they might be asked questions on returning home. They did go to Des Invalides one day (because Mrs. Thompson had a headache and could not play cards), and were visibly impressed with the silence and grandeur of Napoleon's tomb. Mrs. Bloomsbury stared mutely at the scene before her, and then whispered, as she clutched John by the arm, "Would n't this peace and quiet be ideal for a rubber?" while Mrs. Thompson remarked, on leaving, that it seemed really sad to think Napoleon had never even heard of the term, "odd in diamonds."

They almost saw Versailles and its playing fountains. Plans were all made to go out by taxi, so Thompson was sent to engage one. Why should that news-stand have been where it was? His eyes fell on a copy of the English magazine that had "bridge problems" in the back, so they missed Versailles. "But," as Clara Bloomsbury said that evening, "it probably would have rained had we gone, and, besides, I 'm told the fountains don't play every day, and to-day is just likely as not to have been one of those days."

They talked of Venice, but a "grand slam" meant more to them than any Grand Canal. They did get tickets for the opera, but played so late that afternoon that when the game was ended they barely had time to slip into their clothes and reach the opera, dinnerless, and the first act half over. In the carriage they had discussed the playing of the last hand, and really became quite heated, as was evidenced during a beautiful soft aria of the prima donna, when Mrs. Thompson said in a hoarse whisper:

"I could n't have led my King, as Clara had a Queen, Ace."

The curtain fell on the first act, and the argument became so heated that they there and then decided to return at once to the hotel and replay the hand. Many more hands followed, until daylight surprised them and they were reminded of the necessity of sleep.

All were looking forward to the trip through Switzerland, with its wonderful scenery, but, unfortunately, John Bloomsbury played his cards so badly on the train that Mrs. Bloomsbury missed seeing the Alps—she had constantly to watch him for fear of a revoke.

So the trip progressed, and they were playing their three hundredth rubber as the big vessel slowly pushed her prow into the slip at New York. The passengers had all left, the custom officials were almost through, when four belated passengers rushed down the gangway, one of the party clutching in his hand two decks of cards and the score of an unfinished rubber.

The carriage drew up in front of the Thompsons', and Clara Bloomsbury, in taking leave, called to Mrs. Thompson, who had walked on ahead:

"Good-by, Alice dear. Come over as soon as you finish supper, and we 'll complete the rubber. I don't suppose we saw as much of Europe as some of the regular globe-trotters, but I know the rest did the boys lots of good."



FROM THE LAND OF THE UNBORN

Suggested by the scene in Maeterlinck's "Blue Bird," called "In the Kingdom of the Future"

By Norma Bright Carson

AM not wanted. In the night the great King had said that I might go down for a little first visit to her who was to be my mother. I was so happy; for once, in the days when it was decided that I was to become an earth-child, my angel guardian drew upon the clouds pictures of Her. In the Land of the Unborn it is the custom for our souls to know something of the things that have happened in the lives of those to whom we go, and the pictures I saw were pictures I could love, and I did love them, and loved, too, the beautiful one who was the central figure in them all.

First there was a dainty golden-haired child, whose laughter was like the tinkle of the tiny silver bells that the birds ring at the gate of the city when a child-soul goes forth to the earth. Then there was a slender, blue-eyed girl, who sat high up in a cherry-tree and pelted with cherry-stones a bright-cheeked boy as he stood below and begged her to come down to him or else let him come up to her. She laughed when he grew angry, but she hid her face and wept when, in a temper, he walked away and would not turn for all her coaxing.

It was the same boy, older grown, who kissed the same girl, also older, in the same orchard, when the night was bright with moonlight and the stars were singing. He was very tender and she was very sweet—her soft arms clasped themselves around his neck, and her bright lips answered his in meeting. I saw their soul-shadows traced upon the sky in rainbow colors, with a smaller shadow between them. And this other shadow—it was I. In that moment they too saw it, and they dreamed a dream around it; and the love-light shone so softly on their faces, gleamed so tenderly, that I knew they wanted me.

But the years have gone since that troth-kiss was given, and the sweet-faced girl has grown into a lovely woman, while the boy is now a grave-eyed man. There were no other pictures, only shadows, and I was sad, for up here in the Kingdom those things worry us. Yet I dared not ask a question. And yesterday, as I sat upon a cloud-edge and watched the worlds go whirling, wondering about that one bright world below me where I soon should dwell, the Master called me to Him. He is such a gentle Master—once, they say, He lived upon this strange, far world Himself; and then He called the children to Him, and rebuked those others who had wanted all the little ones sent away. "Of such is the kingdom"—so He told them, for He too had been a little child, and had known the great, good love of God the Father.

So He called me to Him, and told me that to-morrow I might go upon the Earth-Boat, and that when it stopped to leave its cargo I might step upon my world and have one little hour near my mother. For the angel of announcement was to go, and often then we child-souls are permitted a little glimpse of the world-place in which we are to live.

I went, and it was a glorious going. There were quite a number of us—all small, white souls—some gay, some sad, for we have to part sometimes with dearest friends. But to each child-soul the King had given some gift—one carried a little box of purest essence, known as Hope; one had Peace; another bore a tiny golden lyre, on which he sang the song of Heaven; and still another had a shining quill from an angel's wing, with which he drew strange figures on the clouds that passed us.

Down we went, and down, and all the worlds were swinging, singing; here we stopped, and there, to send a small soul flying; and finally it was my turn, and, wrapped beneath the angel's wing, I found myself swinging from the deck.

But we found Her who was so soon to be my mother weeping, her sweet mouth drawn, her tender voice complaining, even when the mangrown boy who loved her held her in his arms and tried to comfort her. It was a beautiful house—I did not know things on the earth could be so beautiful—but I felt very small and cold within it. For the fires of Love seemed not to burn so brightly—there were shadows cast upon the flames, shadows of Selfishness, and Pride, and Desire for Pleasure. How those shadows hurt me! For I needed so the fire's warmth, and yet each time I drew near to it, I could feel their sharp wings brushing against me, and I grew faint with fear.

But then I looked again at Her, and it came to me that those who were my foes were her foes, too. For I saw that her eyes were sad; indeed, they were fear-haunted, like the eyes of one who suddenly sees something strange, untried, before her, and lacks the courage to confront it. And then I knew how it happened that she did not want me, for I saw how she had forgotten all those things she had learned when she was in the Kingdom, letting the pleasures of the life here take the

place of the sweet dreams God had given her. I realized something of what it all means—this prisoning of soul within a body; this growing bit by bit away from God and things eternal because one can no longer hear or see save from afar; until presently the last, frail link that binds one to that other realm is broken. Shall I too grow so devoted to the shell that soon will house me? Shall the Master's voice grow faint, the colors of the Kingdom fade and vanish? Now indeed am I oppressed with sorrow. I do not think I want to be an earth-child. Only—something stirred me as I looked upon that sweet, pale face. If only I could be the means of bringing Heaven to this home where now the fires of Love burn dimly; where the shadows of the demon-world play havoc with the flames that should be golden.

We have come back to the Kingdom, and now I know I am not wanted, for the angel was received with weeping. I was very sad and downcast, but the Master saw me and came to comfort me. I am not the first, He tells me, sent into the Earth-World, who was not wanted. Often child-souls are not welcome—just at first. But God needs messengers to go unto His children, and He holds us forth—His olive-branches—proffering sweet peace and tender promise.

It seems that centuries ago God made a garden, which He filled with sunshine and with birds and flowers. It was such a pretty garden that He made a man and a woman to enjoy it, and He gave them to each other. He told them that they could be happy in the garden if they would obey Him, but they did not, and so He had to send them forth. Then they were very sorry, and God too was sorry, for He loved them. But He sent a little angel for their comfort, and in this way the first child-soul was born to human life upon the earth.

But souls made men soon learned to love their earthly habitation, and the memories of the age-old Kingdom grew dim. Often they used the gifts of God for their own glory, forgetting who had given them or what had been His purpose. And yet, because they were His children, God went on loving and forgiving, and devising ways by which to make them love Him better, till at last He even sent the Master to be one of them. But they hated Him, for all His goodness, and they hurt Him, yet even this the great King had forgiven, making to the world this promise: that they who would just believe that the Good Teacher, Jesus, was indeed the Son of God, should one day come again to Heaven, when that other world should be no more, and all should once again be souls as we are, and as souls should forever live.

I learned to-day that I am not to go to the world in the Earth-Boat. I shall be carried down in the arms of my own angel. Why, I do not

know, although every now and then a small soul has been sent this way. And always the child has borne some special gift from the King.

I have been summoned to the King. I am to have my gift, and the Master has taken me by the hand to lead me to the Father—only once in a long while does a child go into that Presence, and then only when commanded.

The time for me to leave the Kingdom is drawing near. I have said farewell to all the things I love. I shall never again know the joy of riding on a swinging cloud, wind-driven; I shall never pluck another posy in the garden of the stars. Yesterday I sailed over the sky's blue sea in my little cloud-boat, and played at shooting birds with sunbeam arrows. Suddenly I found myself in a sea of shadows; darkness veiled the light, and cloud struck cloud with crashes. But the search-lights of the guardian-angels flashed athwart the blackness, pointing out the homeward way to those of us who roamed the storm-swept sky. I shall know no more the wild exhilaration of those moments when my boat so swiftly bore me through that misty sea of silver, with its shadows tossed about and heaped together by the winds, as, maddened, they went rushing through the dark, tumultuous spaces in their wild race toward the worlds below.

Yesterday, too, I watched for the last time while the angel host painted one of God's sunsets—painted it in red and violet, green and blue and orange. And to-day, very early—when the Dawn-Car was made ready for its journey—my own dear angel, who has always cared for me, called to me softly. It was his turn to drive the car from the Kingdom, and he would have me go with him to fling apart the rosytinted curtains of the morning, where each day the sun goes riding through from the celestial city. And the saying goes that some there are in the worlds below who, gifted with a special gift of hearing, wake to listen to the faint, far echoes of the angels' chorus as it sings the Dawn-Song when the City's gates are opened.

The greatest experience of my existence—and I do not remember when I began—is just over. I have lived in the revelation of what the world will be. I have stood where the kingdom of the future unrolls its vivid scrolls against skies bright with promise and against skies dark with sorrows. I have seen men's souls working out their destinies in places apart, while their bodies did a different master's will. If I realized before something of the lack of harmony that exists between earth-bodies and the souls that go from this place to abide with and in them, now I know the possibilities involved in such discord.

There was a picture-one of many-where the men and the women

of the world danced together. The place was gay with flowers, dazzling with lights. Our own skies, starlighted, could scarcely be more brilliant, and I even heard the music that had set their feet a-twinkling and their bodies to a rhythmic swaying. Wonderful were they in garments strange but lovely—beautiful almost as angels seemed those women. But a world within a world revealed the shadows of their spirits, hovering close beside their bodies, mocking, for the shadows frowned while red lips smiled; the shadows bristled hatred while voices uttered falsely intimations of friendship, admiration, love. But lips were seen, the pleasant words were heard; the souls remained invisible, doing their dire hurt each to the other and to themselves. Yet here and there a soul showed white and upright and clear-smiling, and its shadow grew very close to the body that was meant to home it and that recognized its claim.

She who will be my mother was among the gayest in all that company. But her soul showed its strong distaste for that which bodily she feigned so to enjoy; showed its weakness to defy the tempting offers of a world so radiant; showed the fear with which she viewed her own real spirit, and the cruelty with which she banished its perplexities and problems. Small wonder that she, the well-beloved though she may be, should stand aghast before the miracle of Heaven that will bring her me. And this is why the King is sending me—to bring her spirit that

tender healing which it needs.

I knelt before the Presence, in a circle of white radiance so pure that I could scarcely stand it. And I heard a voice speaking to me from the space beyond the light. Those words shall never leave me-though I may not speak them save to my own soul. But there was that glory which baptized me to a mission in the world to which I go-a mission wonderfully enthralling. Ever shall I recall the ineffably sweet singing that seemed to fill the spaces round me as the Master bound a sparkling jewel on my forehead-the jewel I shall wear when I go from the Kingdom, as my gift from God. It is, the Master told me, this great, deep-hearted jewel in which the very essence of the rainbow seems indwelling, the touchstone of Immortal Youth-a jewel that gives a memory of the bright eternal Spring that rules throughout the Kingdom. Memories are these that wake response to God's good loving, to the Master's own sweet tenderness, and to the purity and beauty of the souls of little children who are those which make the Master's Kingdom. In the limpid lakes of fire that keep the jewel shining, men's souls are burned to cleansing, kindled to new strength of holiness; in those wondrous colors souls are bathed to dreams of things real and things eternal. He who wears the jewel teaches to love by lovingoh, what a gift is this! With humbleness adoring must I wear it.

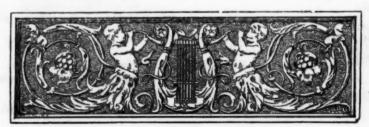
I am ready to go. The Master has blessed me and has set His kiss

upon me. It is the moment for my far flight. The others have gathered to say farewell; my angel, with bright wings, is waiting for me. My mantle of clouds enfolds me; dear Kingdom and gentle Master, farewell!

I must have fallen asleep, for I seem to have wakened in darkness. Somehow, I feel very different, and the Kingdom seems far away. My angel has left me. . . I can see nothing. . . . I am just a little afraid.

Yes, I have been born—as I suppose thousands of other child-souls have been. It is all exceedingly strange. I feel sad, for everything around me seems so near and I am cramped. I wish I had a star to play with, or a cloud to ride upon. But here there are no stars, no clouds, no music—only harsh, terrible sounds. A great giantess that they call a nurse pets and pats me, and talks to me in an unknown way. He whom I shall call my father came to see me, but he looked so frightened that in my heart I laughed. And now I am hungry—though I am not sure that I know what hungry is.

At last I have lain against my mother's breast. And I feel so very little. But I am beginning to like the world, to like my new little hands and feet. And it makes me laugh to see how carefully they all hold me, as if I were the fabric of a dream. It is nice, though, to be so small and precious-and I am happy now. For, you see, I know she loves me. When they first put me down beside her I was frightened-I could not stand aside now and pity her-for now I need her, and if she did not love me I hardly know what I should do. But then I just remembered what God had told me-the things I may not tell but which I never shall forget—and so I snuggled down against my nice, warm mother, and in that instant I felt her put her arm around me, and I dared to look at her. And do you know, the love-light shone straight through her great blue eyes? And then I saw her turn her face to Him who loves her, and I knew another joy. For her eyes to Him were proud and deeply tender. So now I know she wants me and is happy, and I am very, very glad.



THE UNEXPECTED EXPRESS PACKAGE

By Daisy Vandenbark

NE warm afternoon Mrs. Mylius was aroused from her siesta by the loud whistle of the speaking-tube to her apartments in The Pamlico—third floor front, suite 15. Inquiry elicited the fact that it was the expressman.

After donning her blue kimono, Mrs. Mylius languidly opened the door just enough to allow her right hand to take the expected package, while clinging with the left to the inside knob for support. Instead, a receipt-book was thrust under her nose, and a grimy forefinger pointed to the word "signature." She wrote her name—and then found that the charges, thirty-nine dollars and forty cents, were guaranteed by the sender.

"Why, what makes it cost so much?" she inquired. Her mother was in the habit of sending cakes and jellies to her, leaving the express charges to be paid by the daughter. But Mrs. Mylius thought there must be some mistake about this bill—that the amount should be either thirty-nine cents, or, at the most, three dollars and ninety-four cents.

"Faith, mum, by the pound it counts up, as the company intends it should," explained the expressman. "The signs in the building says that pets of any kind ain't allowed, so I left her down on the sidewalk, because of that, and because of her size."

"What are you talking about? I hope no one has sent me a cat or a dog, or anything like that." She walked over to the window and beheld—an uneasy cow in crated quarters!

"Moo-oo! Moo-oo-oo!" With projecting head and dilating nostrils, the strange gift seemed to be looking up at suite 15 for sympathy and help.

"It is—yes, it is Susie!" exclaimed Mrs. Mylius, much mystified, as she recognized the choice family possession.

" Moo-oo! Moo-oo-oo!"

"Whatever possessed Mother to send me Susie!"

"Moo-oo! Moo-oo-oo!" Two boys of the gathering crowd were boldly poking their fingers through the crossed boards.

"Thirty-nine dollars and forty cents, you say?" Mrs. Mylius hesi-

tated no longer, but drew from behind the clock her forty dollars rent money—thankful that the rent had not yet been paid. Each "Moo-oo-oo!" went to her tender heart.

"Now, lady, if ye have any place ye want me to put her, just say the word, and me and the driver will get her up here in spite of the regulations." The expressman had followed Mrs. Mylius inside and was measuring with his eye the space occupied by the piano.

"Oh, no, we could n't have Susie in here." Then she laughed as the line of the Irish ditty, "They kept the cow in the parlor," ran through her head. "Never mind, my husband will know of some place to put her."

Mrs. Mylius telephoned for her husband to come home immediately, but the type-writers in the office were making such a noise that he could n't understand very well. Finally, he made out that his mother-in-law had sent them some chow-chow—there was nothing he liked better on cold meat—and that he must come home to find a place for it. He knew his wife had n't been well since spring, and little things upset her. He thought she was worried about the refrigerator's being so small. Then, too, he remembered that it was Lazzie's afternoon off.

As he neared home he heard the cries of an obstinate, trapped animal —" Moo-oo-oo!"—in the midst of a curious crowd of onlookers; so he stopped to see what was going on.

"Why, it's a cow!" Mr. Mylius remarked in a surprised voice.

"Sure it's a cow, mister, with real horns," volunteered a gamin.

"Where is the owner? He ought to be run in! It's cruelty to animals to permit a creature to be penned up like that." He glared at the

"Moo-oo-oo!" seconded his remarks.

"Here's a letter tucked under this board, but I could n't make out the writin'," a youngster said.

"Awh! g'long. It's for Mrs. Robert Mylius," bragged another.

throng, while through his mind ran copy for a scorching editorial.

Snatching the envelope, Mr. Mylius darted into The Pamlico. From the dusky passageway of his apartment, he beheld Kate sitting by the parlor window, intently watching the cow.

"Is that you, Bob?" she called. "I saw you looking at Susie, but could n't make out what you were saying. Those boys down there are just awful."

"You saw me looking at Susie? Susie who?" he blankly asked as he handed his wife the epistle. They read it together.

DEAR LITTLE KATIE:

I have been thinking of you so much there in that sweltering city, and you feeling so miserable. I am sending you Susie as a surprise—her good, pure milk will make you strong, and I can easily do without her as I have another cow. Since your visit in the spring, Susie has

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seemed so lonesome she needs you, and you need her. Just one look at Susie will help you. When do you intend going to the seashore? Ever your loving mother, oosoo! went to her

TOOK SALLEN ve have any place ye want me to put hor, just say the Bewildered, Mr. Mylius scratched his head for inspiration. At length, "Your mother did it for the best," he ventured; "but what are aring with his eye the space occupied by the swo a diw ob ot sprion ew

"Mother wants to know when we are leaving for the seashore, andand, Bob, I-I had to take the rent money to pay for Susie's transporher head, " Never mind, my londand will know of some place". noitat

After hearing the story of the afternoon, Mr. Mylius comforted his Wife to the best of his ability. tadand red not benedquest suity M. arM.

"Never mind that. We can't splurge so much at the resort, that's all. My vacation begins six weeks from to-day. Then we shall leave this hot flat for a time, and really enjoy life." Everything he did was for Kate. He had been urging her to go away from the heat of the city. but she stubbornly refused to leave him. Bob patted her thin cheek as he continued: "Meanwhile we must take care of that blessed cow."

"Maybe she'll prove a blessing in disguise," answered Kate, trying to As he neared home he heard the ones of an obstitute, tra furresh ed

In the back of the telephone-book, Mr. Mylius consulted the classified list for cows' boarding-houses, but there were none advertised. Kate listlessly suggested the livery-stables. W.M. all "I woo a a ti yally "

"There are n't very many livery-stables-people nowadays ride in automobiles," he added, catching sight of a very short livery list.

Alphabetically, he began 'phoning them. They were either filled or the proprietors were prejudiced against cows. At last he found one who would accommodate him for twenty-five dollars a month, in advance, but as there was no boy to send after the animal, the owner would have to bring her himself. the writin, a youngster said.

Mr. Mylius went up into the laundry, and in his locker found a trunkstrap to use as a halter; then, after borrowing a hatchet from the janitor, he felt ready to free Susie from her cage. and to yawonesand yakub add

While the assistant city editor of The Blade was knocking off the confining slats, he was planning to lead the cow with dignity down the avenue; but Susie jumped out of the box and preceded him at a furious clip—the whole length of the clutched strap and of his own horizontal five feet, ten inches. Mr. Mylius shrieked and implored the cow to stop, but a hurricane would be as open to reason. They passed many things of which Mr. Mylius had no recollection. He had ceased shouting and was desperately holding on for the finish, when, with a snort of joy, Susie headed for the watering-trough which stood just inside a liverygood, pure milk will noke you strong, and I can carrly do, roof

It proved to be the barn to which he had intended taking her, fortu-

nately. After gaining her Mecca, the cow became as gentle as a lamb, and was soon visibly swelling from the prolonged drink.

"You ought n't to let her have so much, all het up like she is," commented the liveryman.

Susie gazed at him with reproachful eyes as she buried her nose more deeply into the water.

"I—guess—it—won't—hurt—her," panted Mr. Mylius, as he paid for Susie's first month's board.

Then he dragged himself home and cleaned up the mess of boards and nails, took his bath, and ate his dinner with a weary relish. He was enjoying a cigar, and the slight breeze from the window, when the telephone-bell rang.

It was the liveryman, who informed him that his cow seemed to be in great pain, as if she had colic, or appendicitis, or something. Mr. Mylius instructed him to call in a veterinary surgeon at once. He himself would come down right away.

Because of a picnic, scheduled cars were not running, and it was forty minutes later when he arrived. In the meantime the veterinary surgeon had been there and gone, leaving a bill for five dollars, and the prescription to—milk the cow.

"Why in thunder did n't you know what was the matter, without having to call a veterinary surgeon?" cried the irate owner.

"Because I never thought to consider that she was a cow. When a horse yells like that, I know somethin' is the matter with him, especially if when all het up he drinks as much as your cow did this afternoon."

"Moo-oo-oo! Moo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo!"

"There, did n't you hear her? Would n't you say somethin' is the matter with her?" exulted the liveryman.

"Hear her! Of course I hear her. Do you suppose I'm deaf? What ails her now, after she's been milked?"

"She ain't been milked. No one here knows how."

"Why did n't that doctor milk her?"

"He said his time was too valuable for that."

Mr. Mylius said some unprintable words.

"I dunno as we want a cow in the stable, any way—they make so much racket," continued the man. "The neighbors will be complainin' if this keeps up. I'd just as lief you'd take her along."

Mr. Mylius calmed down. Along with his other troubles, he did n't want Susie to be out of sleeping quarters. He humbly promised to find a milker as soon as possible.

Not knowing where he was going, Mr. Mylius started down the street. He was in the midst of a residence district when from a comfortable

Nown a side street and at a safe distance from Hercules, he was award

white house he saw a buxom lass emerge. There seemed no better way of finding a milker than by asking people, so he accosted her.

"Pardon me, but I have a cow in the livery-stable that has to be

milked to-night. If you'll do me the favor-"

"Sure, I'll do ye the favor"—she shook a bellicose fist at him as she hurried on—"I'll do ye the favor to call a policeman who is me own beau to protect me from the likes of ye!"

"But you don't understand-"

"Ye'll understand, begorra, if ye don't lave me alone. There's Mike now." She broke into a run, and though he was no coward, Mr. Mylius deemed it wise to walk briskly in another direction.

A little farther on, he saw a youth leaning against a telegraph pole. "Do you know how to milk, or do you know of any one around here

who does know how to milk?" demanded Mr. Mylius.

"'Do you know how to milk," the youth repeated thoughtfully, "'or do you know of any one who does know how to milk?' I give it up—that's new to me. What's the answer?"

Disgusted with such a blockhead, Mr. Mylius addressed a flashy individual who was looking at the perfumes in a drug-store window.

"Awh! pardon me, do you know how to milk?"

Wheeling suddenly, the stranger heartily slapped him on the back. "Say. I'm next. What secret initiation are you up against?"

Mr. Mylius was n't discouraged. He stationed himself on a corner, and, under the full glare of the electric light, questioned all seemingly verdant passers. Some thought he was harmless, others that he had an evil look about the eye. A man in a natty brown suit boasted that he had a friend who knew how to milk.

"Where does he live?" begged Mr. Mylius.

"On the other side of the city"—the interlocutor was walking away with Mr. Mylius at his heels—"but at present he is cruising in the Mediterranean."

Mr. Mylius was exasperated. He felt that it was no time for jokes. He gave his attention to a Hercules with bushy whiskers and big, coarse hands and feet, coming toward him. He used the formula, even going into details, while the Hercules gazed at him steadily.

"Young man, I've been watching you for some time. Your conduct may be inoffensive to the average citizen, but you should be made to see the error of your drunken ways." With his hand at the back of Mr. Mylius's collar, he was shoving him toward a patrol-box.

"You're mistaken. These people about here think that I---"

"There, there! Don't get violent," soothed the Hercules, raising his hand to give the alarm.

Mr. Mylius saved himself by a muscular wrench and swift flight. Down a side street and at a safe distance from Hercules, he was aware that his collar, from the enlarged buttonholes, bobbed to his chin; that his shirt was rent; and that his coat was partially ripped in the middle back-seam with a spreading "V" opening. As he walked on, he removed the collar and tie, and fastened a handkerchief around his neck, hoping the triangular ends would cover the gap.

Later, he found himself in an unsavory part of the town. Many of the shops were entered by basement steps, and foreigners predominated. Saloons and cheap venders with cheaper goods held the right of way. He cautiously approached a lone woman, sentinel to an apple-stall. He thought that she would surely know of some one who could milk, and, as a diplomatic preliminary, he bought a couple of apples.

"I have never tasted finer fruit," he confidentially blarneyed, with his right elbow on the counter. "It is so hard to get good apples."

"Yes, so good and so cheap are my apples. For six, I sells for fifteen cents, and for twelve, only twenty-five. It is money to me so little, I sells so cheap."

"I'll take a dozen. I have a pet cow who would like some apples, I'm sure." He watched her narrowly, to see if she were agitated at the word "cow."

"A cow you have yet? How nice that is! I once a cow had, too. Long ago it was." Her eyes shadowed with the reminiscence, while Mr. Mylius gripped the counter to steady himself.

"I have been trying to find a milker for her"—he was using the tone of a parent inquiring about a reliable nurse for his offspring. "You don't happen to know of any one I can get, do you?"

"To milk I should like, if it should be worth the while my trouble yet."

He gave an expurgated account of his difficulties, and the frau offered her services twice a day, she to take the milk for her pay, allowing Mr. Mylius a quart a milking. To-night, however, she demanded a dollar besides, because she had to close her stall an hour earlier and so would miss customers. Under the circumstances, Mr. Mylius considered this a good bargain, although he had seen no one buying or showing any intention of doing so.

He helped the woman, with her two-gallon bucket, on the street-car. She found a seat inside, while he stayed out on the platform, trying to look as if he did n't know the woman with the shawl over her head. His attitude fooled no one, however, for every time the car stopped she would lean over and anxiously ask, "Ain't we already to the place come yet?" If he seemed oblivious, she would use a piercing inflection, so that he was compelled to answer. After five such experiences, he forestalled the question by a negative shake of his head in the doorway when people got off. The passengers tittered, and the frau's escort was exceedingly uncomfortable by the time they reached their destination.

In the barn Susie was on a rampage, but at once she seemed to recognize a benefactor. Gut vilating saw too and tadt has tong new trible and

"Can you tell when Susie was milked last?" asked Mr. Mylius.

"This morning was she half-way milked," the woman replied, with a critical glance. "The apples give me." who bloom about ratinguists out

Mr. Mylius reluctantly handed over the sack and departed, leaving car-tickets and his address. The frau's boy would deliver Mylius's milk the next day, their add blod shoop requests they evolve quests but should

Tired but triumphant, the perspiring husband arrived home, and was greeted with "Bob dear, after you left, I wondered if Susie did n't need milking. We forgot why Mother sent the cow." I had been all and light a hi

"Yes, we were foolish, but then, we had so many things to think of. But oh, the rest of the people here! Half of them never heard of cow, outside of a spelling-book. I believe they think milk is manufactured, like catsup or olive oil." He threw himself into the rocking-chair beside the couch where his wife was lying, and embellished the story for her edification.

"A white elephant is n't in it with a Jersey cow!" sympathized Kate, looking at the drawn lines about Bob's mouth. "Poor Mother thought she was doing me a kindness. Dear boy, I am sorry-"

"Don't worry about me. Wait until you get some of that pure country milk. Seeing Susie has helped you-you look better already."

"I feel better, just through being remembered by Mother, even in this way. It was so like her!" And they laughed, though he was thinking how much the cow had already cost him. As for their two weeks' vacation, perhaps they would n't be able to afford to stop at the four-dollar-aday hotel they had planned.

The next morning-stiff, sore, and sleepy-he went to work. He was not able to throw off the effects of his experiences of the day before, and when night came he felt even worse. Home never seemed so nice and inviting to him as when he put on his slippers and leaned back in his arm-chair. At dinner he swamped his peaches in cream.

"Have you been drinking Susie's milk to-day, Kate?"

"Bob, that horrid boy never came! This is the same we've been He helped the woman, with her two gallon backs! ". gnola light getting all along."

Mr. Mylius pushed aside his peaches, for he felt that he had been cheated. "I can't understand it. I'm dead tired, but I'm going down there and have it out with that woman. Where is the bucket, Kate? This time I'll bring some milk home myself." Visionera but anyo and

"Give Mr. Mylius the bucket in the pantry, Lizzie—the one with the lid. And, Bob, you might bring home enough milk for Lizzie to make some ice-cream in the morning." and and to minds avilagen a vd nolleans.

"Counting last night's milk and to-day's, there ought to be enough coming to me for that." I wall buleace wall and all ve aldated nevert

He found the apple frau energetically mopping her two by six counter. She hardly glanced at him as he made his complaint. It was bloods to the

should him pay. Such a good boy he is." of roll and soll and soll

"But I gave you car-tickets. Why didn't he use them if it is so far?" aft mi "har univolled add betream suity if all gain beau add.

"Lieber Gott! Those tickets mine they are, and he the cash wants."

From principle, Mr. Mylius, did n't intend to pay out another cent.

He would rather come after the milk himself, and emphatically told her so as she measured it.

He took the bucket carefully, but as he walked along liquid decorated the sides, like icicles hanging from a roof. The car was n't crowded, but he preferred the platform. Another man, who was smoking, did too, and his coat caught a few spurts as the car suddenly stopped. Mr. Mylius saw what had happened, but he was n't brave enough to tell. When he got off, though, and was turning a corner, he met his Waterloo, or rather Milkaloo—he bumped into a fat gentleman. No injury was done to him, save a white splattered pancake on his left shoe and a nickel dot on his right, yet nevertheless he used frightful expletives. Mr. Mylius's clothes were a sight. He looked like a hitching-post which had been whitewashed by a small boy. He tried to apologize to the fat gentleman, but how can one who is hysterical and soaked in rich Jersey milk pacify another in a ranting passion? When Mr. Mylius got home, his wife took him for a tramp.

of milk as a sort of card. but it seems solve real years builties of aA

"Bob!" she gasped, then wisely smothered her feelings as he sank into a chair. After a while, when he was enveloped in a bath-robe, Kate heard the tale.

"It is awful how much Susie has cost us—to say nothing of the condition of your clothes last night and to-night," Kate said. Then she took pencil and paper and began itemizing the account. "I think we had better sell her."

Would your mother object?" Bob interposed weakly.

"Object? Of course not. Mother is n't a fool, and she'll understand when I explain. Just look at this."

The took the slip of paper and read. Inoda doorn on one of doby flags

Express	. \$39.40	DHE	
Board her, shooted odd goods boroni, radi as . willows .	25.00		
V. S. 14	5.00	ods	
Milking	1.00	diar	
Car-tickets, apples, and sundries	2.00	Alt.	
Cost to clothes (low estimate)	. 54.00	2 11/1	
you what they would be dead one toot. There are toots			

"Good heavens! that is a lot, is n't it?"

"I should say it is, when we have no lot for Susie—neither money nor grass. Mother did n't know the trouble and expense a cow would be to a flat-dweller. Her house is surrounded by several acres, and she imagines we have the same thing in the city."

The next day Mr. Mylius inserted the following "ad." in the paper:

FOR SALE.—Jersey cow; practically your own price.

A dairyman bought her for twenty-eight dollars. She was worth seventy dollars, and Mylius could easily have gotten fifty for her had he waited.

At the livery stable he tried to get back some of Susie's board money, but the liveryman told him he was n't doing business that way. Mr. Mylius called him a highway robber. "She has only been here three days," he complained, "and you want twenty-five dollars for that?"

"Well, seein' how you feel about it, and bein' as you're a newspaper man, I'll tell you what I'll do: I'll let you take eighteen dollars' hire

of horse and buggy, if you want to."

Mr. Mylius was not pleased with his bargain, but it was better than giving away all that money. He made a special trip to the apple-woman's to tell her that the agreement between them was terminated, and the experience was about as unpleasant as discharging a cook. She had bought a dozen tumblers, and was selling pure country milk at five cents a glass.

"Himmel! already moneys so much was I making. A poor woman you rob! My friends here I shall tell, and the law will find you out yet."

As he skulked away, her voice arose in loud lamentations.

At home Mr. Mylius reviewed the day's events to his wife. In the midst of elucidating the baseness of the liveryman, he stopped, surprised at his wife's radiant face.

"Bob, will he really let us take the remainder of Susie's board in drives? Won't that be lovely! We can have so many picnics together, just you and I." In ecstasy, she threw her arms about his neck.

He flushed at his own stupidity. It had been a long time since Kate had been enthusiastic about anything. "Drives? Have you been want-

ing to drive all summer, dear?"

"I never thought about driving until the liveryman suggested it. I really don't care so much about the hotel at the seashore—we can have

such good times here."

The next evening, as they jogged along the by-roads and Bob saw the faint flush on Kate's cheek, he realized what had been the matter with her—she needed the drives and the fresh air. "I have been as blind as a Circleville bat," he said. "That cow was a blessing in disguise, and your mother was right. 'Just one look at Susie will help you'!" And they, enjoying the simple life, laughed.

THE BLACK SHEEP'S FOLD

By Eugene Boylan

POR the third time that morning Dan Cox's mother stepped into the bay window and watered the fuchsia. Mechanically her thin, rheumatic hands moved over the pyramidal iron stand and made a bit more space between the maidenhair and the bronze foliage plant. Meanwhile, a guarded backward glance assured her that the Captain was safely unobservant behind his weekly paper. She reached carefully by the delicate calla and raised the yellow window-shade. Sunshine fell about her and brought out the faded magenta streaks in the rag rug at her feet.

Again disappointment. No new object in the view since, two hours before, a column of smoke had drifted away between the distant church steeple and the grain elevator. Surely there had been time for a man to walk out to the farm since the train's arrival. But no human figure came out of the wood lot where the road emerged. The woman's wistful gaze shifted to the red iron bridge and on to where the tall osage hedge again obscured the highway. This was the third day of her silent, secret watching. It was the last hour, the last minute her confidence could endure.

Down again came the window-shade, and a trembling hand brushed the petals from a geranium. She stood in the softer light, old and bent, at her feet the rug with its shredded mementos of many historic garments. That blue streak was made of Danny's first long trousers. Her thoughts flowed backward, and she forgot her husband's presence while her unwary lips moved to the words:

"If I only had faith like a mustard-seed, I could bring him back."
"How's that, Martha?" Captain Cox took off his spectacles,
apparently somehow for the betterment of his hearing.

"I was just saying to myself," began Mrs. Cox—"I was just a-sayin' to myself—that the plaster's all come loose where the roof's leaked through."

Her husband hastily replaced his glasses, and with much decision brought the newspaper close to his eyes. After a moment he replied:

"I know, Martha, the whole place's running down. I manage to get the cistern cleaned out, and wait half a month for it to rain again;

then when the rain does come, the eaves troughs are clogged up, and we lose it all. I'm getting so old and stiff I can't get about to look after things. This morning I had to climb on a box to bridle Prince, for the rheumatism in my shoulder. It's getting along time when I need a son."

Mrs. Cox looked up quickly, but only to see an obdurate tuft of iron-gray hair protruding above the outspread sheet, and hard, stubby fingers crumpling the edge on either side. She brought her workbasket and sat rocking a moment abstractedly, her worn hands folded over the burnished scissors and the yellow wooden darning-egg. There was a mist upon her glasses, and her head bowed as she tried to thread a needle.

Inch by inch the Captain's paper had been lowered, disclosing his bushy eyebrows, his high cheek-bones and prominent chin beard. He gazed a full minute at the drooping head with its decorous coil of yellow-white hair. Then very quietly he arose and left the room.

A half-hour had passed when Mrs. Cox turned over the stocking in her hands and dropped it in despair. She had darned two sides together. But at that moment a friendly voice spoke—the voice of the clock striking. The old gray dial had been her sole confident and aid in counting away the years and months, the days and hours. This morning its face had seemed to shine more brightly; and that brightness was still upon it.

"I've been doubting." Mrs. Cox arose abruptly with the words on her lips. "I believe—" Without speaking the object of her conviction, she stepped again to the bay window. Reaching carefully over the plants, she once more raised the shade and glanced under. It slipped from her nerveless fingers and snapped up to the roller, letting in a flood of bright light. Her arm fell crushingly upon the calls

as she leaned eagerly, excitedly, forward.

The stout figure of a man had appeared on the rising embankment of the red bridge. He paused a moment to look toward the house, but presently made an abrupt movement of quick certainty, and, leaving the road, descended the graded bank to the barbed wire fence. There was a trace of path under his feet, marking approach to a spring. The man crawled guardedly between the distended wires, disengaged a hostile barb from his shoulder, and came to the edge of the pool. He stooped as if to drink, then looked searchingly about his feet. He found it, whatever it was, plucked it from the earth, and raised it to his mouth. With that, he got his feet astride the tiny, trickling rivulet, availed his hands of some favorable stones, and slowly lowered his thick chest with steady command of hard muscles.

All this Mrs. Cox beheld while her colorless lips parted and closed, at first mutely.

The screen door of the back kitchen slammed noisily. There was the cluttering sound of a wooden bucket dropped upon the floor by a tired hand, and then Captain Cox called his wife's name in a voice of scant breath. "Martha, the bottom board 's come loose where I fixed it under the wire mesh, and the chickens are all over the garden again. You'll have to help me; there's no one else"-this last with a sigh audible at the distance. "Martha!"

"Godfrey," the wife called back in a thin, shrill voice, "Godfrey,

Captain Cox stepped about, looking for a spot on which I mid s' it The Captain's boots clumped several times heavily, and he appeared in the doorway. "Who's him?" he asked, and looked further ques-

tions from his sharp gray eyes.
"It's Danny, Father—Danny, my boy. I can't see very well, but it must be him. It would have been six years and three months, three days ago. And he's come just when I was giving him up. Father, it's

Danny, come home!"

The Captain's shaggy eyebrows drew together. He threw back his rheumatic shoulder, regardless of the sure pang, and paced across the further side of the room, roughly displacing his favorite cane rockingchair. "I thought it was ten years," he said, half to himself.

"But they get 'good time' for obeying the rules. The Judge told him so when he was sentenced: one month on the first year, two on the second, three on the third, and so on up to six, and six months on

every year after."

" Down lad!" commanded the voice. "Well," said the Captain, in a voice so loud as to suggest it was not quite under control, "he don't belong here-no more'n any other wayfarer, at least. I'd give any man a cup of cold water and abide by Scripture. But if he's got a home any place, it ain't likely to be a godly one, and it ain't here: that's one thing I know; and he'd have known it, too, if he'd read the papers. The whole town admitted I had cause for disowning him. I ain't a hard man, Martha, but I had to fight hard, and then work hard, and I held hard to a way of living that was n't always easy. I put good blood in his veins. And you did, too," he added with more gentleness. "Of course, if it had been just once or twice, or even three times, but him-well, he made his bed, he can lie on it. I prayed over it and took the step."

The wife answered in a low tone of conclusiveness, "He may not be your son, Godfrey, but I'm his mother and you're his father."

Her husband opened his mouth to speak, then pressed his lips in perplexity. athmately from thick wrists, like po-

"Godfrey!" exclaimed Mrs. Cox.

roll or

The Captain looked up eagerly. He had not heard that note in her voice since her girlhood, it to tid a such all bas all " onestable

"Godfrey, he's taken to the road again beyond the hedge-row.

It's a quick step for the boy round the corner, and he'll be in the front yard any minute." The old lady moved toward the bedroom door, while her fingers untied the strings at her back. The blue gingham apron dropped off, to be replaced by a neater adornment of white linen. "I'm glad it's a bright day," she said, as she gave hasty surveillance to the centre table and put the pink lamp-shade in place. "It's all coming true." And there was a touch of wonderment in her wistful smile.

Captain Cox stepped about, looking for a spot in which to be at ease. He shifted the chairs distractedly. There seemed a sudden absolute dearth of things to do. Claiming a last relief, he kicked the ottoman under the clock shelf, and, mounting unsteadily upon it, began to wind up the friendly old eight-day timepiece—two days early.

The dog barked excitedly in the front yard, and a strong man's voice gave jolly rejoinder to the animal's challenge. Mrs. Cox dropped weakly into the nearest chair. Her hands clutched each other desperately, moving alternately uppermost. "Godfrey," she said, scarce audibly, "Shep don't know Danny. He might bite."

"He don't mean nothing," muttered the Captain. He was twisting his chin beard—an unwonted practice, for he was not a nervous man.

The barking ceased, and at the same time a heavy step sounded on the front porch. Also, there was a staccato accompaniment of dancing paws. "Down, lad!" commanded the voice. "Down wid ye! Ye're all mud."

The Captain stepped with a marching tread toward the box-like entry. "Come in, sir," he said evenly, before he had fairly beheld the new-comer.

The wife leaned forward and strained her ears for the reply. It came—a question: "Are you the man they call Captain Cox?" The slamming of the screen door interrupted the Captain's answer.

Mrs. Cox looked at them helplessly, her husband and a stranger. The smile was still upon her face, but it was set there; it did not shine as before. Her fingers picked independently at the starched white apron.

The Captain was dumb, and their visitor came under the spell of this voiceless perturbation. His smooth face was disproportionately large, and owed much to the frank blue eyes for any claim to kindliness. He fumbled his small cap with enormous muscular hands that hung animately from thick wrists, like powerful things of individual life.

"I'm Joe Moran," said the man, and nervously raised the cap toward his head, as if anxious again to doff it for further show of deference. "Me and Dan done a bit o' time together."

"Be seated, Mr. Moran," said the Captain.

Mrs. Cox got to her feet and tugged at the best patent rocker. Joe comprehended her unspoken invitation. With the movement of a fine, big cat, he came to her side and caught her frail-shoulders in those great, resistless hands. She sank under his grasp into the comfortable seat.

"Ye'll be sittin' in that yourself," he said quietly.

Her smile brightened again, but her voice was dull with anxiety.

"Did n't Dan get out, too?" she asked.

"Yes, ma'am," answered Joe. "He got out, but—he got delayed. It come handy for me to stop off, and I seen how ye might be worried if ye'd minded the date."

"You were very kind," answered the old lady wearily.

"No, ma'am," protested Joe. "Not a bit, seein' you're Dan's folks. He had it comin' from me—and then some. He saved my life oncet."

"Who?-Dan?" spoke the father.

"As ye look at it, of course," Joe went on, "but it struck me that way at the time. It was just before last Christmas, and we were all obeyin' orders, playin' to keep our privileges over the holiday. But

our luck went wrong on the twenty-fourth.

"Your boy and me worked in the stone shed, and how it all come about I don't exactly recollect, but I got tangled with the guard in a row. I closed in with my bush-hammer to finish him. I'm hasty that way, and I guess I'd'a' done the job if it had n't been for Dan. His stone was blocked up twenty feet from mine—too far to reach, so he hove his maul at me when I mixed with the brass buttons. It got me here, the maul did." Joe pointed to one of the numerous scars upon his head, and rested on the sentence.

"Danny!" murmured Mrs. Cox. "Danny did a rough thing like

that?"

"Yes, ma'am; he did, indeed, and a good friend he showed. I'd 'a' stretched a rope before now, only for Dan. He was a quick lad, and a handy one. Of course I went to the 'hole,' but it might have been worse."

"What do you mean?" asked the Captain.

"By the 'hole'? Oh, that's a solitary cell. There's a plank door just outside the grate one, to darken the place. A man gets handcuffed to the bars, so he can't sit down, twelve hours of the twenty-four. Eighteen with me for the first week; they thought I'd been a bit rough with the guard."

"And you missed your Christmas dinner," said Mrs. Côx.

Joe grinned. "Yes, ma'am; if ye like more than a slice o' bread and a drink o' water twicet a day. It did n't hurt me any, but Dan minded the thirst, for a bit o' fever likely." Dan! " The parents spoke in concert.

- "Yes, sir. Yes, ma'am. You see, they thought he hove his maul at the guard."
 - "But could n't you explain?" asked the Captain.

"Yes, sir, but it would n't go."

"Was there no chance of appeal?"

"Oh, yes, if it was anything serious; but it don't pay to go up to the warden with those little scrapes. They hates to be bothered, them people. Dan only got five days. I got longer. You see, I had the bush-hammer end of it. I stood twenty-one days. Then the if ye'd munded the date doctor took me down.

"It was comin' along with all that business that I heard about this place here where ye raised the boy. Dan was n't a lad to talk much about his past, even when he got a chancet. Once I remember, on a Fourth, when we had two hours' freedom of the yard, there was a crowd of young fellows braggin' about their swell homes they'd

been kicked out of. Dan was there, but he kept mum.

"Well, one o' them nights in the hole we was gettin' a word back and forth through the ventilator, and the lad kept harpin' on his 'There's a spring on the old place,' he says, 'down by the bridge. The wild mint grows about it. When I was a kid I used to like to eat leaves o' the mint and then drink out o' the pool, because it made my mouth ice cold. I've drunk a quart at a time that way. If I was there now, I'd drink a gallon.' I remembered what Dan had said when I come along to-day, and I had a try at it myself, for the old recollection. I put a bit o' the plant in my pocket." Joe brought out a sprig of mint and looked at it curiously; then he dropped it on the carpet, and continued: "He said more about the old place nothing much to mention. You know it all-you raised him. But he kept comin' back to the mint and the old spring; you boog a bara beaden , bib ad ; ans'ere see, he was feverish.

"I was doin' a five-year bit, and I was due to go out a little ahead of Dan, but that row cost me a few days' good time,' and so it come about we were discharged the same morning. We was making for the front door of the warden house, in our honest clothes, when the luck turned on Dan. He got a pinch at the gate." Joe paused and looked anxiously at the mother, but evidently she missed the purport of his handenfled to the bary, so he can't ait down, twelve hours of t

"A pinch at the gate'?" Mrs. Cox pronounced the strange it rough with the guard

words perplexedly.

"Yes, ma'am. I don't think he done it. No, ma'am; I don't think he did. But they never quits houndin' a man on them forgery matters, and a sheriff met him at the door to take him back for trial on another charge. "do a forer the the thirst, lor a but of

"He took it cool and said he was ready to go along quiet. We all walked out in front together. Then somebody called a word to the sheriff. We stopped and turned, except Dan; he kept on agoin'. And he went some; rightly he did. He made for the railroad tracks, but there was a bad open piece to go.

vin" There was a guard come along just then and hit me a jolt on the jaw and I missed the rest, years add no lead and guidning footland add

"He hit you? Why?" asked Mrs. Cox, who comprehended but little of what Joe was saying.

"To keep me from jumpin' the sheriff and gettin' hurt. He knew me. He was a friend o' mine." Joe drew a long breath before he spoke again. "Well, the sheriff got him."

There was a silence, during which Mrs. Cox's mouth twitched plaintively. Then the smile struggled, and won. "But they'll let him go again," she said, "some time, and I'll be waiting."

Joe fingered his cap uneasily. He looked from father to mother, and then at neither. "But the sheriff got him," he repeated.

The Captain had straightened up and begun pacing the floor with a military tread. He turned once and again sharply on his heel. "I understand," he said. "I was a soldier. I was often on the firing line. I understand; he got him."

Mrs. Cox was not heeding these words. She had stooped to pick up the spray of mint. Low bent and with feeble steps, she passed to the centre table, opened the blue plush album to the picture of a beady-eyed little boy in a kilt, and gently laid the green leaves over it.

The Captain spoke a single low word of query: "Where?"

Joe made sure the mother's back was turned, and quickly pointed to a spot on his head, just behind one ear. The Captain resumed his regular military tread.

"I'll have to be goin'," said Joe, "to make the next train."

They followed him to the porch. Mrs. Cox came suddenly out of her revery. Again the sweet smile gained the mastery, this time with a new-born glory.

"After all," she said, "he'll be free again some time, even if the sheriff did get him. It'll be a little more waiting, but I've got used to that. It was hard at first. I counted the months; but it seemed longer that way, so I tried to forget them, except fall and spring, when I cleaned the back room upstairs. That was his. Waiting is something you can get used to if you have faith."

Joe followed her words eagerly. From time to time he said, "Yes, ma'am." And when she had finished he stood a moment in thoughtful silence and said again, "Yes, ma'am—I've waited, meself."

"You must stop here whenever you pass through this section," said the Captain, "and make this your home."

"Thanks," replied Joe. "I don't generally stop—at homes. But I travel a good deal in my business, and if I come this way, I will. I'll be glad to—if I ain't in too much of a hurry."

"And one day we'll all meet Dan," said Mrs. Cox, with a brave

show of cheerfulness.

Joe had already taken a few steps toward the gate. Suddenly he halted, grinding his heel in the gravel. He dropped his head and fixed his jaw stubbornly, as one meeting pain. The big hands were hard clenched. Then the man who had been Dan's prison mate turned and faced Dan's mother, who had learned how to wait. He raised one heavy hand to brush back the coarse hair from his scarred forehead. There was something more than prison pallor upon his face; but his eyes were frank and fearless, and they looked straight into the ones which were lighted by faith.

"Dan is dead."

As Mrs. Cox heard the words, a tremor ran through her body, but it quickly passed, and she stood very still during the ensuing moment of silence. Quite straight was her figure, as it had not been since the first years of her marriage, since her first dreams of a man-child. Suddenly her hands lifted and covered her breast. Both men stepped toward her, but halted. There was no more pain upon the mother's face, there was no more disappointment, there was no more waiting. A bright smile shone, a smile of satisfied longing.

"Dan has come home," said Mrs. Cox. "He is here." She

pressed her hands closer to her heart.

7

THINK ON THESE THINGS

"Whatsoever things are lovely"

BY J. B. E.

H, fret not thy heart for the vanished day,
Companion thy life with the deathless ray
The treasure lost, or the vision flown;
Of yester joys—they are still thine own!

The loveliest scene of the long-past hour,
The face, the voice, and the presence sweet,
Pavilion thou fair in a fadeless bower
Abloom in thy soul 'midst the desert heat.

A CHRISTIAN SPIRIT

A Christian Spirit

By Thomas L. Masson

Author of "The Von Bloomers," "A Corner in Women," etc.

"DON"T know what we are going to do about it," said Mrs. Dibbs.

"About what?" asked Dibbs.

"About Wilfred—the boy who lives next door. He simply won't let our Tommy alone. He has broken down our fence, and thrown stones at the baby, and said bad words, and it's simply awful!"

Dibbs regarded his wife benignantly.

"My dear," he said reprovingly, "the trouble with you is that you stay home too much. You confine yourself too closely to the narrow household circle. It's bound to make one narrow."

"Oh, that's all very well for you to say," broke in Mrs. Dibbs, but you just ought to see what that boy does. Every one dislikes him. He's a little coward any way, and—"

" Nonsense!"

Dibbs regarded his wife with mild censure.

"All you've got to do," he said, "is to treat him with kindness. Get at his human side. A little tact. A——"

"I've tried that. I treated him with kindness, as you say, and he was over here all the time. Why, we just could n't get rid of him! And what he has n't taught Tommy!"

"Or Tommy taught him!"

"Now, my dear, Tommy's so much younger."

Dibbs smiled.

"Well," he exclaimed, "I'm glad I'm going to stay home for a few days. I'll show you how to be on good terms with your neighbors. You don't know how. You're not liberal and broad-minded. But wait."

The next afternoon, his heart full of peace and joy, Mr. Dibbs sat on his back piazza.

Suddenly there was a sharp, discordant sound. It was the voice of his own son Tommy.

"You stop!" he yelled. "I'll smash your face!"

Dibbs arose. "Nice language," he muttered.

He surveyed the field in the rear. His own little son, perched on a soap-box, was endeavoring to ward off the blows from a baseball bat which the boy next door was swinging with all his might and main.

"Here," said the dulcet Dibbs, "is my chance. Here is where I bring those two little chaps together in Christian brotherhood."

Dibbs get up and passed out into the rear. Wilfred!" he called.

Wilfred had seen him and vaulted the fence into his own yard.

"Wilfred dear!" said Dibbs. Button I ved

Wilfred backed farther off. A" " remodel as V of T" to reduce A

"Oh, Wilfred." said Dibbs, following up, passing around through the gate. "Listen, my boy. I'm not going to hurt you."

"You bet you're not!" mumbled Wilfred, increasing the distance between them.

Dibbs, without meaning to do so, unconsciously increased his own pace. So full of kindness was he, of real heartfelt desire to be on good terms with that little boy, to settle the matter between them once and for all, that he did not realize how fast he was going.

Wilfred, running at last, disappeared in his own back door. Dibbs, almost breathless, stood panting on the steps.

"Oh, Wilfred dear." he called.

Suddenly the door opened. Wilfred's mother stood staring at him.

Dibbs had no hat to take off—he had come so suddenly—but he bowed cavalierly. A sweet, saintlike smile crept over his face.

"Ah, Mrs. Nodde," he said. "Pleasant day. I'm afraid my little boy Tommy was impudent to your little boy. I wanted to ask Wilfred what Tommy had done to him. Of course a parent is handicapped..."

Mrs. Nodde regarded Dibbs with a hard, cold, 10-below-zero stare.

"Well, I can tell you what your boy has done to my boy," she said. "He taunts him all the time. He does nothing but taunt."

"I'm glad to know it," stammered Dibbs. "I mean, I'm sorry, of course. I'll stop him."

"You'd better. But you might as well stop Niagara Falls as that boy of yours. He's broken our chicken-house door. He's he's done everything."

Dibbs was beginning to turn pale inside. But his manners were still doing business.

"I am told," he said mildly, "that your boy is sometimes—unruly. I believe he throws stones, and—"

"You are told. Ha! It is quite evident who has told you. Whatever Wilfred has done, you may depend upon it, he has been egged on, nagged and provoked to do it."

Dibbs looked at his neighbor. There was a slight rising inflection in his voice.

"Mrs. Nodde," he said, "I came over here with nothing on earth but the desire to make friends with your boy, to meet you half way,

hat which the boy next door was swinging with all his might and main

and to pave the path to a permanent peace. But you don't seem to understand."

"You came over here to make trouble," said Mrs. Nodde. "I know you."

Dibbs made his way home. Mrs. Dibbs was waiting for him.

"Did you fix it up?" she said pleasantly.

"Fix up nothing," roared Dibbs. "I want to tell you that of all the mean, cantankerous women I have ever met, she's the worst."

Mrs. Dibbs smiled knowingly.

"Nonsense, my dear!" she said with a lofty air. "The trouble with you is that you stay home too much. It makes you petty. You must look at these things in a large way."

See how his face fronts strangly to a purpose

That dominates his being with a increales, impatience, Arderd, redularity resolute, unlike studynery!

A LITTLE TRAGEDY

By Margaret Louise Loudon

I was after eleven o'clock on a winter night. The day before it had snowed, and the streets were glassy. The trolley-car that I was in stopped opposite a great noisy factory, where, apparently, the men were working even at this late hour. On another corner was a cheap restaurant with a large electric sign proclaiming that the place was open all night.

A man came out. He wore a short, ragged overcoat over the grimy clothes of a workman, and he carried in his hand a tin cup full of steaming coffee. He started across the street to the factory.

Somehow, the sight of the steam rising from the coffee was infinitely cheering. I pictured his waiting dinner-pail with the coarse but welcome food. How thin and tired he had looked in the glare of the electric sign! But—I almost cried aloud with anguish: he slipped awkwardly on the ice and fell, splashing the street with the coffee. Some one near me laughed. The car started, and I turned around to see if he would return to the restaurant.

He had regained his feet and stood there, shoulders drooping and hands clutching his coat about his shivering figure. Then he bent down slowly. He was so long in rising that I thought of the poor old cart-horses that fall in the street and lie there stubbornly, too tired to get up. Finally he picked up the cup from the dirty street, looked into it, and raised it to his lips, evidently to catch the few drops which were left in it. Then he walked slowly and painfully back in the direction of the factory.

OUT OF POVERTY

By George Henry Badger

HERE goes the man I envy,—
How to my soul's dregs do I envy him!
For he lives:—

Eagerly, intensely, passionately lives: to the last fine thrill of living!
Mark how his eyes glow with a flame of splendid rashness;
Note the firm moulding of that grim mouth, that yieldless chin,—
Withal so finely sensitive;
See how his face fronts strongly to a purpose

That dominates his being with a merciless impatience,—Ardent, exhilarate, resolute, nobly stubborn!

For in his soul burns the glory of an eager Cause! Through and through his heart believes in it: Without a doubt believes in it: With all the ache of stern delight believes in it: And ruthless is his wrath against all doubters!

All that he has will he give; and all that he is, is consecrate; All that he can endure or suffer, or staunchly sacrifice, That counts he gain, his regal victory of soul-ship,—
All for his One Great Cause.

He has lost friends;
He has forfeited success as the world might give it;
He has parched his soul of all Art's nice refreshment;
Brought poverty to his children:—
(Oh, how they love him, with a splendid pride!)
He has miserably failed while battling for his cause,—
Time and time again has he failed,—
Yet failing ne'er lost faith,—triumphant in his failing:
Living the vast, strange ecstasy of faith!

I, in my wisdom, know that his Cause is folly;—
(O God of Holy Causes, why must my soul be placid!)
There goes the man I envy,—
(To the dregs of my soul I envy him!)
Wiser than he am I:—I know that his Cause is folly.
He is rich,—I am poor,—so wretchedly poor!
Because I am wiser than he!



WAYS OF THE HOUR

A DEPARTMENT OF CURRENT COMMENT AND CRITICISM—SANE, STIMULATING, OPTIMISTIC

SURPRISE OR RECOGNITION?

THE dean of American letters has told us that there are two kinds of pleasure: the pleasure of recognition and the pleasure of surprise. There is no doubt as to which he rates the higher. A thoughtful nine-year-old, reading a story for boys by this same Mr. Howells, and trying to describe the book, said that "it was not exciting, it was interesting." There we have the two schools of fiction in a nutshell. Do we wish to be excited or interested? Like Stevenson, do we "long to hear the clash of swords," or do we believe with George Meredith that

In tragic life, God wot, No villain need be, passions spin the plot; We are betrayed by what is false within?

In trying to supply the demand for surprise at any price, many of the modern short-stories move like a railway train off the track, with a series of bumps over the ties. Do they continue to excite us? By-andby, alas, we find ourselves yawning. Excitement is like certain diseases and tends to limit itself, but interest, if we can get it, is cumulative and goes on forever.

It is in the happy combination of the two elements, surprise and recognition, that true interest lies, for what is the literature that delights us? Is it not that which shows us the external differences, and the essential likeness of things? This it was that made the charm of Kipling's early work: the strange, outlandish, unfamiliar setting, and, under-

neath, "the sense of oneness with our kind," which William Watson counted among the things that are more excellent.

The same rule holds good in matrimony—outer difference, fundamental likeness; for though courtahip may begin in a delightful surprise, the successful marriages are those in which the parties remain interested and interesting, and alike in essentials. Let my beloved be as different as possible from me in external things, but at bottom she must abhor

debt, and like Dr. Johnson, or I will have none of her.

Yet the advocates of surprise clamor to be heard. "The opening sentence," we are told, "should grip the reader's attention." In my childhood, sample copies of the New York Ledger were occasionally thrown into our vestibule, and were surreptitiously devoured by me in the kitchen. I never learned the sequel of those enthralling tales, but even at that early age they seemed to me lacking in what I should now call psychology. The inner drama was somehow wanting. The beautiful and virtuous heroine was apparently unmoved by the accusation of murder, and the wealthy and aristocratic household was strangely unconcerned at the intrusion of the officers of the law. In fact, the behavior of the characters under the blows of tragic circumstance was as inadequate as that of the lady in the poem—

Pity now poor Mary Ames,

Blinded by her brother James;

Red-hot nails in her eyes he poked,

I never saw Mary more provoked.

The opening sentences, however, were all that could be desired. I remember one of them: "'Well,' said the Beautiful Unknown, 'will you marry me?'" What happened next I do not know, or how the plot could culminate in interest or arrive at a fitting climax after that dazzling introduction. "Well," said the Beautiful Unknown, "will you marry me?" Perhaps, after all, that is the supreme pattern of a successful beginning, or why should I have remembered it all these years?

MARY ELEANOR ROBERTS

In trying to supply the demand for surprise at any price, many of the modern short-storic SART CHA-CASSAIN off the track, with a

N a volume of letters called "European Years" we find a page of instructive generalizations:

The Italians who never come near a fire at all are really a hardy people. They live—the lower classes almost wholly—in the open air. The enfechled people are northerners—Germaus, Russians, and New Englanders—who live in overheated rooms. The English are more hardy; an Englishman whom I met here (Naples) told me that 54° Fahrenheit was the rule in schoolrooms in England.

The past winter has furnished us with more than the usual proportion of cold days. And to full-blooded citizens, nothing has been more striking than the tortured expression and huddled shoulders of those whom one sees hurrying through bleak streets. Steam-heated flats are responsible for some of the torture. The habit of admitting a due share of fresh air is less generally practised in living apartments and offices than one might suppose. But inadequate fuel for the body helps to explain the poverty of our blood. The man who bolts his luncheon returns, too often, to a home-meal dished out of tin cans. Now, the wife who depends upon tinned goods deserves nothing better than divorce. No wonder her bread-winner shivers on Broadway.

The moral is: Let families burn less house-coal and nourish their B. BLAKE

can better do without the

than he ever costs us. Looking at the matter wholly from

an industrial and econo

preacher than the burglar.

HIS DADSHIP

▲ DISGRUNTLED personage known as A Carper has focussed his perennial peeve upon the word "Dad." Snorts he, "Modern impertinence has not spared even the honorable name of Father." That a soul so very dead should exist is sad. That the meaning of the endearing diminutive has never pierced his mind is even sadder, for of all the terms by which lads and lassies, to say naught of grown sons and daughters, have addressed their closest kinsman, none has quite the heart-gripping savor of "Dad, dear old Dad." Mr. Carper, nevertheless, cites it as "the apotheosis of modern flippancy." "It wholly lacks reverence." Granted, but do fathers of to-day crave reverence? Are they not prouder to be their children's "pals" and chums? What delights a father more than to be literally his daughter's chosen cavalier. Is he not more "Dad" than "Father" as, laughing and joyous, they saunter along life's pleasure-ground, or go hand in hand to meet grief? God pity the lad whose father frowns away his Dadship. Such sons are poor indeed. In the Orient "Dads" are unknown, but wherever English is daily spoken the word increasingly obtains.

That fathers are no less respected than in former days goes without recording. That the old-time tremors no longer afflict children at the approach of the "Head of the House" is due to this modern spirit of comradeship which A Carper so bitterly bewails. Between young men and their youngish fathers, simpatica is far more noticeable than in former years. Former stony barriers, built by stiff-necked tradition, have been replaced by open doors, through which youths and maidensunafraid-may enter Dad's presence at will. "Humph!" mumbles Mr. Carper, ragging his topic characteristically. "Why not say Mom?" Some do say "Mom"; also some say "Pop." To the understanding ear, "Dad" is the sweet-sounding countersign between a man and his

loving child, or brood, not a flippant word born of disrespect. Perhaps our objector never had a "Dad." Go to, Friend Carper, and get thee a "Dadship"—in-law, if need be—or become thy children's chum, and so learn to love this shorter name for "Father." Be of good cheer; Reverence is no more dead than Honor. Filial Love has vanquished Filial Fear, hence presto "Dad."

MINNA THOMAS ANTRIM

THE ECONOMIC VALUE OF THE BURGLAR

IVE the burglar a term in the penitentiary or shoot him, if you will, but, for conscience's sake, don't reform him! We need him in our business. He is worth to us every day of the year tenfold more than he ever costs us. Looking at the matter wholly from an industrial and economic point of view, we can better do without the preacher than the burglar.

Exterminate the burglar, and seventy thousand persons would be out of work, and more than forty-five million dollars a year withdrawn from trade.

There are alone no less than twenty-five thousand good American citizens earning their livelihood as private watchmen, at a combined salary of something like seventeen million dollars a year. And all because of the burglar.

More than a million dollars' capital is invested in the manufacture of burglar-alarms of different devices, and, either directly or indirectly, fully two thousand law-abiding family men are dependent for their daily bread upon this branch of industry. And there are forty manufacturers of safes—burglar-proof safes—with a combined capital of six million dollars, paying out each year for wages and material nearly four million dollars, and giving support to no less than four thousand workers—mechanics, laborers, clerks, bookkeepers, salesmen, and so on. What would become of these men and women and all the millions of invested capital, should the burglar hearken to the voice of Moses and quit his stealing?

Then, there are the makers and the sellers of firearms. Five hundred thousand guns a year are sold for family use as a protection against burglars; representing a gross revenue of something like three and a half millions. Without the burglar, what would this business look like? Like the centre of a doughnut. And those families that are afraid of pistols keep dogs, watch-dogs, and the trade in watch-dogs amounts each year to over a million dollars. All the watch-dogs of the United States (two and a half million of them) have to be fed at least twice a day. At only two cents per diem for bones and scraps for each dog, the income

to the butcher from this source alone, thanks be to the burglar, amounts to seventeen millions a year.

Even our recreations and amusements are dependent upon the burglar. What would our comedies and melodramas be without the burglar? And the detective stories—what would become of them and their authors and their publishers were the burglar no longer available as a character? The plays and the books in which he figures have an annual commercial value of nothing less than a million dollars; and this without attempting to estimate the value of the pleasure afforded the public.

In short, we must have the burglar. We can't do without him. We have had him so long that there is nobody to take his place. And suppose his helpings do amount to a trifle over a million a year? What is that compared with the forty-five millions he is the means of putting into our pockets? Surely, none but a skinflint will begrudge him this little two and a half per cent. dividend on a business that owes it existence solely to his energy and perseverance. Therefore, let the burglar alone. He is all right; and may his shadow never grow less.

CLIFFORD HOWARD

IN PRAISE OF AGE

HIS is proffered, not necessarily to disparage the golden hours and youth, but in praise of those other hours of gold more rich, yet of value less appreciated. For the champions of youth are many, and the champions of age are few. Nevertheless, if peace hath its victories, age hath its rewards, and in years there should be no shame.

Age is but comparative. I well can recall when it appealed to me that should I ever attain to the ripeness of ten, and stand as mature as my swaggering brother, who had donned long trousers, then would I be at all desirable dignity. How must it seem to be ten—with a roundly uttered, manly "Darn," with long trousers, and a nickel in the pocket!

At ten, did that prove to be only a foothill, with maturity and all the appurtenances thereto still beyond; and twenty beckoned, ahead, from the pinnacle of manhood. Aye, to be twenty; to go to bed when one chose, to throw a baseball swift as a rifle-bullet, and to wait upon the young ladies! At twenty would I be old—and sometimes I wondered how it would feel.

But at twenty, forty was an ultimate goal where life would have been lived and spent, and the backward look could outdistance the forward. Forty, with wife and family and business, the world mostly seen, and a stiffness of the joints hampering the gay activities of preceding years. For a little fear was clouding the horizon.

And now at forty-what? Nothing, in particular. The fearthat suspicion of fear-was very foolish. At forty, one has the same new interests, the same sense of anticipation for a morrow, the same expectation of doing and completing, the same recurring pleasures; and while one accepts that the knees wobble a little in running, and that a few teeth are on the danger line, one has the same impression of remoteness when considering the topic of final dissolution.

So will it be, I fancy, at fifty. Fifty now looms portentous. At fifty life will have been two-thirds lived. No, not lived; two-thirds past. It will only be two-thirds past. In those remaining fifteen, or twenty, or twenty-five years, it may be found that living has only just begun! There will be, of course, a further gradual stiffening of the joints, a further gradual weakening of unused muscles, a further acquisition of artificial teeth. This to-day fills youth at forty with a certain sadness, an awe of the inexorable march of time. But lo, when fifty comes it is only a change in figures, and off of paper signifies nothing. So indefinable has been the progress through the decade, that we scarcely may realize when mental exercise stole in to succeed physical, and proved as satisfactory. For every privilege removed, another privilege as pleasant has been substituted. And so will it be, let us accept, at sixty, and at seventy, and at eighty. The change is but a change in viewpoint; and the Grand Canyon of life still opens, marvellous, in every direction.

So why dread or pity age? Age deserves not dread, and asks not pity. Only to be pitied is he or she who resists it, and, frightened or rebelling at the kindly current, would turn and breast it. Whereas to be envied is he who floats serene along and finds, I am sure, all

Age is but comparative. I well can recall where love short There is, students state, a peace and a content, a broadening of the perspective, a blissful forbearance, a philosophy warranted by experience, to give age a charm possessed by no other epoch-no, not even by youth. This happy state is evident in the gentle voice of the grandmother, in the ready doze of the grandfather, in a mild acquiescence to weather and ills, in a pleased looking-on without participating. To render up oneself thus, is to live as fully as to dance at the Maypole of time. For life is but relative and to standing out more hands

So do I pray to the gods that age may rest likewise upon me not as a badge for shame nor pity, but rather as a soft, comfortable togs within which I cherish warm before the world the mellow satisfaction of being in port, my ventures sped and reported upon, the years my capital well invested, the principle and interest thereof forward. Forty, with wife and family and but srom on am garactod

preceding years. For a little fear was clouding the horizon.

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SIX PER CENT. ON THE LAND

The advantages of farm mortgages are: First high yield. The

By Edward Sherwood Meade, Ph.D.

parebaser of a bond of a railway company cannot get his money back

HROUGHOUT the inquiries that come to this department, the constant plea is for information which will enable the inquirer to make a safe investment and at the same time to obtain 6 per cent. on his money. So marked is this trend of inquiry that it has been necessary to depart, in some degree, from the original plan of these articles and centre the discussion upon high yield investments.

In the April issue we showed how the investor could obtain in the bonds of tax districts the almost perfect security of a public obligation combined with a high rate of interest. This month our subject is Farm Mortgages.

The United States has not yet developed the system of lending on farm land which is so prominent a feature of European finance, and which will be made the subject of a future article. The investor in farm mortgages in this country must lend his money to a specific individual on the security of a particular business or property, a method which in the absence of special safeguards is open to many objections. In Europe he can buy the bonds of a Land Company, such, for example, as the Credit Foncier in France, which give him a standard security resting upon thousands of carefully selected individual obligations. In the United States, however, the machinery of farm land investment has now been so perfected, the preliminary investigation of the borrower and of the security which he offers is so exhaustive, and the standing of the mortgage brokers who act as middle men between the borrower in Missouri or North Dakota and the investor in Vermont or Massachusetts is now so high, that if only the investor takes the precaution to deal with a reliable firm, he runs but little risk of loss.

A farm mortgage does not differ essentially from any other mortgage. It is a promise to pay one, two, five or ten thousand dollars in three or five years from date and it is secured by the mortgage which conveys in trust to the lender the title to the mortgaged property. This conveyance is recorded in the county in which the property is located, thus establishing the claim of the lender as a first lien upon the mortgaged premises. The advantages and disadvantages of this form of mortgage, as compared with an investment in the bonds of a large corporation, may be summarized as follows:

The advantages of farm mortgages are: First, high yield. The entire central West, the part of the country in which mortgage loans are preferably made by conservative investors, is now making loans on a 6 per cent. basis to the investor. The Western States, as a rule, do not tax at home investments in foreign loans and this gives the investor the opportunity to realize the full interest return.

The second advantage of the farm loan is its early maturity. The purchaser of a bond of a railway company cannot get his money back from the company for, perhaps, thirty or maybe fifty years. His only way of recovering his principal is to sell his bond to some other investor. This always involves the risk of depreciation in the principal. The investor may have purchased his bond for 105 and when he comes to sell it it may have declined to 99½, owing to a falling off in the demand for securities of that character. The bond is still perfectly good; his interest will be paid regularly, but he has sustained a loss on the capital value of his investment. The investor in a farm mortgage, however, can get his money back from the borrower at the end of three or five years.

The third point in favor of the farm mortgage, closely connected with that just mentioned, is the greater control which the investor has over his investment. Provision is usually made in the mortgage for an indefinite extension from year to year, at the expiration of the first term named in the instrument. When this provision is included, if the investor wishes the return of his principal at the end of the term, he can have it. If he wishes a longer term investment he can usually allow the loan to run from year to year, since a good farmer can make more than 6 per cent. by investing money in buildings and improvements and in land. At the end of any year, however, the mortgage can be called up and the investor can get his money.

All mortgages, moreover, whether issued by a great railway company or by a small farmer in North Dakota, provide that the borrower should keep his property, which is the lender's security, in good condition and repair. It is practically impossible for the investor in a corporation bond to enforce these provisions. He is only one of perhaps 10,000 bond-holders; he is represented by a trustee, and he must rely upon the trustee to enforce the terms of the mortgage. It is not the custom for the trustee, whatever powers may be given him by the mortgage instrument, to interfere with the management of the company. Instances have occurred where the security of mortgage bonds has been seriously impaired as a result of long continued neglect of the property. This is not possible with the farm mortgage or any other form of real estate obligation, where the security of each loan is a single piece of property, and where the investor or his personal representative has the opportunity of inspection.

Against these advantages of farm mortgage loans, certain disadvantages are urged. Some of these disadvantages are inherent in this form of obligation, and others can be overcome by employing the services of reputable mortgage brokers.

The first point urged against the farm mortgage is its short duration. At the end of a brief term of years, the lender is likely to have his money handed back to him, and is obliged to look for a new investment. In practice, however, this objection is not serious. Either the mortgage is allowed to run from year to year, or a new investment of equal security can be obtained without difficulty.

Then, too, it is urged against the farm mortgage that the application of the proceeds of the mortgage to productive purposes is not safeguarded as it is in a bond executed by a corporation. When a railroad company, for example, puts out an issue of bonds whose proceeds are to cover the construction of a branch line, bonds will not be delivered by the trustee to the banking house except upon the certificate of the company's engineer that a certain amount of mileage has been constructed. Not until the whole improvement has been completed will the entire number of bonds be issued. In corporation mortgages, the attempt is made to provide for the productive expenditure of the proceeds of the bonds. Spendthrift borrowing is not possible.

With farm mortgages, on the other hand, this safeguard is not usually provided. The security is stated but the purposes to which the money is to be applied are not often given. The farmer can if he chooses buy an automobile with the proceeds of the loan. In a number of applications for farm loans which I have before me, no questions are asked concerning the use which the borrower will make of these funds, nor is any attempt made to pay over the money upon the certificate of some third party that a certain investment of the money is assured. This information can usually be obtained by the investor, however, either through the broker or, if he lends the money in person, from the borrower. There is no reason why farm mortgage loans should not be strengthened by providing this very important safeguard.

The objection is often made to farm mortgages that they are not available for either quick sale or as collateral. This objection is in the main well founded. Farm mortgages share this defect, however, with many unlisted bonds. Bonds secured by first mortgage on a property of a small gas company, for example, have a very slow and uncertain market. They are only available for collateral at institutions where the property and the borrower are well known. If the investor in Massachusetts buys a farm mortgage secured on lands in North Dakota, his only method of reselling the mortgage is to place it through a broker who will charge him a commission for selling it. He can also use it as collateral about as well as he could use an unlisted bond at a bank or trust company where his character and standing are well known, but

whose officers are not familiar with the value of the property securing the bonds. The availability of farm mortgages as collateral is also restricted by the prohibition in the national banking law against lending on real estate mortgages. This prohibition does not apply, however, to loans by many other institutions.

On the whole, it must be admitted that the farm mortgage has a slower market than the corporation bond, although it can be sold through the same channels as those through which it was first purchased. It is also not so easy to borrow upon this form of security. These objections, however, apply to the mortgage as a business man's investment. To the investor who is looking for a safe place for his money, who does not expect to sell and who does not need to borrow, he will be, in fact, much wiser neither to sell nor to hypothecate, this argument

against the farm mortgage does not apply. a stud selguage tol venguon

The final and the strongest objection to the Western farm mortgage from the standpoint of the Eastern investor—and it is the West that originates most of the farm mortgage investments of the United States—is that the lender is sending his money often 2,000 miles away, lending it to a man whom he has never seen, on the security of property which he will never view, and taking a variety of risks and hazards, for example, of drought, sickness of borrower, etc., from which an investment in corporation mortgage bonds is free. It is here that the services of the mortgage broker come into play. Without his intervention it would be impossible for the Eastern investor to put his money into Western farm mortgages. The experienced and reliable mortgage broker, however, who is merely an investment banker in a specialized field, is able to remove these objections to mortgage loans which would otherwise be fundamental.

An outline of the service which the broker performs for the investor will show how indispensable this service is. I take this description from a booklet issued by a mortgage company doing business in a Northwestern State, which has been in business for thirty-four years, with whose standing I am personally acquainted and for the accuracy of whose statements I can vouch. The amount of loans offered for investment by this company is usually from 30 to 40 per cent. of the actual market value of the loan. The term of the loan is five years. When desired by the borrower, the privilege of repayment is extended of part of the loan on any interest date. Such prepayment increases the margin of security in the property, and can be reinvested in other mortgages if desired. The size of the loan is usually about \$2,000. These loans are made by the company with its own money after personal examination of the property.

The method of making farm loans is as follows: The farmer wishes to borrow money for additional buildings, for the purchase of live stock and navous flow one antibusts bus repeated sid order vacques tours.

now on the land.

or for the payment of land. He makes application to the company for a loan secured on his land. The application blank which he fills out furnishes complete information about his land, his equipment, buildings, live stock and machinery as well as personal information about himself, his farm, his neighbors and general neighborhood conditions in his locality. Of special interest in this connection is the detailed information which is obtained concerning the borrower. Some of these questions are extremely personal. The following is a specimen list:

- Two illustrations of the investments offered by such a concern will show the quality of the securiveworsed to spectar, smaller its are, of
 - 2. Married or single.
 - 3. Full name and age of wife.
 - 4. If formerly married, state wife's full name and whether divorced or deceased.
 - 5. If deceased, state whether she left a will, and, if so, when and where the same is probated.
 - rabes 6. If divorced, state where the decree is filed.
 - hevor 7. State name, sex, ages and residences of children by divorced wife. garging a decision of the sex of t
 - your own family? we so to real its .000, 8 mode drow at bus much sid
 - 9. What is the general physical condition of your family?
 - 10. Give name, sex and age of your children. In the village black
 - 11. What ones live at home with you?
 - 12. Husband born where?
 - 13. Wife born where?
 - 14. Belong to church PRAHARAYA A.
 - 15. Belong to fraternal societies?
 - 16. Politics?
 - 17. Do you drink, and, if so, to what extent?

The purpose of obtaining this detailed information is not only for the sake of security, but also that the prospective investor may have an accurate knowledge of the character of the man to whom he is lending his money. It also assists the attorneys for the mortgage company in searching the title. From this information, the loan committee of the company passes judgment on the loan applied for, and if it is approved, the information is, as far as possible, verified by their own examiner who is sent out for that purpose. The title to the property is then examined by their attorneys. If found perfect, papers for signature and amount agreed upon as a safe loan are sent to their agent for the final settlement and the mortgages recorded at the county seat. The complete papers are then assembled and after proper record is made are given a mortgage number and become a part of the investment. The papers in a mortgage envelope consist of note and mortgage, assignment of mortgage, abstract of title, insurance policy, if any, application and examiner's report. The mortgage company guarantees each title.

The mortgage company not only makes a careful investigation of the quality of the mortgage but during the period of investigation assumes the entire care of the management of the loan. A complete record is kept which enables the company to ascertain whether the farmer's taxes and insurance premiums are promptly paid and to collect his annual interest as well as principal sum when due. This provision is made without expense to the owner of the mortgage and the company's profit, moreover, is paid by the borrower.

Two illustrations of the investments offered by such a concern will show the quality of the security which is furnished; the names are, of

course, fictitious:

JAMES W. BROWN

\$2,000.

.... County, North Dakota.

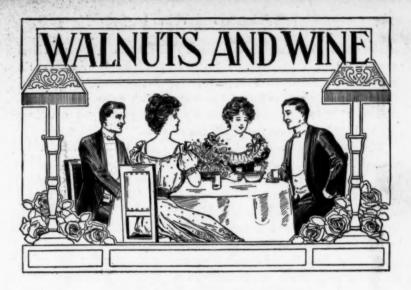
This mortgage is dated December 1, 1910, and is due December 1, 1915. The loan is secured upon N.E. ½ 30-133-62, 140 acres under cultivation and 20 acres fenced to pasture. It is otherwise improved by a set of buildings costing probably \$1200 or \$1300, carrying insurance for \$800. The borrower has stock and machinery sufficient to run his farm and is worth about \$3,000, all clear of encumbrances. The soil is a rich heavy black loam with clay sub-soil. This quarter I think would readily sell at \$45 or \$50 an acre. The land is situated about 5½ miles from......and the loan is being made to pay a loan now on the land.

C. F. EVERHART

\$4,500.

... County.

Loans made on this character of security are not open to question. When the broker is reliable—the investor can usually ascertain this fact through his local bank—so that the statements can be relied upon, the purchaser of a mortgage of this character is as safe as an investor in any other form of investment security. He has the additional advantage of higher interest rate and, if this is an advantage to him, an early maturity of his loan. Against this higher rate must be balanced the slower market and the greater difficulty which he will have in borrowing on the mortgage as compared with a mortgage bond of first quality.



MISS ARMOR'S CHERRIES

By Augusta Kortrecht

Miss Armor was noted among her fellow-boarders for her reluctance in sharing any delicacy she happened to have. She once had sent from her home a jar of rich, old-fashioned cherry preserves, which she displayed with pride, but never saw fit to open for eating until one evening when she knew that her five companions were dining out. Then with secret rejoicing Miss Armor carried her confection to the empty table. To her chagrin, the waitress soon put a transient man beside her, and the stranger, spying the cherries, took a very plentiful helping on his plate. The maid was in high glee, having herself felt the pinch of Miss Armor's stinginess, but she dutifully interposed.

"Excuse me, sir," she said, "but that's a private dish."

The man looked blankly at the waitress, and put a hand behind his ear with the gesture of the very deaf.

"That's all right," he answered pleasantly. "You may bring me everything you have."

The girl went away, giggling, and spread the news in the kitchen region that retribution had overtaken Miss Armor, while the people at the neighboring tables looked and listened with all their might. Despite his deafness, the new-comer was inclined to be sociable.

"These are the best cherries I 've tasted for years," he told the cherries' owner. "I beg your pardon. Let me help you to them." He immediately did so, ladling out a modest portion for her to

Walnuts and Wine

sample, and replenishing his own plate. Miss Armor glared at him and said icily:

"You need not trouble yourself. They are all mine."

The stranger acknowledged this remark with a courteous smile and bow. "My misfortune prevents my following what you say," he regretted; "but I knew you'd like the cherries."

The jar was a good-sized one, but by the time the man had reached his dessert course the bottom layer of fruit was uncovered. Twice Miss Armor tried to get her property into her own keeping, but both times the agreeable stranger helped her to a small taste and kept the jar out of the clutch of her anxious hands. Finally she settled back in her chair to wait until he was gone, when she meant to tell that snickering waitress what she thought of her, and to carry off at least the remnant of her precious preserves; but only the former satisfaction was permitted her. When the transient man got his pudding he scraped the bottom layer of cherries out on top of it, and said with a sigh of anticipation:

"I never tried this boarding-house before, but I'm coming often now. I never saw such cherries since I was a boy. How can she afford to give them for the price she asks for table board?"

THE TROUBLE

By Harold Susman

The trouble with the fellow who
Robs Peter to pay Paul
Is, nine times out of ten, just this:
He won't pay Paul at all!

THE TROUBLESOME GARDEN-TOOLS

With the coming of spring, it is said, those who own motorcars in a certain section of Massachusetts operate them with considerably less speed, not, however, always because of the county ordinances or out of consideration for their fellow-citizens' safety.

On one occasion two motorists were crawling up a highway where lately a friend (then riding with one of them) knew they had formerly gone at top speed. The friend asked why the car was run so slowly.

"Why," explained the driver of the car, with perfect naïveté, "everybody's carrying home garden tools now, and you can't run over a man without risking a puncture."

Edwin Tarrisse

Youthful Beauty

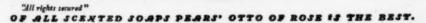
will be untouched by advancing years if the care of the skin is given daily attention. The skin is always gradually renewing itself, and, if you are careless of it, it just as gradually deteriorates in quality, color and fineness. By the daily use of

Pears' Soap

however, which cleanses, purifies and invigorates the skinsurface, the new skin is produced under such perfect conditions,

that instead of deteriorating, it becomes soft, velvety, and of a natural, beautiful pink and white. Pears is acknowledged everywhere to be

The Beauty Soap of the World



Walnuts and Wine

SPEAKING OF LANGUAGES

Brown: "My wife has a smattering of several different languages."

Towne: "My wife speaks only one, but she speaks that very fluently." William Sanford

Man never knows what mutual sorrow really is until he reads an editor's regrets.

Harold Melbourne

ELECTRICSIGNITIS

By Paul West

"T was Farmer Brown, of Punkintown,
Who strolled the Great White Way.
The signs of light in letters bright
Gleamed out in wild display.
At ten o'clock he ceased his walk
And went to his hotel.
He found his waiting spouse in bed.
"Wal, what's the latest news?" she said
He thought, then answered: "Well—

"Accordin' to th' electric signs
I seen along the street,
You'd oughter Drink McCusker's Ink.
It's Easy On the Feet.
Caruso Sings on Rubber Springs,
Crushed Oats are Best of Wines."
The farmer's wife rose up in bed.
The farmer smiled. "At least," he said,
"It says so on the signs!

"I also noted as I strolled
That Near-Silk Soups are Strongest.
And Run-Fast Tires Put Out the Fires,
And Bilkins' Beer Wears Longest.
They say John Drew takes Huggins' Glue,
And Dingbat's Lamps Reflect."

"The signs said that?" cried Mrs. Brown.

"They did," he answered, glancing down,
"Or words to that effect!"



"Write Your Records on Paper of Finest Linen Quality"

"Public records must be permanent. They are vital to civilization and to a nation's welfare. Write your records on paper of finest linen quality." These were the recent words of a Supreme Court Judge.

The thinking men of to-day—the men who guard the destinies of governments— National, State, County or City, recognize the justice and vital importance of the court's admonition. They realize that the exclusive standards of quality and durability found only in Byron Weston Linen Record Paper are absolutely essential to permanent record work.

Such standards mean permanency and permanency is possible only with *paper* expertly made of linen rags or "paper of finest linen quality".

BYRON WESTON LINEN RECORD PAPER

is invariably used as the "standard" of specifications to which paper manufacturers must figure in submitting contract estimates

Twenty-six states and hundreds of municipalities use for official purposes Byron Weston Linen Record Paper. The oldest and most reliable stationers, rulers and binders have unhesitatingly specified for fifty years Byron Weston products where satisfaction had to be guaranteed and where quality and permanency were the important considerations.

We have a new book of remarkable testimonials that cannot be equaled by any other Record Paper Maker in the world. Write for it to-day. Ask for Sample Book L

People who know—specify BYRON WESTON PAPERS for their various business needs. **Defiance Bond** is especially adapted for commercial uses. It has the refined appearance, uniform texture, lightness and toughness demanded by the good business man. It tests higher and looks better than paper selling at almost double its price.

BYRON WESTON COMPANY

ESTABLISHED 1864

DALTON. - -

"The Paper Valley of the Berkshires".

MASS.

Walnuts and Wine

He slumbered deep; yet in his sleep
He rambled all the night:

"Eat Sawdust Food. Smith's Shoes Are Good
To Whet the Appetite.

Take Pinkly Pills for Climbing Hills,
Drink Our Two-Dollar Hat;
Wear Simpson's Bottled Underwear.

Puff's Cigars for Falling Hair,"

Next day they took poor Farmer Brown
Back home, a gibbering wreck,
His mind a daze, his eyes a glaze,
A bad twist in his neck.
And now he sits, his brow he knits,
And all day long repines,
The while he tries with feverish doubt
To twist and turn and straighten out
The meaning of the signs!

And crazy things like that.

A BALL-PLAYER

Teacher (in geography class): "John, you may tell the class what a league is."

John (promptly): "Eight baseball clubs is a league."

W. R. M.

THE DEACON'S DECOY

A colored preacher of Richmond recently "exchanged" with a brother divine in an Alabama town. Shortly after the assumption of his new charge, the Richmond minister was much scandalized by the action of one Deacon Smith, who, in the vestry after service, was observed deliberately to withdraw a fifty-cent piece from the contribution-box and to substitute therefor a dime.

"Deacon Smith!" exclaimed the new-comer. "This is down-right dishonesty!"

Deacon Smith was in no wise perturbed. "It ain't nothin' of de kind, Pastor," said he, quite conscious of his own rectitude. "De fact is, I's led off with dat half-dollar for de last six years. It ain't no contribution; it's a temporary loan as a noble example!"

Taylor Edwards

A GIRL often finds it difficult to keep her ideals if she has to support one of them.

L. B. Coley





Trade Mark on Every Package "Good health and good sense are two of life's greatest blessings"

It shows good sense and is conducive to good health to use Baker's Cocoa. It is a pure and healthful drink of high food value with a most delicious flavor, the natural flavor of the best cocoa beans, which makes its constant use so agreeable and satisfying. One never tires of it.

Choice Recipe Book Sent Free

Walter Baker & Co. Ltd.
DORCHESTER, MASS.

Established 1780

Walnuts and Wine

A PRAYER TO THE SPIRIT OF HUMOR

FOR ALL HUMORISTS, NEAR-HUMORISTS, AND WOULD-BE HUMORISTS

By Kate Masterson

Deliver us from those Terrible Crimes—Old Jokes, Puns, Perversions of Speech, and Mere Foolishness.

Vouchsafe that we may not fall into the Labored, Hard-As-Nails, Dry-As-Dust forms. That we may give no Imitations. That we may bear in mind that Humor poises above three Dark Morasses: Cruelty, Bad Taste, and Silliness. Falling into any of these, humor becomes a Vice.

That we may Studiously avoid making fun of a Nation, a Cause, or an Individual that is weak. That we may not Laugh at Cripples.

That we may never forget our Climaxes.

That we may maintain a Playful Spirit, and a Sense of Beauty and Sentiment, which will prevent us from becoming Dull.

That we may not be Pedantic, Arbitrary, or Self-Conscious.

That we may bear in mind that if there could be one condition worse than a World of Eternal Tears, it would be a World of Everlasting Smiles.

Grant us, therefore, some Sane and Lucid Intervals.

Keep us from that Literary Cowardice that is sometimes Spoken of as Wholesome Simplicity.

From Cheap Slang,
From Bad Lines,
From Commonplace Themes,
From Parodies on Omar,

Deliver Us!

AN UNCERTAIN MARKET

By N. Parker Jones

Simple Simon, aeroplaning,
Said he did n't know
That he 'd ever seen the time
When land was quite so low.
Touched a harmless-looking lever,
Tumbled to his fate.
"Zounds!" said Simon. "What a sudden
Rise in real estate!"





SAPOLIO

for it is a matter of health. Every room needs it because it Cleans, Scours, Polishes. A genuine necessity in these days because it cleans almost everything.

Works Without Waste

Walnuts and Wine

A "NEW IMMORTAL" CREATED PREMATURELY

During the latter part of the Civil War, Basil Gildersleeve lay one day apparently at the point of death, surrounded by several members of his family.

"Brother," he murmured faintly, "I have, at most, only a few days to live, and when I am laid to rest I want you to have my new pair of boots in the closet yonder. I paid two hundred and fifty dollars, Confederate, for them, and you are sorely in need of a pair."

Instead of the expected burst of gratitude, there was no answer. Racked with emotion at the thought of his great loss, the brother was evidently too much overcome for speech.

"Brother," persisted the future "Immortal" weakly, "you must n't have any foolish sentiment about those boots. I will never be well enough to wear them again, and it would be pure extravagance to bury me in them."

Still the brother, his face flushed, his heart too full for utterance, made no reply.

"Won't you promise me to wear the boots after I am gone?" Gildersleeve pleaded.

"Basil," stammered the other, crimsoning with confusion, "I've—got 'em on now."

A. H.

DEGENERATION

The tragedies of early married life were illustrated in an incident that occurred not long ago in a Baltimore household.

A young wife sought out her mother-in-law with a most agonized expression and threw herself into a chair with an outburst of grief.

"Has anything happened to Henry?" anxiously asked the mother-in-law.

"He's taken to staying out at nights!" wailed the unhappy wife.

"It does n't seem possible! How long has this been going on? How late does he stay away?"

"Well," sobbed the young woman, "you know he usually leaves the office at five o'clock. Night before last he did not get home until six, and last night he did n't set foot in the house until twenty minutes after six! Oh, what shall I do? What shall I do?"

Fenimore Martin

More things would come to him who waits if they were not captured on the way by the man who won't wait. William J. Burtscher



WE INVITE EVERY THIN MAN AND WOMAN

This is an invitation that no thin man or woman can afford to ignore. We invite you to try a new treatment called "Sargol" that helps digest the food you eat—that puts good, solid flesh on people that are thin and under weight.

How can "Sargol" do this? We will tell you. This new treatment is a scientific, assimilative agent. It increases cell growth, the very substance of which our bodies are made—puts red corpuscles in the blood which every thin person so sadly needs, strengthens the nerves and puts the digestive tract in such shape that every ounce of food gives out its full amount of nourishment to the blood instead of passing through the system undigested and unassimilated.

Women who never appear stylish in anything they wear because of their thinness, men under weight or lacking in nerve force or energy have been made to enjoy the pleasures of life—been fitted to fight life's battles, as never for years, through the use of "Sargol."

If you want a beautiful and well-rounded figure of which you can be justly proud—a body full of throbbing life and energy, write the Sargol Company, 694-S, Herald Bldg., Binghamton, N. Y., today, for 50c box "Sargol," absolutely free, and use with every meal.

But you say you want proof! Well, here you are. Here is the statement of those who have tried—been convinced—and will swear to the virtues of this preparation:

REV. GEORGE W. DAVIS says:

"I have made a faithful trial of the Sargol treatment and must say it has brought to me new life and vigor. I have gained twenty pounds and now weigh 170 pounds, and, what is better, I have gained the days of my boyhood. It has been the turning point of my life."

MRS. A. L RODENHEISER writes:

"I have gained immensely since I took Sargol, for I only weighed about 106 pounds when I began using it and now I weigh 130 pounds, so really this makes twenty-four pounds. I feel stronger and am looking better than ever before, and now I carry rosy cheeks, which is something I could never say before."

CLAY JOHNSON says:

"Please send me another ten-day treatment. I am well pleased with Sargol. It has been the light of my life. I am getting back to my proper weight again. When I began to take Sargol I only weighed 138 pounds, and now, four weeks later, I am weighing 153 pounds and feeling fine."

F. GAGNON writes:

"Here is my report since taking the Sargol treatment. I am a man 67 years of age and was all run down to the very bottom. I had to quit work, as I was so weak. Now, thanks to Sargol, I look like a new man. I gained 22 pounds with 23 days' treatment. I cannot tell you how happy I feel."

MRS. VERNIE ROUSE says:

"Sargol is certainly the grandest treatment I ever used. I took only two boxes of Sargol. My weight was 120 pounds and now I weigh 140 and feel better than I have for five years. I am now as fleshy as I want to be, and shall certainly recommend Sargol, for it does just exactly what you say it will do."

Full address of any of these people if you wish.

Probably you are now thinking whether all this can be true. Stop it! "Sargol" does make thin people add flesh, but we don't ask you to take our word for it. Write us today and we will send you absolutely free a 50c package for trial. Cut off coupon below and pin to your letter.

GOOD FOR 50e BOX

Sargol Co., 694-S., Herald Bldg., Binghamton, N. Y.
Gentlemen:—I have never tried Sargol, and ask you to send me a 90c box Free as per your offer. To help pay postage and distribution expenses I enclose soc. Please send in a plain package with no marks to indicate its contents. Write your name and address plainly and PIN THIS COUPON TO YOUR LETTER

Walnuts and Wine

GRATIFYING

By Lurana Sheldon

The Ranunculous bulbosus now adorns the meadow lot, And the Arctastaphylosus ornaments the wooded spot, While the little Tomentosus overflows the window-pot.

The Viola Cucullata peeps above the brooklet's bank, And the gentle Sagittata blooms in lonely spots and dank, Also the Trifoliata is becoming long and lank.

All of which is but conclusive that the days are going by With the elements conducive to caloric of July, And that we can shed our flannels quite with safety, you and I.

SEEMS SO THESE DAYS

Teacher: The right to have more than one wife is called polygamy. What is it when only one wife is allowed a man?"

Willy: "Monotony, ma'am." George Frederick Wilson

WHEN PUSSY-WILLOWS BLOOM

Miss Lucy was a very proper lady, who loved to keep her classical lore in the name of her pets. One promising-looking young cat she named Brutus. But in the spring, when kittens bloom, there were five reasons for changing his name, so she called her Broodus.

A. H.

TRUE WORTH

Visitor: "I came all the way from the city to consult your lawyer Jones here. He's a good man, is n't he?"

Uncle Eben: "Nope; we don't consider him one, two, three, with Smith. Why, Smith's been intrusted with the local agency of the Knott Knitting Needle, the dispensing of Daggett's Drugless Dope, and the demonstrating of Fasset's Fireless Cooker. That not only shows that he's got the confidence of such big fellows as them, but he don't have to depend on his law hardly at all to make a living."

Lauren S. Hamilton

"THERE may be plenty of money in circulation," mused the Country Editor, "but what are you going to do if you have no circulation?"

Childe Harold

EXCESSIVE activity in front of bars sometimes leads to passive quietude behind them.

H. E. Ising



Buys the Material NEEDED TO BUILD

Price includes Blue Prints: Architect's Specifications; Full Details; Working Plans and Typewritten Material List OUR HOUSE DESIGN NO. 163

We are experts, not only in Building Material cost and values, but in house planning as well

Our Guaranteed Building Proposition insures you ample quantities to complete the job strictly according to plans; prompt shipment, asfe delivery and a personal follow-up letter from our President to find out whether our promises to you have been kept. Absolute satisfaction in the entire deal is what we offer.

WE SAVE YOU BIG MONEY ON LUMBER AND BUILDING MATERIAL!

The Chicago House Wrecking Co, is the largest concern in the world devoted to the sale of Lumber, Plumbing, Heating Apparatus and Building Material direct to the consumer, No one clae can make you an offer like the one shown above. We propose to furnish you everything needed for the construction of this building except Plumbing, Heating and Masoury material. Write for exact details of what we furnish. It will be in accordance with our specifications, which are so clear that there will be no possible misunderstanding.

HOW WE OPERATE

We purchase at Sheriffs' Sales, Receivers' Sales and Manufacturers' Sales, besides owning outright sawmills and lumber yards. Usually when you purchase your building material for the complete home shown above, elsewhere, it will cost you from 50 to 60 per cent more than we ask for it. By our "direct to you" methods we eliminate several middlemen's profits. We can prove this to you.

WHAT OUR STOCK CONSISTS OF

WHAT OUR STOCK CONSISTS OF

We have everything needed in Building Material for a building
of any sort. Lumber, Sash, Doors, Millwork, Structural Iron,
Pipes, Valves and Fittings, Steel and Prepared Roofing. Our
stock includes Dry Goods, Clothing, Furniture, Russ, Groceries,
etc., Machinery, Hardware, Wire Fencing—in fact, anything
required to build or equip. Everything for the Home, the Office,
the Factory or the Field, besides everything to wear or to eat.
Send us your carpenter's or contractor's bill for our low estimate.
We will prove our ability to save you money. WRITE US
TODAY, giving a complete list of everything you need.

FREE BOOK OF PLANS

We publish a handsome, illustrated book, containing designs of Houses, Cottages, Bungalows, Barns, etc. We can furnish the material complete for any of these designs. This book is mailed free to those who correctly fill in the coupon below. Even if you have no immediate intention of building, we advise that you obtain a copy of our FREE BOOK OF PLANS. It's a valuable book.

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This company has a capital stock and surplus of over \$1,000,000.00. Absolute satisfaction guaranteed in every detail. If you buy any material from us not as represented, we will take it back at our freight expense and return your money. We recognize the virtue of a satisfied customer. We will in every instance "Make Good." Thousands of satisfied customers prove this. We refer you to any bank or banker anywhere. Look us up in the Mercantile Agencies. Ask any Express Company. Write to the publisher of this publication. Our responsibility is unquestioned.

\$2.00 Buys a Complete Set of Blue Prints We send you a set of plans for the house described above material, transportation charges prepaid, for the low cost of \$2.00. This is only a deposit, a guarantee of good faith, and the proposition to you is that after receiving these blue prints, specifications and list of material, if you can place an order with us for complete bill of material, we will credit your account in full for the \$2.00 received, or we will allow you to return these plans, specifications, and list of materials to us and we will refund \$1.50, thereby making the total cost to you 50 cents.

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Bot Air Furnaces I

Don't let the contract for your hot air furnace until you get our figures.
We will cut your local dealer's price in half. We can farnish you a complete equipment, including p ilp es registers. furnace; everything required at a price not much more than what an ordinary heating store would cost you. Complete hot air heating plants \$48.00 up.
Get our heating ontalog at once. Tells you all about & Write us today. We guarantee to ave you money. We loan you tooks. We make you plans. Every heating plant we sell is backed by our guarantee bond.

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we guarantee to save you so to 75 per cent on a modern hot water heating plant for your home. We make you complete plans and instructions and help you out every way we possible plant backed by our guarantee bond. We furnish the materialry you get the plant installed. Cut out the local dealer's profits and out the local dealer's profits and out the continual to the country. Write today for our Special Heating Catalog. Tells a about our heating proposition. We can furnished about our heating proposition. We can furnished how large, Tell us your needs. Write fee Free Special Heating Catalog No. 106

Water Supply Outfits! Modern Air Pressure Water Supply Systems they are strictly new, first-class and complete in every detail. Even though you live in the country, you can enjoy every city comfort at little expense. Why not investigate this. We are ready to furnish you with all facts free of charge. All material fully guaranteed. We also have a complete stock of Pipe, Valves and Fittings at 40 to 50 per cent saving.

1½ Horse Power Gasoline Engines at \$24.75 CHICAGO HOUSE WRECKING CO., Thirty-Fifth and CHICAGO.

SEND US THIS COUPON.

Chicago Hous	e Wrecking Co.		
I saw this ad	in Lippincott's Ms	gazine	
I am intereste	d in		
NAME			
Town			
no.	State		

THE NEW WOMAN.

By Mary A. Fairchild

"Oh, Mother, may I go out to vote?"

"Oh, yes, my darling Ruth, dear;

Wear your best hat and your pony-skin coat,

But don't go near the booth, dear."

ALL THE SAME

"Suppose we should elect a Democrat to the Presidency, what do you think he'd do?"

"Try to be reëlected."

Ellis O. Jones

Where a college man's heart is, there will his frat pin be also.

Dorothy Porter

A SURE TEST

Customer: "Do you guarantee this to be Ceylon tea?"

Cocksure Salesman: "Absolutely, madam. Mr. Ceylon's name is on every package."

Justin Tyme

Ir you want to be up with the lark in the morning, keep away from the swallows at night.

Joe King

ELLA AND BELLA

Ella: "She is always being invited out on some yacht or other."

Bella: "Yes, she is pleasure-crafty!"

Harold Melbourns

WE don't mind seeing other people get on in the world so long as they don't use us as stepping-stones.

Hugh Morist

THE Secret Door-Woman's mouth.

Isabel Normand

Go over your own faults with a fine-tooth comb; over the faults of others with a hay-rake.

H. E. Ising

Most women can keep a secret—going.

Horace Zimmerman

Old Hampshire Bond

[44]

THE idea that you need a new, a better grade of stationery to represent your business does not always come direct from an advertisement.

Too often the impulse to improve your stationery comes with a shock, when Chance throws one of your competitor's letters beneath your eye, and your mind jumps to a comparison of his letterhead with your own. Even before you begin to read the letter you note your own disadvantage.

It is then, for the first time, that you see your own letterhead as others see it. And it is then that we want you to revert to a consideration of how your own letters would look, if typed on

Old Hampshire Bond [45]



THIRTY-FIVE years ago, a young lawyer in an inland city ordered a stock of embossed letterheads on the best paper his printer could supply. At that time he had the best-looking letterhead of any lawyer or business man in the State.

Recently this lawyer, now a Judge, received a communication from a young attorney. Occasion caused him to compare his answer, typed on the same stationery he had always used, re-ordering as his supply ran low, with the "boy's" letter. Astonishment gripped him as he realized that his own stationery "the best in the State" of thirty-five years ago, was now obsolete.

He has a new letterhead now.

[46]

YOU should see the Old Hampshire Bond Book of Specimens. It shows a wide selection of letterheads and business forms. One style of printing, lithographing or engraving, on white or one of the fourteen colors of Old Hampshire Bond, is sure to express exactly the feeling-tone you desire for your stationery.

Write for it on your present letterhead.

Hampshire Paper Company South Hadley Falls

South Hadley Fall.
Massachusetts

The only paper makers in the world making bond paper exclusively. Makers of Old Hampshire Bond, "The Stationery of a Gentleman," and also Old Hampshire Bond Typewriter Paper and Manuscript Covers.



WISE CHOICE

That a man with a pet aversion will instinctively try to avoid it was recently proved when a woman consulted her husband about their daughter's education.

"Would you prefer to have Daughter take her lessons home?" she asked.

"It's all right for the drawing," replied her husband, who disliked noise, "but she'd better go to the teacher's residence for the singing and piano-playing."

J. J. O'Connell

IN 1912

By Mary A. Fairchild

Young Smith had just been proposed to

By the girl he lately had froze to;

And he said, "Bet your life

I'll take you for my wife

If you'll pay for my board and my clothes, too!"

GOING ONE BETTER

When in England, Governor Foss, of Massachusetts, had luncheon with a prominent Englishman noted for boasting of his ancestry. Taking a coin from his pocket, the Englishman said:

"My great-great-grandfather was made a lord by the king whose picture you see on this shilling."

"Indeed!" replied the Governor, smiling, as he produced another coin. "What a coincidence! My great-great-grandfather was made an angel by the Indian whose picture you see on this cent."

Mrs. A. S. Hitchcook

MEN who economize should be careful that they do not become econo-misers.

William J. Burtscher

MR. AND MRS. STUBBINS

Mr. Stubbins had been so annoyed that he finally gave Willie a sound spanking and sent him off to bed.

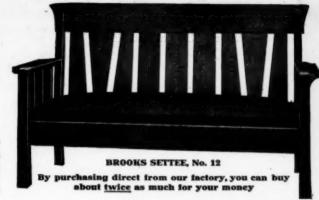
"John," said Mrs. Stubbins, with motherly feeling, "I don't believe in corporal punishment. I consider it a relic of the dark ages—an heirloom of barbarism."

"Perhaps you're right," replied Mr. Stubbins—"if you mean that it was handed down from father to son," he added with a sigh of satisfaction.

Stuart W. Knight

Buy Your Furniture at Factory Price!

-The celebrated Brooks Furniture made by expert craftsmen in the largest factory of its kind in the world. Lasts a lifetimethe most artistic and satisfactory furniture possible to secure.



The Average Retail Price for This Settee is \$25.00 Our Factory Price, \$11.75

This Craftsman Settee is constructed of fine quarter-sawed Oak with cushion of marokene leather. Length, 67 inches; height, 37½ inches; depth, 21 inches; beautifully finished in every detail. Shipped to you in complete sections. A few minutes with a screw driver and it's ready for use. If this-or any other piece of furniture

you purchase of us fails to satisfy you in every way, we will at once refund your money. Every piece of Brooks furniture is sold on a binding Money-Back Guarantee. Our beautifully illustrated furniture book shows one hundred similar bargains suitable for every room in the house, and tells all about the famous Brooks line. Write for it.

BROOKS MANUFACTURING CO., 9105 Rust Ave., Saginaw, Mich.

This Smith Premier \$2 Standard Typewriter-Yours for

For more years than you probably can remember, the Smith Premier Typewriter has been recognized as One of the Two Lenders among standard \$100 typewriters.

The Model No. 2, shown here, writes 76 characters, including the alphabet in capitals and small letters, figures, punctuation marks, etc. It has 76 finger-keys, "A key for every separate character."

A Great Opportunity

Here is a machine listed at \$100 which you can buy for \$26. It is one of many the Smith Premier Co. necepted as part payment for their new visible models.

Through an exclusive deal we get all of these returns at an unheard of low figure. That is why we can offer you the best of them—some but little used—at about one fourth the maker's price.

Fully Guaranteed



That's the

The Brainworker's Friend!

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to operate this Smith Premier. It is so simple you'll be surprised. The first evening you can write a letter on it. In a week you write as fast as with your pen. In a month twice as fast.

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The Smith Premier typewriter we offer you has just gone through our factory. Our expert workmen have examined it thoroughly, and replaced every weak part with a new part.

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Sign the coupon below and mail at once, and we will write you how you can examine and try this typewriter in your own home—to prove to your satisfaction that it is exactly as we say.

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Flease mail me full particulars of the Free Trial Offer of a Smith Premier Typewriter for \$26.00 without any obligation or ex-pense on my part, as advertised in Lippincott's Magazine.

Name

In writing to advertisers, kindly mention Lippincott's.

THE FADDIST

By George B. Staff

There was an old woman,
And what do you think?
She grew fat and healthy
On victuals and drink.
But now her digestion
Is all in a riot,
Because she got cranky
And tackled a diet.

THE POOR POET

A young man who had a strong liking for poetry, but a rather mediocre talent for writing it, deluded himself into the belief that the world was determined to keep him down. He continued writing for years, confident that he would win fame in the end. Once, in conversation with a clever girl, he started in on his pet theme.

"Like the rest of the world," he said, "you don't understand me. But I can afford to laugh at present neglect, for I'm writing for posterity."

"Oh, I understand you now," replied the girl. "So that's the reason your poems are not published during your lifetime!"

J. J. O'Connell

FACE ENOUGH TO WASH

Kind-Hearted Housewife (as tramp is washing his face): "Why do you keep your hat on when you wash?"

Tramp: "'Cause I'm bald-headed, an' I ain't got no other way of tellin' where my face stops."

George Frederick Wilson

QUITE ANOTHER THING

Bibbs: "I know a fool when I see one."

Gibbs: "Of course; any one does; but do you know a fool when you are one?"

A DÉBUTANTE

"Is Mrs. Parvenu entertaining this winter?"

"I understand she will give a coming-out party for her Chinese poodle."

Ellis O. Jones

THE finest Madonnas are found in homes, not in collections.

Minna Thomas Antrim

ABSOLUTELY PURE AND HEALTHFUL

Just use (1/2) the quantity you would of other makes, then you will prove BENSDORP'S

is the Cocoa of Economy.

Stephen L. Bartlett Co., IMPORTERS, BOSTON



This is the New Fox No. 24

Nothing equals this New Fox. It is a typewriter that will meet the approval of the most critical operator. A single demonstration will convince anyone of this. We will make it at our expense if you will give us your permission.



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8105-8305 Front St., Grand Rapids, Mich. Dear Sirs: Please send me a copy of your catalog and write me your Free Trial offer on a Fox Visible Typewriter.

NAME	
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Business	Н 36

THE SHOE ON THE OTHER FOOT

Among the stories told of the late Baron de Rothschild is one which details how a "change of heart" once came to his valet—an excellent fellow, albeit a violent "red."

Alphonse was as good a servant as one would wish to employ, and as his socialism never got farther than attending a weekly meeting, the baron never objected to his political faith. After a few months of these permissions to absent himself from duty, his employer noticed one week that he did not ask to go. The baron thought Alphonse might have forgotten the night, but when the next week told the same story, he inquired what was up.

"Sir," said the valet, with the utmost dignity, "some of my former colleagues have worked out a calculation that if all the wealth in France were divided equally per capita, each individual would be the possessor of two thousand francs."

Then he stopped as if that told the whole story, so said the baron, "What of that?"

"Sir," came back from the enlightened Alphonse, "I have five thousand francs now." Warwick James Price

SEE THE MAIDEN WITH THE RING

By Corinne Rockwell Swain

See the maiden with the ring,— Diamond ring!

What a sweet assurance that she has him on a string! See it glitter, glitter, glitter,

With a radiance rich and rare, While her lady friends they titter

With a soft and bird-like twitter,

As they pipe the solitaire.

And their eyes shine bright, With an optimistic light,

In the cheering scintillations that so gloriously spring

From the ring, ring, ring, ring,

Ring, ring, ring,-

From the gleaming and the beaming of the ring!

Widows are usually captains of their fate, but they don't mind taking on second mates when the sea gets too heavy.

Angie Ousley



The success of the Steger & Sons Piano proves that music-lovers have been quick to recognize its excellent qualities. The Steger Institution, as in the past, is determined to perpetuate its reputation by producing a piano of artistic worth and offering it at a moderate price. As an instrument of splendid musical sound, durable construction and graceful, refined designing it reflects the sincerity of this ambition.

Steger & Sons

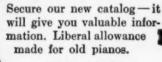
Pianos and Natural Player-Pianos

Are offered at attractive prices—quality considered. Most exacting methods of manufacturing, the result of many years of experience, and the extensive Steger purchasing-power

reduce remarkably the cost of each instrument. They are made in the great Steger piano-factories, at Steger, Illinois, the town founded by Mr. J. V. Steger.

The Stear & Sons Catalog is a real necessity to those contemplating the purchase of a piano

PLANS FOR PAYMENT THAT MAKE BUYING CONVENIENT



Steger & Sons

Piano Manufacturing Co. STEGER BUILDING. CHICAGO, ILL





THE WILD WEST

The Wild West is an American literary field, bounded on the north by the Jack London glacial region, on the east by the course of Mark Twain's steamboats, on the south by the trail of O. Henry, and on the west by the shadow of Wallace Irwin's schoolboys. It comprises generally everything beyond the Whitcomb Riley chain of old swimmin' holes and Grigsby Stations.

This picturesque area was discovered by Bret Harte, in 1849. Further explorations were soon made by Buffalo Bill, Colonel Prentiss Ingraham, and Mayne Reid. In recent years, Charles E. Blaney, Lincoln J. Carter, Burt L. Standish, and Mary MacLane have added greatly to the general knowledge concerning the field.

Topographically, the Wild West runs largely to skyscraper effects, the mountains being crested with skyscrapers, cog railways, and copper cylinders containing the American flag. These lofty peaks are interspersed with rolling plains, over which roams the Great American Beefsteak in its pre-Armourian stage. The rivers are in the main lengthy, rambling, and shallow, like much of the eloquence along their banks. The cities, while young, have already grown far beyond the limits set by the Census Bureau.

The Wild West teems with an interesting citizenry of cowboys, heathen Chinese, Rough-Riders-into-office, divorcées, real estate fictionists, Japanese spies, insurgents, train-robbers, gold kings, reformers, gentle grafters, polygamists, home-seekers, and bad men.

It produces juvenile romance of redskinicide-provoking tendencies, ten-twent'-thirt' melodramas, motion-picture extravaganzas, redblood magazine stories, isms, ideas, cults, and perils.

In natural resources, the Wild West is rich beyond compare. Most of the mineral wealth of the United States Senate is to be found in the one-time public lands. The arid plains are now being reclaimed by irrigation and placed upon the market in the form of well-watered stock projects.

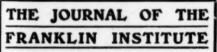
Mr. H. Greeley once gave out a very famous bit of advice—
"Young man, go West!" Better might he have said, "Young woman, westward ho!" For it is in the Wild West that woman has attained her highest political development, recalling perfectly-dreadful mayors and other too-awful-for-any-use officials as easily as her Eastern sister recalls John from the foot of the stairs.

Stuart B. Stone

COLLEGE students should go to bed early and avoid the rush.

Childe Harold





Devoted to Science and the Mechanic Arts

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THE FRANKLIN INSTITUTE OF THE STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA

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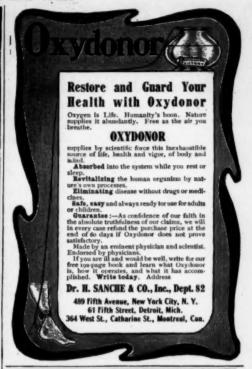
Mr. W. E. Symon's article on "THE PRACTI-CAL APPLICATION OF SCIENTIFIC MANAGEMENT TO RAILWAY OPERA-TION," together with discussions of the same by the following gentlemen:

George J. Burns F. H. Clark A. L. Conrad W. J. Cunningham James S, Eaton Harrington Emerson Frank B. Gilbreth Chas. B. Going S. M. Vauclain Walter V. Turne

appearing in the January, February March and April numbers of the Journal, will be issued separately and may be obtained in paper binding at seventy-five cents per copy.

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applies to the typewriter equally as well as to railroads. That which eliminates extra work and motions is scientific saving.

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This is true of no other typewriter. Write for information to

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Branches everywhere



To BE OR NOT TO BE

The Virginian of the vintage of '72 was brought up on McGuffey's Reader, the selections of which were a balanced literary ration, so it was not entirely surprising that one from a little further back in the woods should say to the other, "I tell you, suh, Dr. McGuffey was a great man, a great writer. Why, suh, if he had never written anything but that piece in his reader, beginning, 'To be, or not to be: that is the question,' he would deserve to be called a great man, suh."

A SLIDING SCALE

By William Wallace Whitelock

Ten Presidential Booms, looking spruce and fine-One of them grew indiscreet, and then there were nine. Nine Presidential Booms at the White House gate-One of them turned Socialist, and then there were eight. Eight Presidential Booms, candidates for heaven-One of them a cocktail drank, and then there were seven. Seven Presidential Booms playing politics— One of them defied his Boss, and then there were six. Six Presidential Booms very much alive-One of them said what he thought, and then there were five. Five Presidential Booms, talking more and more— One of them attacked the Trusts, and then there were four. Four Presidential Booms at a social tea-One of them, alas! got kissed, and then there were three. Three Presidential Booms, telling all they knew-One exposed the coal lands graft, and then there were two. Two Presidential Booms, talking down the sun-One staved home from church one day, and then there was one. One Presidential Boom thought the fighting done-But he sneered at the Suffragettes, and then there was none.

Suspicious

"Ah," said the Editor, as he greeted one of his contributors on his birthday, "many happy returns of the day!"

"Oh," groaned the contributor, "more rejection slips!"

Karl von Kraft

Self-Made men brag of their rise, and their daughters boast of their descent.

W. R. M.



The Davey Tree Expert Co., Inc. 221 Filbert Street Kent, Ohio Branch Offices: New York, N.Y.; Chicago, Ill.; Toronto, Can. Canadian Address: 630 Conf. Life Building, Toronto, Ont. Representatives Available Everywhere

Red Rough Hands Made Soft and White



By Cuticura Soap and Ointment

For red, rough, chapped and bleeding hands, itching, burning palms, and painful fingerends, with shapeless nails, a one-night Cuticura treatment works wonders. Directions: Soak the hands, on retiring, in hot water and Cuticura Soap. Dry, anoint with Cuticura Ointment, and wear soft bandages or old, loose gloves during the night.



Cuticura Scap and Ointment are sold everywhere. For sample of each, with 32-p. book, free, address "Outicura," Dept. 133, Boston.

TENDER-FACED MEN

Should shave with Cuticura Scap Shaving Stick. Makes shaving a pleasure instead of a torture. At stores or by mail, 25c.

A PARADOX

By S. S. Stinson

When it comes to collecting a long-standing debt,
The collector is on his mettle,
For a fellow may go with a very fast set,
And still may be slow to settle.

DEFINITIONS

THE Morphine Habit-A shroud.

THE Ghost of a Show-Hamlet's Father.

A TIGHT Squeeze—Hugging a lamp-post.

COLD Feet-Two Feet of Snow.

NATURAL Selection-The best umbrella in the rack.

WEATHER Report-A thunder-clap.

Making Up Time—The three hours before the ball.

A RECEIVING Teller-A gossip.

A PARTING Question-" Is that about right, sir?"

FACING Fearful Odds-Males in Massachusetts.

THE Tin-plate Industry-Pie-Baking.

Down With High Prices-Eider.

THE Result of Eaves-Dropping-Icicles.

FIGHTING for Deer Life-The Adirondack Hunter.

Harold Susman

Fi

CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES

Bilton: "It's awful queer."

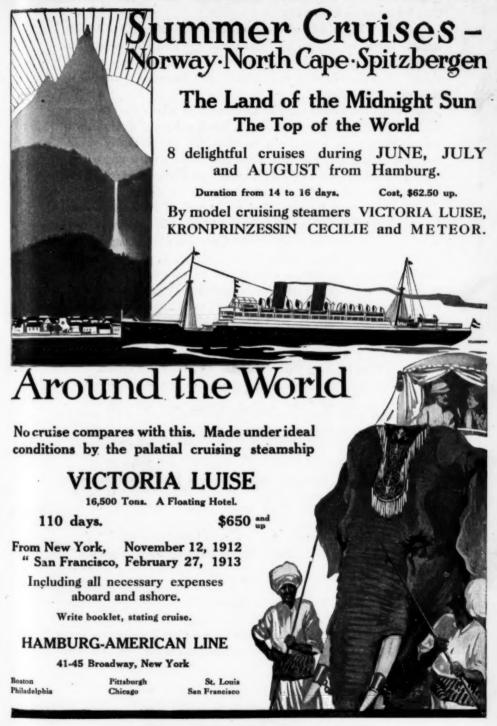
Tilton: "What is?"

Bilton: "Why, a man will pay a doctor good money to be ordered to sleep out-of-doors. Yet if the landlord ordered him to do it, he'd set up an awful howl."

George Frederick Wilson

THE man who ought to work and does n't is lazy; and to him the man who does n't have to work but does is crazy.

William J. Burtscher



THE TRAGEDY OF LAUGHTER

Laughter is the gift of the gods, bestowed only on the human animal, unless we except the hyena; and the hyena is merely the exception that proves the rule. Laughter is undoubtedly a good thing. So is carbolic acid, in its place. But, like most good things, they can be overdone.

A New York woman laughed so heartily at a joke the other day that she literally laughed herself to death. All the great metropolitan newspapers printed stories about the, paradoxically speaking, sad affair, and yet with characteristic perversity not one of them even intimated what the joke was. So far as we know, there was not even a coroner's inquest to determine the matter.

We understand, however, that the American Press Humorists, in conjunction with the Anti-Suicide League, will appoint a commission to take testimony, with the intention of clearing up the mystery. If the deadly joke can be identified, it will be promptly blacklisted, as a menace to society, and all editors will be warned against using it. The carbolic-acid route is easy enough, but think of the possibilities to the despondent and suicidally-inclined that lie in this pernicious joke, that is still at large.

8. 8. Stinson

Good from Seeming Evil-The salary of the stage villain.

Harold Melbourne

What a young man earns in the daytime goes into his pocket; what he spends in the evening goes into his character.

Horace Zimmerman

Always laugh when any one tells you a joke. You may want to tell one yourself some day.

C. A. Lee

LAZY LITTLE PRUE

Sue: "Would n't you just like to be as happy as a lark?"

Prue: "No, indeed. Think of the time they have to get up."

THE MEANING OF THEIR DISCOURTESY

Mrs. Nupler: "Are the Bridelums happy with each other?"

Mrs. Alters: "I have n't heard them say; but I notice they never speak to Mrs. Lovitt any more—you know, she is the lady who introduced them."

G. T. Evans

The Earning Power of Money

When you read of the will left by some wealthy man, just note how much of all his possessions are listed as cash drawing 3% interest from the bank.

You will generally find most of it made up of Bonds, Real Estate, etc., drawing 5% or 6%. His experience in investments is wider than that of the ordinary bank depositor, therefore he can better pick a good investment.

Quite a number of the country's best Bond Houses are recognizing this situation and are offering Bonds with their own guarantee of 6% interest and return of capital. It is putting the experience of the millionaire right in the lap of the bank depositor.

INVESTMENTS

THE READERS' SERVICE DEPARTMENT OF LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE OFFERS ITS SERVICES, WITHOUT CHARGE, TO ALL READERS WHO DESIRE INFORMATION UPON ANY FINANCIAL TOPIC. ALL INQUIRIES WILL BE REGARDED AS CONFIDENTIAL, BUT THE PRIVILEGE IS RESERVED OF PUBLISHING, UNSIGNED, INQUIRIES AND ANSWERS WHICH ARE OF GENERAL INTEREST. THIS MAGAZINE DOES NOT UNDERTAKE TO MAKE SPECIAL INVESTIGATIONS INVOLVING CONSIDERABLE EXPENSE; THIS DEPARTMENT, HOWEVER, HAS ACCESS TO ALL THE AVAILABLE CHANNELS OF INFORMATION ON INVESTMENTS AND WILL BE GLAD TO PLACE ITS SERVICES AT THE DISPOSAL OF THE READERS OF THIS MAGAZINE.

Q. I am a stockholder of the Oxford Linen Mills and I would kindly request of you to advise me, after reading the enclosed circular, whether it would be safe for me to invest any more money with this concern in taking out some of their bonds?

A. The circular referred to urges the stockholders to subscribe to notes of the company in order to put it in position to enlarge its capacity to the point of making a large profit. The circular calls attention to the disappointments in obtaining new capital which the company has experienced, and attributes any unsatsfactory showing which it may have made to this failure to provide new capital. specific answer to the question is as follows: "It is impossible, on the basis of the figures presented, to advise you in this matter. If the appraisal of assets represented on the enclosed balance sheet is conservative, the company is evidently good for the loan of \$150,000. You have no assurance, however, that more notes will not be put out. We should feel greater confidence in the proposal if the company would put a mortgage on its property securing a closed issue of \$150,000 bonds. In case of default, we cannot see that you would be on any better basis than any other creditor. We do not like the high value given to patents, processes and good will in this statement."

Q. What is your opinion of the preferred stock of the Woolworth Company of New York?

A. This company is a New York Corporation organized to take over a number of concerns now operating Five and Ten Cent Stores in different sections of the United States, Canada and England. This class of business was originally started in-Lancaster, Pa., in 1897, and has grown until now the Company operates or controls about 558 stores in the United States, 32 in Canada and owns a controlling interest in F. W. Woolworth & Company, Ltd., of Great Britain, operating, thus far, 12 stores in England. The Company is stated to employ about 20,000 people and serves about 3,000,000 customers a day. The business is strictly cash, and the success of the organization is attributed to the buying power of large capital combined

YOUR MONEY CAN SAFELY EARN 7% HERE'S AN EVIDENCE

The WALPOLE RUBBER COMPANY manufactures the celebrated "CAT'S PAW" Rubber Heels; it is the largest manufacturer of Insulated Tape in the world. Its net earnings for 1911 were over three times greater than its Dividend requirements.

Its gross business for 1911 was over \$1,500,000.00.
IT HAS NO BONDED OBLIGATION WHATEVER.

Its capitalization is \$1,500,000 7 per cent. preferred and \$1,500,000 common stock. Its Officers and Directors are men of integrity and stand high in the business world. After a thorough investigation we feel justified in recommending to the public the 7 per cent. PREFERRED STOCK of this Company.

The par value is \$100 per share. We offer it at \$105 per share in lots to suit the purchaser, and until further notice, WILL INCLUDE A BONUS OF TWO SHARES OF COMMON STOCK for each ten shares of preferred stock purchased. You will not find on the market a substantial stock offering equal to that of the WALPOLE RUBBER COMPANY.

Write for full particulars. Investigate this offering. A SEVEN PER CENT. investment which is SAFE is worth your consideration.

HOTCHKIN & COMPANY

53 State Street

BOSTON, MASS.

6% INVESTMENTS

Judicious buying as well as careful investigation, enables us to offer from time to time a most conservative class of investments to net the excellent interest return of 6 per cent.

We have recently prepared a circular describing several bond issues which we consider particularly suited to investors seeking an attractive income and safety of principal.

In each instance the bonds are secured by first mortgage on valuable, well located property, are issued under our serial payment plan, which provides for a rapid reduction of the debt, and are protected by established earnings or personal obligations of a substantial character.

Our present offerings include bonds secured by Chicago real estate, marine equipment, industrial properties and such natural resources as water power, timber lands, and coal lands. These bonds are in \$500 and \$1,000 denominations, and available in maturities from one to sixteen years.

We strongly recommend your writing for Circular No. 761 P.

Peabody, Houghteling & Co.

(Established 1865)

105 S. La Salle Street, Chicago

with economy in distribution. The sales of the business in 1907 were \$32,968,145 and the profits \$2,971,119. In 1911 the sales had grown to \$52.616.124 and the profits to \$4,955,255. President F. W. Woolworth states that the net profits for the last three years have averages about five times the annual dividend on the 7 per cent, accumulative preferred stock or at the rate of 7.7 per cent, per annum on the common stock. The Company's total indebtedness on December 15, 1911, was \$82,155. The preferred stock of this company was sold immediately upon offering and it is highly regarded as an industrial investment.

We are asked by a company dealing in real estate mortgages to clear up a possible misapprehension of an answer to the following question in our February issue: "What is your opinion about real estate mortgage bonds? Can they be as safely bought as the bonds of large corporations? We presume that the question related primarily to the sale of bonds secured by first mortgages on real estate. Another class of investments of this character are not collateral trust bonds. Every bond issue is separate and distinct, the obligation of a specific borrower and secured by specific property. "The borrower or mortgagor signs each of the bonds in the issue, and the bonds are collectively and individually the obligation of the mortgagor, the entire bond issue being, of course, secured by trust deed to the property."

Q. Is it possible to invest money in as small amounts as \$100 in bonds?

A. There are a number of houses in the United States which offer bonds in denominations of \$100. Until recent years most bonds were issued in \$1000 and \$5000 denominations. The demand for safe investment from small savers has, however, reduced the denomination. The usual practice in bond investment is to deposit money in a savings bank until \$500 or \$1000 is accumulated, drawing savings bank interest as it grows, and then to draw out the money for the purchase of a bond.

It is usually, also, possible to make an arrangement with the banking house to buy bonds on the instalment plan paving down a certain sum and having the balance carried as a loan by the banking house until the principal is fully paid. The small investor however, much prefers that each investment should be complete. If he has \$100 to invest it is more satisfactory to him to offer him a \$100 bond. This principal is well recognized in France where bonds and notes of \$100 denominations or less have been available for many years. The bulk of investment in France is in the purchase of bonds of small denominations. In 1910 American railroad bonds floated in France were made available to the investor in denominations as low as \$5. Many corporations in the United States have recently authorized bond issues in which arrangements have been made for large numbers of \$100 bonds issued under the same mortgage and through the same trustee as the \$500 and \$1000 denominations.

DOWNTOWN CHICAGO First Mortgage 6% Bonds

X/E own and offer for sale First Mortgage Bonds in denominations of \$500 and \$1,000, secured by the highest class of newly-improved, incomeproducing, centrally-located business property in the downtown loop district of Chicago.

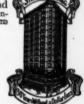
Real Estate in Chicago, the great central market of the United States, is constantly increasing in value, thus forming an exceptionally attractive security for investments.

For thirty years we have been selling First Mortgage Real Estate Securities, and during this time no client has ever lost a single dollar of interest or principal on any investment purchased of us.

It is, and always has been, our custom to repurchase, when requested, securities from clients, at par and accrued interest, less a handling charge of 1 per cent. If you are genuinely interested in the type of security which has stood the test of thirty years exacting investing experience, write for a copy of THE INVESTORS MAGAZINE, which we publish twice monthly in the interest of conservative investors.

We will be pleased to submit a list of these Bonds, which we recommend as investments of exceptional merit suitable to the requirements of the most conservative investor. Write for Circular No. 1235

MORTGAGE AND BOND BANKERS ESTABLISHED 1882 STRAUS BUILDING, CHICAGO.



THE MAGAZINE TO HAVE AND TO READ FOR THOSE SEEKING CAPITAL, FOR THOSE WITH MONEY TO INVEST, FOR BANKERS AND BURY BURNERS MEN. MONTHLY 25 CENTS, \$2.00 A YEAR, POSTPAID THE BANKER AND INVESTOR MAGAZINE. OHE MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY.

Mortgages on farms and improved city property. Legal rate of interest 10%. Send for booklet. Noonan Loan and Realty Co., Inc., 236 Lee Building., Oklahoma City, Oklahoma.

AFE and SURE *INVESTMENTS*



Are the only kind we offer. We sell no speculative securities of any kind—nothing but high-

MUNICIPAL BONDS

Many of them Tax-Free

The same kind which the U.S. Government finds good enough as security for

POSTAL BANK DEPOSITS

But instead of the % the Postal tanks pay, these ands yield from 4% to 5% Write for Free Circular.

NEW FIRST NATIONAL BANK. Dept. 9, Columbus, O.

247 Vital Pointers on How to Make Your

Camera Pay. Describes vividly, clearly, specifically every step from selecting subject to selling print. Tells how to get \$1 to \$15 each.

Includes dozens of pointers on the use of the lens, the finishing of prints, the making of flashlights, securing photographs for newspapers, magazines and publishers, and can be made the basis of a syste-matic study of the entire subject of photography.

ACTUALLY TELLS HOW—"Your List of Publishers, who deal in pictures, alone is worth the dollar, to say nothing of your well written book "CASH AND THE CAMERA," which goes to the heart of the facts at once, and gives one what he desires to know without wading through a mass of details." REV. H. R. LODKABILL, Milford, Ill.

Send \$1 now for "Cash and the Camera," prepaid and I will include, for a limited

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time, without charge, the names, requirements and prices paid by more than 35 publishers and buyers. Just sign your name and address on the margin, wrap a dollar bill in this page and mail immediately—at my risk.

A. S. DUDLEY, Publisher Box 775 K, Philadelphia, Pa

For Advertising Men Only!

Will You be the Guest of Texas?

In Dallas, May 19 to 27, there will meet the strongest assemblage of advertising men ever brought together. The eighth annual convention of the A. A. C. of A. will be attended by men from every corner of the continent. The progress of the year and the problems of the day are to be made known by those whose names stand for leadership in advertising efficiency.

There is serious work to be done. Grave questions of policy are to be discussed. The advertising man who cannot be present will do well to charge some good friend to watch events closely; there'll be much of value that the printed reports will never get. The man who comes will have an opportunity to "sense" conditions and futures that will pay him twice over for the time and money represented. Many of the great national advertisers will have their captains at Dallas just to get that "sense"—to listen for the significant overtones in the roar of debate, possibly even more than to the debate itself.

Texas hospitality is to other hospitality as the big commonwealth itself is, in size, to lesser members of the Union. The native son of the Lone Star State rises to the occasion when strangers are within his gates. To say that he "entertains" them is hardly to do justice to the multitudinous dinners, smokers, auto rides, boat trips and singfests of every sort that are showered upon the happy guest. But the spirit of welcome running through all the fun is the best entertainment and the thing that sticks longest in memory. One is

made to feel that "Glad to see you," in Texas, is no empty formula.

A New Idea

It is a common experience of men attending conventions to derive more benefit from a single chance conversation than from the whole round of set discourses. The talk one picks up by the way constitutes, in fact, the real value of these gatherings. Conventions, like the "lunch conferences" which Carnegie introduced in the steel business, afford an opportunity for busy men to meet and clean up a lot of ideas of the discussive kind that have accumulated in their minds. Again, the occasion is handy for long-postponed business interviews between men from different cities.

In order to systematize the coming together of men who want to meet, or could profitably meet, it is requested that those interested in special subjects, or anxious to see any one person in particular, send their names to "Texas Secretary, Room 1020, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City." Every effort will be made to get them in touch with the individuals they name or with delegates known to be well informed on given topics.

As to Arrangements

The four days "swing around the circle" to Fort Worth, Houston, Waco, and San Antonio will be without expense to delegates, as they will be during that period the guests of the Texas Advertising Clubs. Full details regarding transportation, hotels, and the like may be had by addressing Secretary,

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A TIRADE

Minna Irving

TEE finest car that ever ran
By gasoline inspired,
Is always bound to go the best
When it's completely tired,
And when a puncture makes it halt
And on the road remain,
Behold! it has to be retired
Before it goes again.

The motorist should strap behind
An extra tire or so,
The benzine-buggy thus attired
Straight through is sure to go,
And if you think these few remarks
Are tiresome, you should view
The auto-ads, and you will see
The cars all tired too.

OVERHAULING THE CAR

(Concluded from the April number)

By Churchill Williams

Before beginning to assemble the motor and remount it on the frame. the oil pan or lower half of the crank case and the case containing the gears driving the cam shafts should receive a bath of gasoline and be wiped dry. Next the adjoining faces of the cases must be cleared of all portions of the old gaskets and new gaskets made by laying a sheet of brown paper, or whatever other material has been used by the makers for that purpose, over each face, and cutting it to an exact fit, preferably by tapping the material gently with a light hammer, the rounded end of what is known as a ball-pein hammer being used to cut out the holes for the bolts. A thin coating of shellac

will cause this gasket to adhere to the The connecting-rod bearings metal. at both ends and the crank-shaft main bearings having been dosed with cylinder oil and bolted tightly in place with split washers under each nut or stud head, and all cotter pins inserted where demanded, the lower half of the crank case may be put in position and bolted fast, care being taken to bring up the case evenly by giving each of the bolts or studs not more than a half turn at a time as soon as they begin to tighten. Similar attention must be given to the bolts of the half-time gear case, which also should be liberally supplied with lubricant for the gears before it is locked up. It is assumed that, if any

of the gears were replaced or even disengaged during the process of over-hauling, the operator first took the precaution to mark the exact teeth in engagement, so that upon reassemblement the relation of movement of the minor shafts to the cranks should remain as it was. A change in the relation of these gears not greater than that between the centres of two adjoining teeth is often sufficient to upset the operation of a motor.

Also it is important that each connecting-rod shall now be returned to the piston and to the throw of the crank shaft from which it was removed. It will generally be found that, to insure this end, each pair of pistons and connecting-rods is stamped with a number.

The pistons, rings and the inside of the cylinders having been coated with cylinder oil, to facilitate the entrance of the pistons, the cylinders themselves may be put in place. This is a task which requires two persons, some patience, and a certain knack, if the breaking of a piston ring is to be avoided. It is easiest accomplished, perhaps, by one man straddling the engine base and slowly lowering the cylinders over the pistons, while the other man compresses the rings with his fingers and coaxes them into place. If any ring sticks, do not use force, but raise the cylinders slightly and repeat the coaxing pro-When bolting the cylinders to the base, care must be exercised to bring the flanges down evenly all round,

and this without dislodging or pinching a chance fold in the gasket. Every stud must be turned down as tightly as the wrench of proper size will bring it, split washers having been inserted. Afterwards the oil pipes, if any, and the water, gas and exhaust manifolds may be replaced; new gaskets being substituted for any that are damaged or appear to be worn. In the case of the water and gas manifolds it is essential that the joints be perfect and to aid in drawing up the binding bolts or studs of these joints, it is well to rub all threads with powdered graphite. Graphite also may advantageously be used on the studs or bolts retaining the exhaust line, serving here more particularly to lessen the chance of these burning fast. The pipe connecting the exhaust branch with the muffler may be left disconnected until the rest of the car has been overhauled; otherwise it is likely to be in the way of the workman. Before leaving the motor, it is wise, however, to adjust the valvetappet rods, screw in the spark plugs, replace the magneto, if there is one, being watchful that it is exactly in line and in "time," as indicated by the marks previously made on either side of its joint, and complete such other small adjustments as throttle and spark connections. Indeed it is my advice that, before turning to the other parts of the car, the motor be tested under power. If the work of overhauling has been carefully done and oil be very plentifully supplied, a satisfactory result should be obtained

The 25-Year Car

By R. E. Olds, Designer

Reo the Fifth

Is the only car based on 25 years spent in car building.

In those 25 years I have created 24 models, and have watched their performance with tens of thousands of owners.

I have also kept in touch, since the start of this industry, with all that other men have done.

Here is the final result my finest creation—the best that I can do.

How I Watch It

Never was a car so watched in the making as I am watching this. The prestige of a lifetime is staked on it.

In this car we insist on utter exactness, regardless of time. Parts are ground over and over.

Steel for this car is all analyzed, so we know its exact composition. Each car gets a thousand inspections.

The margin of safety in every part is extreme. We old designers know the need for that.

I use roller bearings— Timken and Hyatt—instead of the usual ball bearings. In no part is cost considered.

The carburetor is doubly heated—with hot air and hot water—to deal with lowgrade gasoline.

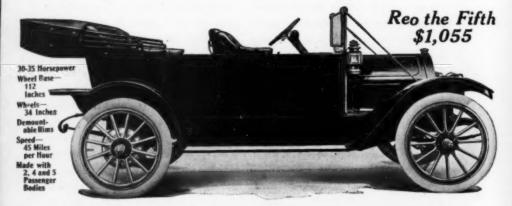
Unusual Beauty

The car is immensely impressive. It is long and roomy. The wheels are large, the car is over-tired. We avoid all the petty economies.

The body is finished in 17 coats. The lamps are enameled. Even the engine is nickel trimmed.

There is deep upholstering, made of genuine leather filled with hair.

At twice the price no car could offer more comfort or more class.



Top and windshield not included in price. We equip this car with mohair top, side curtains and slip cover, windshield, gas tank and speedometer—all for \$100 extra. Self-starter, if wanted, \$20 extra.

The Center Control

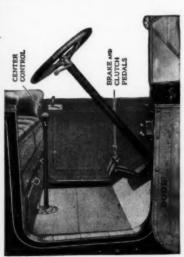
No Side Levers

The best new feature of the year is brought out in Reo the Fifth.

It is this center control, shaped like a cane handle. All the gear shifting is done by moving this lever less than three inches in each of four directions.

There are no side levers neither inside nor outside the door. So the entrance in front, on either side, is clear.

Both brakes are operated by foot pedals, one of which also operates the clutch. Never was a car so simple in operation.



Left Side Drive

These features permit of the left side drive, as in electric cars. The driver sits, as he should sit, close to the cars he passes and on the up side of the road.

Yet his gear shifting lever is at his right hand, and the brake pedals right before him.

This ideal arrangement is found today only in Reo the Fifth.

\$1,055 Too Low

The only point which does not meet my approval is this initial price. I believe it too low to continue.

> It is based on the present low cost formaterials, on enormous output, on ideal conditions.

This price I regardss a passing sensation. It is subject to instant advance. Under average conditions, it would be impossible.

But Reo the Fifth will always sell lower than any other car in its class. We have a model factory, modern equipment, enormous capacity. And we have the experience.

We are not over-capitalized—have no bonded debt. And we save about 20 per cent. in the making by confining our output to only one chassis.

Thus the best car I can build is being sold at this moment for \$1,055.

1,000 Dealers

Reo the Fifth is shown by dealers in a thousand towns. We will tell you the nearest when you write for our book.

This book shows the various styles of bodies. It pictures every detail. It enables comparison with all other cars. It is the most popular book of the season.

Write for it now. Address

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from this test by giving the engine half a dozen runs of from two to five minutes each, noting meanwhile its operation for smoothness under varying degrees of throttle and spark advance, and especially its tendency, if any, to overheat.

The steering mechanism should receive close attention. The case containing the worm-and-gear or nut-andscrew gear, if it be not taken down, at least should be flushed with gasoline and allowed to drain, after which it should be adjusted to overcome play and be filled with fresh lubricant. The small gears operating the spark and throttle connections should be also cleaned and lubricated, and careful adjustment be made throughout the linkage to take up all lost motion. The rod running from the steering arm forward, in most cars, has a ball-and-socket or other joint, with buffer springs, at This should be taken either end. down, cleansed with gasoline, the joints repacked with stiff grease, and, when reassembled, these be covered with leather boots as protection against mud and water.

Cleansing and adjustment of the clutch depends for its method so largely upon the type of clutch employed that little more can be said here than to warn the operator against allowing any mineral oil to touch the face of the clutch, if it be of the usual leather-covered, cone variety, and that if it be a multiple disk clutch, to see that the housing and its contents are thoroughly cleansed and all retaining bolts made tight. In changing the tension of the clutch springs or the length of its operating arms moderation should be the watchword. Slight alterations in these parts will be found

usually to make surprising differences in the action and grip of the clutch.

The readiness with which the gear case and its appurtenances may be cleaned and overhauled depends to some extent upon its location.. amidships, it is usually easy enough to get at; if it is on the back axle, adjoining the differential, its examination may require the removal of the tonneau floor boards, and after that some manoeuvring. In either event, the top plate of the case having been taken off and the entire contents of the case washed with gasoline and drained, each gear in turn should be revolved slowly by hand and the teeth inspected for fractures or burring. A slight burring is permissible, for while provocative of some noise and occasionally of mild difficulty in making engagement, that condition will be found to prevail after a few months of use, in almost all cars unless they have been handled with care by an expert operator. Broken or badly marred teeth, however, should insure the immediate replacement of the gears on which they are found, and this will, in most instances, owing to the way the gears are assembled and fastened, necessitate calling on the makers of the car or at least for the services of an experienced machinist. The fit of bearings in the gear case may usually be tested by gripping the shafts at some convenient point and feeling for play with the hand. If roller bearings are used, these sometimes can be adjusted; but if the bearings are of the usual ball type. and looseness is present, which is likely only after long hard service, nothing less than replacement will do away with lost motion. The operator



can, however, do something to bring about an even engagement of the faces of the gears, should this be found to be faulty, by adjusting the shifting mechanism closely, unless of course, the trouble comes from wear of the fork or forks that move the gears into position. In the latter event, new forks have to be put in. Sometimes it will be discovered that difficulty with gear engagement has its cause in looseness of the gear-shifting hand lever upon the cross shaft-the cure for such trouble being obvious. In any case, before leaving the gear case or putting in fresh lubricant, all bearings should be oiled by hand as security against dryness of these at the start.

The differential case is likely to require no more than cleaning, examination of the gears for damaged teeth and fresh lubricant. If replacement of the bearings seems to be required, this work, in the average instance, is best entrusted to some one familiar with such work. Provision for a certain amount of adjustment is, however, often found, and, in such event, if the differential is getatable without taking apart the whole axle assembly-the owner, by jacking up the wheels and making the adjustment by slow stages while revolving the gears, may obtain satisfactory results. At the same time is well to make an examination of the backaxle bearings at both ends, and, if the axle itself be of the full-floating type, to look over the dogs or other device used to lock the axles to the road wheels. It is especially important that all studs or bolts appertaining to this part of the car be set up tight, and that no split washer

or cotter pin be omitted; also that the felt washers, if any, that are used to prevent leakage of the lubricant be in good condition. The axle hubs should, of course, be freshly lubricated after all adjacent bearings have been cleaned. While the car is jacked up and the rear wheels are off, is likewise a good time to inspect the brake drums, bands and their operating mechanism. Occasionally it will be found advisable to cut loose the asbestos lining from the bands and rivet on fresh strips of the same material; in almost every case, cleaning of the brake bearing surfaces and nice adjustment of the linkage will afford the owner renewed confidence in the efficiency of this portion of the car. It should go without saying that, after these adjustments have been made, all small moving parts should receive some lubrication, which, on account of the dust bath in which they are constantly immersed, on the road has its best form perhaps in powdered graphite with the addition, in certain places, of a few drops of oil.

Before leaving the car, care must be taken to tighten the nuts on the spring clips, to run the spout of the oil can along the edges of the leaves of the springs, to clean and relubricate the hubs, steering pivots, and link connection of the front wheels, and to go over the bolts and screws holding the body to the chassis. Finally, as should suggest itself to each owner, an inspection of the car as a whole should be made so that no small adjustment may be overlooked; in certain of their constructive details cars differ so widely that little more has been attempted here than to offer suggestions for the overhauling.



MODES FOR THE MOTORIST

By Mrs. A. Sherman Hitchcock

To the novice preparing for a motor tour and in fact even to the experienced motorist, one of the most perplexing questions is that concerning the packing of the motor trunk. While there are, of course, maids and valets to attend to this for the favored few, still the every-day motorists must do their own packing. The amateur motor tourist is quite inclined to take



along too many clothes when motor touring. The greatest object is to get as great a quantity of appropriate clothing into the trunk as possible. The idea that tight packing of clothes affects the appearance of them is a mistake. The tighter articles are packed the better they will be preserved during a motor trip. The main purpose to consider is to keep everything perfectly flat. Bulky bundles

should always be avoided. Systematize the space of the trunk. The heavier clothes should always be placed at the bottom and the lighter at the top.

One of the most important questions for the motor tourist to decide is that of her clothing. First of all, the coat must be selected. This must be of good style and also protective, and must present a smart aspect. For the style of the motor coat there is a great number to select from, but the plain, full, loose, all-enveloping garment is the one to which preference is given by the knowing woman. She should, of course, study her type carefully before deciding upon the cut of her coat, but is well to remember that although the loose coat is always particularly recommended to the slim woman, it will also make the stout one appear really more slender.

Practical coats for touring are made in cravenette, khaki, linen, serge, pongee and the woolen suitings. These wool fabrics which make up into very comfortable and smart coats seem to incline rather to one-tone colorings in medium effect than to mixed designs and the border finish woolens are preferably for this use as they stand summer dust much better than the unfinished variety. Among the onetone woolens, the new whipcords and the Cayadere stripe figure conspicu-Invisible stripe designs are numerous and there are some very effective two-tone stripes with but slight contrast of shades. Block check designs are also considered very smart for traveling and some highly attract-



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Modes for the Motorists.

ive garments are found in black and white with a dull, blurred line of some soft, faded color running across the



surface, but for really hard touring a one-tone worsted is a wiser choice. Serges, both in fine and wide wales,

hold their prestige for smart coats and there are several light supple canvas weaves, suggesting Panama, that are very appropriate for the tourist's coat. Pongees promise to have a prodigious vogue for this use and some of the new weaves in this material offer ideal qualities for the purpose. Pongee may be had as fine and supple and lustrous as the lightest crepe or as sturdy and as well adapted as tailoring as any other material. It may be had in the corded or cottole effects, which is one of the season's fads, in the brilliant rough and serviceable mirage, in the high satin finish Salome, in the practical waterproof Tuscan and Motora and in the lovely India and Arab hand-loom effects. The colorings obtained in these silks run all the wonderful gamut of the fashionable shades from light to dark. Tuscan, Motora and Tussorah, all guaranteed not to spot with water. but varying in weight, are all eminently fitted for motoring purposes, and mirage, with its beautiful coloring and wearing qualities, is admirable for the motorists' wear, even though not a waterproofed silk.

Not only for the coat, but for the frock beneath, the pongees are a safe investment and the woman who is preparing her wardrobe for tours cannot do better than to get a one-piece frock of some smart shantung weave, which always appears decidedly chic and dressy. Tussah royal, which is a mphair rather than a shantung, is another practical light weight silk finish material very appropriate for motor frocks and coats.

Linens were never more in demand and certainly were never so varied in weave and color. The best linens are soft, dull and heavy. The French hand-woven linen is the loveliest thing for the purpose, but there are other



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SPECIAL SUMMER RATES-JUNE TO OCTOBER.

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Geo. F. Adams, Manager, Fortress Monroe, Va. New York Office, 1122 Broadway.







and less expensive linens which make up very well, although the ordinary cheap linens, which are high of lustre, flimsy and easily mussed, will not answer for the truly chic motor coat. The colorings in the linens this season are amazingly varied and lovely, soft and subdued without being dull and again bright without being vivid or spectacular.

The colorings in all the materials to be used this season by the motorist are very attractive. The smoky grays have by no means been discarded and the vapear and taupe shades are repeated, as are the soft wistaria and mulberry tones, the dark and neutral blues, the browns of the warm earthy tints and the bronze shadings, a number of lovely greens and a long line of beautiful beige colorings.

The new motor millinery for the summer season is very quaint. Some might even be termed bizarre, but the woman who does not care for this type of headgear may find many becoming and conservative models for her use. The Russian and the Polish turbans and the new empire bonnets are all desirable for motor touring They are very simply trimmed, a bow, a twist of ribbon or a choux answering the purpose. With the turbans the brim is often inconsequential or non-existant, while on others it turns up sharply and softly against the crown and, to be ultra-smart, is faced with one of the new Jouy taffetas.

Many new veils are offered in the shops, but the reliable one of three-yard length is a decided favorite with the motor woman of experience, and usually affords all the protection necessary. The gray greens, ranging from the shade known as stone green into various reseda lines and even into darker and deeper stones, are very fashionable colors for the new veils.

Shades of dull rose color in the effects known as catawba, ashes of roses and other tints, as grayish and brownish rose, are very prominent. Wistaria, which includes a long line of mauve and violet hues, is exceedingly popular. The grays of dark tone have taken well, the gun metal, taupe, smoke, stone and castor grays being much approved.

Many creations to promote the comfort of motor travelers are designed every year. For the motorists' appetites. always keen and acting, there are many provisions made, least of which is the conveniently equipped luncheon hamper that includes everything from a salt shaker to a complete tea brewing outfit. These hampers are made in sizes with equipments for parties of from two to a dozen people. The larger baskets are luxuriously expensive and range from fifty to one hundred and fifty dollars, according to the proportions of materials and furnishings. There are many shapes and sizes designed to fit the stowage spaces in various cars, and sometimes very fastidious motorists select the right shaped hamper, discarding the nickel fittings and supplying a full outfit of dainty silver plate. Besides the knives, forks and spoons, the plates and napkins, there are cups and saucers, sealed flasks for liquids, receptacles for sugar, tea, etc. frigerator baskets are another luxury to be appreciated by the convivial motorist. The refrigerator baskets are lined with galvanized metal and one end is so partitioned to hold a good sized piece of ice. Salads will keep fresh and crisp in one of these baskets for many hours and when the edibles are set forth gayly on the spread tablecloth the ice in the refrigerator basket will serve its turn in the drinkables.



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Architect HERBERT C.

THE PRUDENTIAL RECORDS---Another Great Year

President Forrest F. Dryden, of The Prudential Insurance Company of America, has just issued to policyholders The Prudential's annual report for 1911.

The report shows that the Company issued and revived in 1911 over \$136,000,000 Ordinary Insurance and nearly \$304,000,000 Industrial, or a total of over \$440,000,000 paid-for life insurance. The Prudential now has over two billion dollars' insurance in force on over ten million policies. The increase in insurance in force in 1911 was over \$167,000,000. Policyholders were paid in 1911 over \$27,000,000, and the total payments to policyholders since organization, plus amount held at interest to their credit, is over \$466,000,000. The total income in 1911 was over \$81,000,000.

Concerning the assets, Mr. Dryden says: "The assets of the Company on December 31, 1911, were conservatively valued at \$259, 186,137.17. These funds are invested in securities of the highest grade, purchased under most favorable conditions, with the certainty of a satisfactory interest return.

"At the end of 1911, the Company's liabilities were \$240,999,091.60, of which the most important item is the policy reserve, amounting to \$202,909,823.00.

"The Company's liabilities include \$29,-567,326.51, of which \$4,750,144.00 is payable in the form of policy dividends in 1912, and \$24,817,182.51 apportioned to date to participating policies and payable as policy dividends after 1912.

"After setting aside for dividends to policyholders the sum of \$29,567,326.51, just referred to, the surplus, including capital stock, was \$18,187,045.57."

President Dryden closes the report as follows: "In concluding this review of the year's work, I desire to say that, in co-operation with the Board, it will be the aim of the officers to continue the policies which have guided The Prudential to such signal success in the past, policies which have meant so much in gaining the confidence of the public and in keeping faith with our patrons and which have built up such a large and competent force of employees, both in the field and Home Office."

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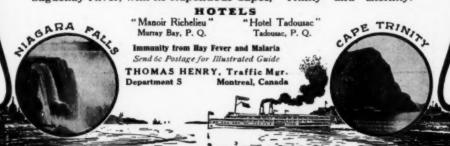


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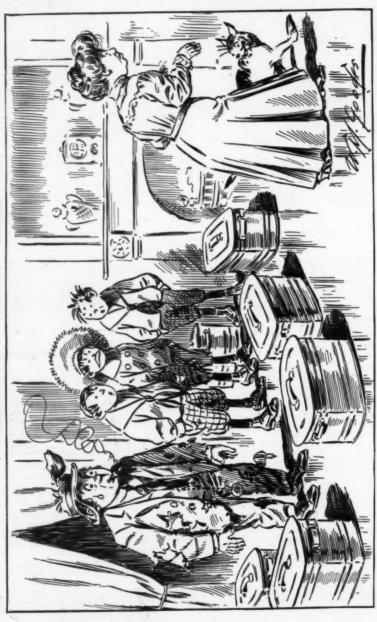
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Total Paid Polic plus amoun credit, over								466 Million Dollars
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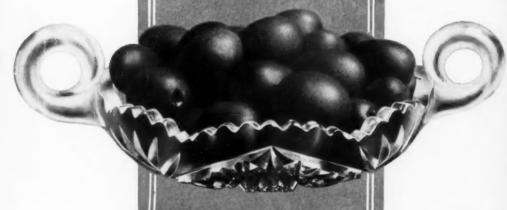
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